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COLONEL PETER HAWKER'S DIARY

VOL. I.

Painted by A. E. Chalon R.A.

Engraved by H. Adlard

THE DIARY

OF

COLONEL PETER HAWKER

AUTHOR OF 'INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN'

1802–1853

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, BART.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16TH STREET
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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE GREAT PLEASURE in acceding to the request that I should write a short introductory notice of Colonel PETER HAWKER, the Author of this Diary and of the well-known 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen.' Colonel Hawker's position among sportsmen and writers on sport is mainly owing to the great reputation he achieved with reference to the art of killing wild fowl, and he may most justly be termed the father of wild-fowling, for he brought this sport to such perfection that his name will always suggest itself wherever duck shooting is practised in our Islands.

Although Colonel Hawker's present reputation is mainly based on his proficiency in this one branch of sport, it must not be forgotten that he was equally celebrated in his own day for his knowledge of and success in game shooting.

The immense popularity of Colonel Hawker's book 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen' was due to the large amount of original information it contained, and to the terseness, accuracy, and common sense with which it was written; it is in fact a work every line of which was evidently penned from actual personal experience and nothing else. It is true that 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen' may not seem original in these days, but this is because almost every writer on shooting since the first edition of the book was published has so freely borrowed from it.

There is no doubt the Colonel's book stood unrivalled for quite fifty years as a manual on guns and shooting, and on

all connected with killing game and especially wild fowl, and in many respects its contents are, with possibly a few alterations, such as the substitution of breech-loaders for muzzle-loaders, just as useful to the present generation as they were to the last and to the one before that, particularly in regard to all details of coast fowling.

The steel illustrations in the later editions of Colonel Hawker's book are splendid examples of sporting pictures, and some of them are reproduced in this Diary. I consider the one facing page 146 is the best. The best edition of 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen' is the ninth (1844), which was dedicated to the Prince Consort. The tenth was brought out ten years later, and the eleventh in 1859. The two latter, being somewhat abridged by the Colonel's son, are not so interesting as the last published in the Author's lifetime, i.e. the one of 1844. The first edition was printed in 1814, the last (the eleventh) in 1859.

This Diary only contains extracts from its original, the whole of which if given intact would fill several more volumes. In it the Author was in the habit of setting down almost everything he did, thought, and said during fifty years, adding comments on nearly every shot he fired, how he killed, and why he missed. The Diary bears the impress of truth and close observation from beginning to end, and contains numerous quaint and highly original remarks very characteristic of the Colonel. There are some very interesting accounts of its writer's journeys to the Continent both before and after the fall of Napoleon, and of his expeditions to the North to shoot moor game. These latter records will doubtless entertain sportsmen of the present time when they read of the Colonel's delight at bagging a few brace of grouse at places where now hundreds are killed in one day. I should say, after perusing this Diary, that Colonel Hawker was the keenest and most hardworking shooter ever known; such entries as—'breakfasted by candlelight, walked hard

all day in a deluge of rain, bagged 3 cock pheasants; gloriously outmanœuvred all the other shooters, came home very satisfied and dined off one of the birds'—will show the thorough sportsman he was. That the Colonel was a marvellous shot there can be no doubt whatever, and in the style of game shooting he pursued has probably no equal in these days; as a snipe shot he has never been, and perhaps never will be, equalled—fourteen to fifteen snipe without a miss in as many single shots, and with a flint gun, speaks volumes as to his skill. My idea of the Author of this Diary has always been that he was the 'hardest' man, in regard to health, that could be imagined; but it will be seen that he was continually fighting against illness, and frequently incapacitated by his severe Peninsular wound[1]; and the way in which he was, to use his words, wont to 'quack himself up,' to enable him to take the field with his gun, is worthy of admiration as an example of British pluck. Colonel Hawker was, it may easily be seen, a man of vast energy, and a very shrewd observer. Nothing, apparently, could escape him, whether on his travels abroad or in pursuit of game and wild fowl at home. He was, besides, a most accomplished musician and musical critic, and was intimately acquainted with many of the celebrated pianists and operatic singers of his day.

Longparish House and its water meadows, so often alluded to by the Author of this Diary, and the river Test, in which he caught literally thousands of trout (when trout could be caught therein without first crawling for them like stalking a stag, and then throwing a floating fly), are just as of yore. So is Keyhaven near Lymington, save that there are few or no ducks and geese to be seen there now. The cottage which Colonel Hawker built is still standing, and is the large one shown facing in the view on page 146.

I must not omit to record that the Colonel served with the greatest bravery and distinction under Wellington, and when

[1] A bullet went clean through his thigh, the bone of which it severely shattered.

merely a boy led his squadron, and won the word 'Douro' for the colours of his regiment, the then 14th Light Dragoons. The recognition of this gallantry by his old corps is feelingly alluded to in the note on page 163, vol. ii.

In figure Colonel Hawker was over six feet and strikingly handsome, and up to the end of his life was very erect. He was, no doubt, somewhat of an egotist, but it was in a good-natured way, and a confirmed but amusing grumbler against his personal ill-luck, and his constant enemy the weather; he was, however, an instructive and witty companion, and a conversationalist who always commanded attention, particularly when he related his long and varied experiences of sport, the adventures of his younger days in the Peninsular war, or conversed on music, literature, and travel.

Colonel Peter Hawker was born in London, December 24, 1786. He was the son of Colonel Peter Ryves Hawker, who died in 1790, by Mary Wilson Yonge, a daughter of an Irish family. His great-grandfather, Colonel Peter Hawker (who died 1732), was Governor of Portsmouth in 1717, and his father commanded the 1st Regiment of Horse. It is worthy of note that his ancestors served in the British army without a break from the days of Elizabeth.

Colonel Hawker was gazetted cornet to the 1st Royal Dragoons in 1801, lieutenant 1802, and then reduced to half-pay by the peace of Amiens; he exchanged into the 14th Light Dragoons in 1803, and obtained his troop in 1804; with this regiment he served in Portugal and Spain, and in 1813 retired from active service in consequence of a severe wound received at the battle of Talavera in 1809. In 1815 he was appointed major of the North Hampshire Militia, and in 1821 was made its lieutenant-colonel by the Duke of Wellington, and afterwards a deputy lieutenant for his county.

Colonel Peter Hawker first married, at Lisbon in 1811, Julia, only daughter of Major Hooker Barttelot.

In 1844 he married (secondly) Helen Susan, widow of Captain John Symonds, R.N., and daughter of Major Chatterton. Colonel Peter Hawker died in London at No. 2 Dorset Place, August 7, 1853, and is buried at Marylebone Church.

Colonel Hawker had by his first marriage two sons,—Richard, who died young, and Peter William Lanoe, for some time a captain in the 74th Highlanders (who married in 1847 Elizabeth, daughter of John Fraser, of Stirling, N.B.); and two daughters, Mary, who married Mr. Charles Rhodes in 1842, and Sophy, married in 1843 to the Rev. Lewis Playters Hird.

The late Captain Hawker, of the 74th Highlanders, left a son and a daughter. His son, Mr. Peter Hawker, formerly of the Royal Navy, the present owner of Longparish House, married in 1883 the eldest daughter of Colonel Alfred Tippinge, late Grenadier Guards; and his sister, Miss Hawker, is the talented authoress of 'Mademoiselle Ixe.'

Besides his celebrated 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen' Colonel (then Captain) Peter Hawker published anonymously, in 1810, 'The Journal of a Regimental Officer during the Recent Campaign in Portugal and Spain;'[1]

'Instructions for the best Position on the Pianoforte;'

'An Abridgment of the New Game Laws, with Observations and Suggestions for Improvement,' an appendix to the sixth edition of 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen,' which was dedicated to William the Fourth.

In 1820 Colonel Peter Hawker patented his very ingenious hand-moulds for use on the pianoforte.

RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY.

THIRKLEBY PARK, THIRSK: *August* 1893.

[1] Very scarce; if any reader of this could kindly lend me a copy, I should feel extremely indebted.—R. P.-G.

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THE DIARY

OF

COLONEL PETER HAWKER

CHAPTER I

1802 [1]

June 27th.—Arrived at Longparish House.

September.—Altogether killed 200 head of game this month.

Instances of uncertainty in killing jack snipes: The first thirteen shots I had at these birds this year I killed without missing one; have since fired eight shots at one jack and missed them all.

1803

January 26th.—Sketch of a bad day's sport: Being in want of a couple of wild fowl, I went out with my man this morning about ten o'clock. The moment we arrived at the river 5 ducks and 1 wigeon flew up; we marked the former down, and just as we arrived near the place it began to snow very hard, which obliged us to secure our gunlocks with the skirts of our coats. No sooner had we done this than a mallard rose within three yards of me. I uncovered my gun and made all possible haste, and contrived to shoot before it had gone twenty yards, but missed it, which I imputed to the sight of

[1] My second season of sporting (age 16½ years).

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my gun being hid by the snow. My man fired and brought it down, but we never could find it; and another mallard coming by me, I fired and struck him, insomuch that before he had flown a gunshot, he dropped apparently dead, but we were again equally unfortunate notwithstanding our dogs were with us. While we were loading, the 3 remaining ducks came by, a fair shot. Having reloaded, we went in search of them, but could not succeed. On our road home, coming through the meadow, the wigeon rose in the same place as before. I shot at it, and wounded it very much; we marked it down and sprung it again; it could hardly fly, from its wounds. Unluckily, my gun missed fire, and my man was unprepared, thinking it had fallen dead. We marked it into a hedge; before we had reached the place we spied a hawk that had followed it; from the same place the hawk was, the wigeon flew out of the hedge close under my feet. I fired at it, but, owing to agitation, had not taken a proper aim; however, a chance shot brought it to the ground; my dogs ran at it; it flew up again, but could not rise to any height, but continued to clear the hedges, and we never could find it again. To add to our misfortunes, we both tumbled into deep water.

June 4th.—Left Longparish House to join the 14th Light Dragoons on the march at Hythe.

September 1st.—Folkestone. 4 partridges and 1 landrail. I went with Major Talbot and his brother: we were out from half-past four in the morning till eight at night, and walked above five hours before we saw the first brace of birds. Major Talbot killed a brace, and his brother 1 bird; a brace of birds and 1 rabbit were shot between us by means of firing at the same instant.

1804

February 18th.—Left Folkestone to be quartered at Dover, till further orders.

March 6th.—Left Dover for Romney.

May 3rd.—Romney. Went out in the evening, saw several very large shoals of curlews, but could not get near them ; just as it grew dusk I laid myself down flat on the sands : every flock assembled into one prodigious large flight, and pitched within ten yards of me. I put them up with the expectation of killing not less than twenty, and my gun missed fire.

June 14th.—Romney. Shot an avoset (swimming). This is a bird rarely to be met with but on the Kentish coast. The above is its name in natural history ; it is here known by the name of cobbler's awl, owing to the form of the beak, which turns up at the end like the awl.

September 1st.—Romney. In a bad country we had never been in before Major Pigot and I bagged nine brace and a half of birds, exclusive of several we lost. We sprung one covey too small to fire at ; Major Pigot picked out the old hen and I the cock, and bagged them both. There were sportsmen in almost every field. In the course of the day, my old dog Dick caught 8 hedgehogs.

November 23rd.—Marched from Romney to be quartered at Guildford.

December 23rd.—Left Guildford to stay a week at home at Longparish House.

1805

May 28th.—Marched from Guildford to Chertsey.

June 11th.—Marched from Chertsey to Wandsworth.

17th.—Marched from Wandsworth to Hounslow Barracks.

26th.—11 brace of carp with a draw net, average weight one pound.

27th.—21 brace of carp and 3 dozen dace (casting net).

October 17th.—My new gun, No. 4536, arrived from Manton.

31st.—I followed a teal for near four hours before I could get a shot at it, and after I fired it flew almost out of sight and dropped within a few yards of my servant John, who happened to be riding by and who picked it up.

December 27th.- Marched into the town of Hounslow. As we were getting close to the town, a mallard flew up and came round several times within shot of the troops. I rode on to the Colonel's, borrowed his long gun and returned to where the bird had dropped, which was within thirty yards of the turnpike road, in a large pond. After looking for him for some time I heard him fly up behind me from the very place I had been beating, therefore it appeared I must have gone within a few yards of him; I had, however, a tolerably fair shot, but the gun, being very foul, hung fire, and I missed him.

1806

February 10th.—1 jack snipe, 1 rabbit, and 2 hares. The hares ran out of a hedge together. I killed them right and left immediately in front of Lord Berkeley's house at Hounslow; and while I was hiding under the hedge, fearing a keeper might be on the look-out at hearing the gun, a dragoon ran and picked up both the hares, gave a view hollow, and held one up in each hand in order to be seen from the windows of his Lordship's mansion. Of course I retreated immediately, and luckily got off unseen.

Game killed by me up to February 1st, 1806 (at Hounslow): 46½ brace of partridges, 12 brace of hares, 4 brace of pheasants.

Fowl, rabbits, and snipe, killed up to April 1st, 1806 (at Hounslow): 8 brace of rabbits, 23½ couple of snipes, 1 couple of teal. A wild duck, ox-eyes, rails, fieldfares, redwings, herons, larks, &c.

June 22nd.—Went a gudgeon fishing at Walton-on-Thames with a party; had good sport and returned in the evening.

29th.—Went a gudgeon fishing at Walton; had indifferent sport. In the evening tried for barbel, and killed 2; the one small, the other 6 lb.

July 4th.—Went a fishing at Walton ; in the morning killed 2 dozen gudgeon ; in the evening 4 barbel. Their weights were : (1) 9¾ lb., (2) 3 lb., (3) 1 lb., (4) ½ lb.

17*th.*—Marched from Hounslow Barracks to Alton in Hampshire, to remain with my troop till further orders.

31*st.*—Marched to Winchester, to remain till further orders.

August 1st.—Rode over to my home at Longparish and killed 8 trout (fly fishing), and returned in the evening to Winchester.

12*th.*—At Longparish. 7 trout.

21*st.*—At Longparish. 8 trout, and shot 1 heron, 1 snipe and 1 green sandpiper. Received my new double gun, No. 4699, from Manton.

September 1st.—Longparish. 30 partridges and 2 hares. N.B.—3 brace shot and lost besides.

Altogether I killed in September 53½ brace of partridges, 5½ brace of hares, 1 brace of quails, and 1 landrail (at Longparish).

22*nd.*—Marched to Fareham, for the purpose of conveying the horses of the 17th Light Dragoons to Salisbury.

25*th.*—Marched to Romsey.

26*th.*—Marched into Sarum.

30*th.*—Received an order to join at Winchester.

October 12th.—Marched from Winchester to Romsey, on our way to Dorchester.

13*th.*—Marched from Romsey to Ringwood. N.B.—Drove over in the morning before the troops and killed 6 partridges, 1 pheasant, 1 teal (flying), and 1 rabbit.

14*th.*—Marched to Blandford ; remained there till the 18th, when we marched into Dorchester Barracks.

November 5th.—Marched to Sturminster, to remain during the election at Dorchester.

24*th.*—3 woodcocks, 2 rabbits, and 1 pheasant.

Previous to killing the last woodcock I missed both barrels at him, and followed him for near two hours.

25*th.*—4 cock pheasants.

It rained incessantly during the time I was beating for them, which obliged me to secure the lock of my gun under my jacket, and consequently lost much time in firing; yet, although the wind was high and the covers thick, I missed but one shot.

December 14*th.*—Went on leave to Longparish.

1807

January 1*st.*—Returned to the regiment at Dorchester.

22*nd.*—4 pheasants, 1 hare, 1 woodcock, and 1 wood pigeon.

Notwithstanding it blew a hurricane, and rained almost the whole time I was out, I only discharged once without bagging; I had then a shot going rapidly down the wind, and greatly intercepted by trees. It was at a pheasant, which I marked down and killed afterwards. I saw but 5 pheasants, 1 cock, and 1 hare all day; so (with the exception of 1 pheasant which rose out of shot) I brought home all I sprung up.

24*th.*—In the morning, going past a lake, I saw 5 tufted ducks, which I fired at on the water with the long gun at about 70 yards, and winged one of them. Old Dick immediately dashed in after it, and on getting near it some tame ducks fluttered from under the banks of an island, which he sprang at, and in consequence lost the bird I so much wished to have brought home. On my return by the same place, a mallard flew over my head, which I winged (a very long shot) and lost. While beating the ditches for snipes I spied a very fine trout, which, with a piece of whipcord and a stick, I instantly snared; and he proved, when dressed, to be very well in season.

Game killed up to February 1st: 182 partridges, 33 pheasants, 43 hares, 2 quails, and 2 landrails. Total, 262 head.

March 9*th.*—Marched with my troop to Blandford, to remain during the assizes at Dorchester.

May 10*th.*—Left Dorchester to remain at Longparish during the Hampshire election.

11*th.*—The election began and ended in favour of Sir H. Mildmay and Mr. Chute.

27*th.*—Longparish. Killed 20 brace of trout with a fly in three hours.

31*st.*—Joined the regiment at Dorchester again.

June 29*th.*—Marched to Weymouth.

July 10*th.*—Received orders for the regiment to march from Dorchester, Weymouth &c. to Guildford and Basingstoke.

12*th.*—Marched to Blandford.

13*th.*—To Salisbury.

14*th.*—To Andover. Went over to Longparish: had some indifferent sport fly fishing.

17*th.*—Joined my troop at Basingstoke.

22*nd.*—Marched away from Basingstoke to Bagshot.

23*rd.*—Marched from Bagshot to Hounslow.

27*th.*—The regiment were reviewed.

29*th.*—The regiment marched on their way to the east coast of Sussex. I went on leave to London.

August 1*st.*—Went to Lord Bridgewater's at Ashridge Park. (Killed a number of rabbits here.)

7*th.*—Returned to London.

10*th.*—Left town on my way to Sussex.

11*th.*—Joined the regiment at Blatchington.

12*th.*—Went over to my troop at Bexhill.

14*th.*—Went on leave of absence to Longparish.

September 1*st.*—Longparish. 40 partridges and 2 hares. I had only one gun, and shot with the same three dogs the whole day. Rested two hours in the forenoon, and left off shooting by six o'clock.

Game bagged the first week: 91 partridges and 3 hares.

October 26*th.*—A woodcock. I found him in some very low wood where cocks seldom resorted, and taking him for a

nightjar, did not think it worth while to disturb the cover by firing, and refused an excellent shot at him; but soon discovering my mistake, I followed and flushed him again, and fired twice at him, and although the wood was not four acres he escaped, and completely defeated us. But being the first that had been seen here this year I was so unwilling to give him up, that I went home and returned with all the rabble I could muster, and placed Buffin in a tree to mark. We began with beating where he first sprang from; we had not gone thirty yards before one of Siney's terriers flushed him, and I brought him down.

November 20th.—Received a new double gun from Mr. Joseph Manton, No. 4326.

1808

Game bagged from September 1st, 1807, to February 1st, 1808: 217 partridges, 11 pheasants, and 31 hares. Total, 259 head.

February 5th.—Received an order to join the regiment.

7th.—Left Longparish and joined at Eastbourne to-day.

10th.—Went to Bexhill Barracks.

March 17th.—Went up to London. I rode the fat mare to Tonbridge (above 35 miles) in three hours and ten minutes, from whence I took the young mare to Westminster Bridge (30 miles) in two hours and forty-five minutes.

20th.—Returned (on horseback) to Bexhill in a little more than eight hours.

Wild fowl, rabbits &c. bagged up to April 1st, 1808: 72 snipes, 5 wild ducks, 5 woodcocks and 14 rabbits. Total, 96 head; adding game, total 355 head; exclusive of herons, wood pigeons, moorhens, fieldfares, rails, &c.

May 14th.—Marched from Bexhill to Pleydon Barracks.

16th.—Went a fishing with a casting net and stop net, and killed 11 tench (average weight above 1 lb.), 5 jack, 1 eel, and a large quantity of roach.

17*th.*—Went with the same nets to the canal, where we killed a large basketful, consisting of bream, jack, perch, eels, roach and dace.

July 6th.—Marched away from Pleydon Barracks to Cranbrook.

20*th.*—Arrived at Ipswich with my troop.

29*th.*—Arrived at Norwich Barracks.

September 3rd.—Returned to Ipswich; while on the road tried some stubbles and killed 1 partridge, and 2 more shot and lost in the corn.

8*th.*—18 partridges, besides a brace shot and lost. Notwithstanding the weather was very stormy I only fired three shots the whole day without killing, two of which were decidedly too far off. I took three double shots, and bagged both birds each time; and one brace I took while it was raining, and had to take my gun from under my coat before I fired right and left.

10*th.*—13 partridges, 4 French partridges, and 1 turtle dove.

13*th.*—9 partridges and 1 rabbit, with 2 partridges shot and lost in fourteen shots.

N.B.—One of the two shots missed was a long random one.

14*th.*—Went out round the barracks for two hours after the field day and had three single shots, and one right and left, and bagged 5 partridges.

15*th.*—12 partridges, 1 French partridge, and 1 turtle dove. In eighteen shots, though a wild windy day, and most of them long ones (fired right and left twice; bagged both birds each time).

17*th.*—14 partridges and 2 rabbits, besides a brace shot and lost, in twenty-one shots. On going out I met with a farmer who (having the deputation) told me I was welcome to shoot wherever I pleased provided I would not disturb his pheasants. After having beat the whole manor we went down to some rushy ground, where Dido came to a dead point. This farmer (who was then in an adjoining field with

his labourers) came to the hedge to see the result of Toho! Five partridges rose at the same instant, all flying different ways and excessively rapid; I killed first to the left, and then (turning round) to the right; and Pearson, who was with me, killed also a bird with each barrel. The farmer judging of our shooting by what he had seen, and appearing to think us dangerous fellows to invade a manor, went up to Pearson in a violent rage desiring him immediately to leave the grounds; assigning no other reason than that 'he did not choose we should shoot any more.' He then made up to me, but I ran through the river; and he (not being willing to wet his toes) relinquished his pursuit, and stood bawling and beckoning for me to stop, which I of course pretended not to hear, and escaped without being warned off. Before I was out of his sight the dogs ran into a bog, and put up an immense number of snipes, and by making haste up, I got six shots and bagged 4 snipes, besides a fifth, shot and lost. The farmer soon disappeared; and I beat my way to the alehouse, reserving his manor for another day's sport.

21*st.*—8 partridges and 1 red-legged partridge.

One of the partridges which I killed was found by Don in a hedge, who caught it, and after I had forced it from him by opening his mouth with one hand, and taking the bird in the other, it fluttered from me, and then flew up; and went off so strong that it was with difficulty I could fire quick enough to bring it again to hand.

22*nd.*—16 snipes, two of them jacks; and a redshank.

The last day I had been shooting here I found these snipes and avoided the farmer (who had the deputation) by running through the water, in order to save my warning, and secure a well-prepared attack on them. As the whole ground they occupied consisted only of a few small bogs, my only chance was to lose no time, for which I had a second double gun. The commencement of my attack was a bird with each barrel; and then taking the other gun from my man John, killed

with that also with each barrel. As I fired so many random and unfair shots, I did not keep account of my missing, but my markers said they thought I could not have killed more than four more shots. I brought home the greater part of what I found; and picked up the snipe which I lost the other day. Finding the snipes I had left were completely driven away, I went (with snipe shot) over some turnip fields &c. and bagged 6 partridges. I had two doublets; the other shots were single, and some very long ones; yet I only fired once without bagging, and then I broke both the legs of the bird, which dropped apparently dead in the next field.

27th.—12 partridges.

Calculating that I wanted six brace to make up my 200 head of game, and knowing I should not be able to have another day's shooting in September, I fagged till nearly dark, and could only make up five brace and a half; it then got so late I gave it up and drove towards home. On going along the road I spied a covey feeding; to which I immediately ran down under the hedge, and when I thought I was nearly opposite to them, stopped; but before I could discern them, they flew up. I let fly at one (an immense distance) which I brought down dead, and completed my number.

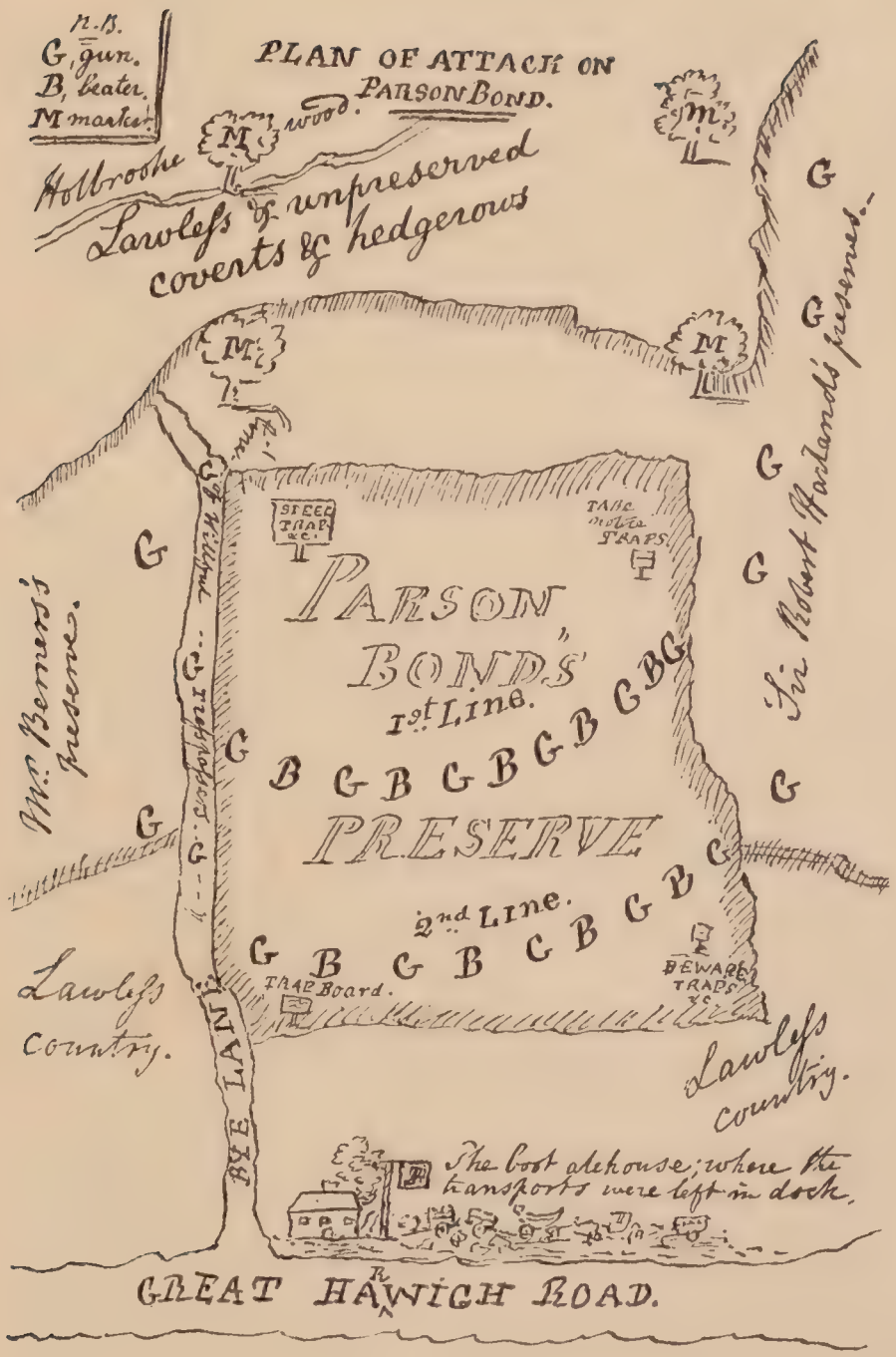
N.B.—In looking over my book I find I might have saved myself all this trouble, as I had miscalculated; and have now made up 203 head of game, which are as follows:

Game bagged in the month of September 1808: 177 partridges (three brace of which were the red-legged French birds), 2 hares, 3 rabbits, and 21 snipes. Total, 203 head of game.

October 1st.—6 pheasants, 2 partridges, 1 rabbit, and 1 jay. Besides 2 fine cock pheasants which I shot and lost in the underwood, almost every pheasant I fired at was a snap shot among the high cover; notwithstanding which, I am glad to say I missed but twice all day, making my 8 out of 10.

3*rd*.—Went from Ipswich with a party amounting to near twenty, beside markers and beaters, to storm a preserved cover belonging to a Parson Bond, because he never allowed anyone a day's shooting, and had man traps and dog gins all over his wood. I had made out a regular plan of attack and line of march, but our precision was frustrated by the first man we saw on reaching the ground, who was the keeper; we therefore had no time to hold a council of war, but rushed into cover like a pack of foxhounds before his face. Away he went, naming every one he could, and we all joined him in the hue and cry of 'Where is Parson Bond?'

In the meantime our *feu de joie* was going on most rapidly. At last up came the parson, almost choked with rage. The two first people he warned off were Pearson and myself; having been served with notices, we kept him in tow while the others rallied his covers and serenaded him with an incessant bombardment in every direction. The confused rector did not know which way to run. The scene of confusion was ridiculous beyond anything, and the invasion of an army could scarcely exceed the noise. Not a word could be heard for the cries of 'Mark!' 'Dead!' and 'Well done!' interspersed every moment with bang, bang, and the yelping of barrack curs. The parson at last mustered his whole establishment to act as patriots against the marauders, footboys running one way, ploughmen mounted on carthorses galloping the other, and everyone from the village that could be mustered was collected to repel the mighty shock. At last we retreated, and about half-past four those who had escaped being entered in his doomsday book renewed the attack. The parson having eased himself by a vomit, began to speak more coherently, and addressed himself to those who, being liable to an action of trespass, were obliged to stand in the footpath and take the birds as they flew over; at last so many were caught that the battle ceased. Though a large number of pheasants were



N.B.
G, gun.
B, beater.
M market.
PLAN OF ATTACK ON PARSON BOND.
Holbrooke wood.
Lawless & unpreserved coverts & hedgerows
Sir Robert Harland's preserves.
Mr. Berners's preserve.
STEEL TRAP &c.
TABLE NOTE TRAPS.
PARSON BOND'S
1st Line.
PRESERVE
2nd Line.
TRAP Board.
BEWARE TRAPS &c.
Lawless country.
Lawless country.
BYE LANE
The boot alehouse; where the transports were left in dock.
GREAT HARWICH ROAD.

destroyed, the chase did not end in such aggregate slaughter as we expected, and not more than one-third of those brought down were bagged, in consequence of our being afraid to turn off our best dogs ; we brought away some of the parson's traps, one of which was a most terrific engine, and now hangs in the mess-room for public exhibition. Only one dog was caught the whole day, and whose should that be but Parson Bond's! After leaving the cover I killed 2 partridges and 1 hare.

5*th.*—4 partridges.

6*th.*—Went to Woolpit for two days' shooting.

7*th.*—8 pheasants, 3 partridges, and 1 hare.

8*th.*—5 pheasants and 8 partridges, and returned to Ipswich (23 miles) by four in the afternoon. In one of the covers I fired five shots at pheasants and only bagged one, though I brought down my bird every shot. In both days I lost a number of pheasants, owing to the brambles being so strong the pointers would not face them ; I scarcely bagged a bird except those killed dead, and to the best of my recollection out of all the pheasants I winged only one was bagged. As it was, with what Pearson and I killed we were literally obliged to buy a sack to bring them home, which we nearly filled ; and what with the addition of some hares and rabbits caught by the dogs it was nearly as much as I could lift. What then would our sport have been, had we bagged all those we lost? I scarcely missed a shot in the two days, and certainly never let a fair shot escape.

19*th.*—4 partridges. I went on horseback from Ipswich about three in the afternoon purposely to get a shot at some French partridges, in hopes of getting the old cock to have stuffed. I went into a piece of potatoes (where they always laid) without a dog ; at last I trod up the whole covey, which I forbore shooting at, and singled out the old cock, which I winged and lost ; coming home I killed the above 4 birds.

Game bagged by myself up to leaving Ipswich: 231 partridges, 9 of which were French red-legged, 29 pheasants, 8 hares, 4 rabbits, 21 snipes. Total, 293 head of game.

24th.—The regiment commenced its march for Romford, preparative to going on foreign service.

26th.—The first division arrived at Romford (to remain till further orders).

November 4th.—The first division marched from Romford on their way to Exeter.

7th.—Marched to Reading.

8th.—Marched to Newbury, from whence I went over to Longparish on leave.

17th.—Left Longparish for Dorchester on my way to Falmouth for embarkation to Spain.

CHAPTER II

1809

September 28th.—Arrived once more home again at Longparish House, having returned from Spain and Portugal, in consequence of my wound received at Talavera, on July 28.

(All memorandums of my military service and my journal abroad are put by themselves in another book,[1] and published.)

Shooting abroad.—N.B. I had scarcely any shooting in Portugal, and the only birds I killed there which I had never shot before were 2 storks and a Portuguese owl.

On finding the shooting so bad in this country, I despaired of getting any in Spain, and left my gun with the heavy baggage, which I had afterwards reason to regret, as I found that Spain not only abounded with game, but curious foreign birds of every description. While there, I sometimes borrowed an old gun, with which I never failed to have sport, particularly with red-legged partridges, wild pigeons, &c.

October 3rd.—Went to London to be under the care of Mr. Home for my wound, which on the 4th he examined, and having discovered that the ball had gone through and shattered my hip bone, advised me to continue in London under his care.

1810

Mr. Home having daily attended me, extracted two splinters, and instructed John how to pass the setons, which were deemed necessary to be used for a length of time, gave

[1] *Journal of a Regimental Officer during the recent Campaign in Portugal and Spain.* (London, 1810.)

me leave to return to the country for a few weeks for change of air, as my lungs were in a very bad state, and I had in consequence been dangerously ill.

January 13th. -Left town and arrived at home at Longparish House.

25th. -While we were sitting at dinner a woodcock flew up the lawn and dropped under the parlour window. All jumped up, and I hobbled to see him as well as I could. My servant seized a loaded gun, and began opening the window; while he was doing this, I eagerly snatched the gun from him and killed the woodcock. The three following circumstances make this occurrence still more remarkable: the first, that woodcocks are so scarce in this country, I have but rarely killed three in a whole season's shooting; secondly, that when I shot this bird I was confined a perfect cripple, and could not venture out even to the garden; and, thirdly, that a friend of mine had laid a bet that I was well enough to shoot a cock before this season was over.

February 3rd. — Went out in my mother's chaise. Except being conveyed from place to place, this was the first time I had been outside the house for six months and three weeks.

I took the gun with me, and, among other things shot from the chaise, I killed a sea-gull and a rook, right and left.

10th.—I adopted the plan of driving the phaeton down the banks of the river and firing from it at what few snipes I could find. They, however, rose too wild to give me a fair chance.

17th.—Have continued to drive out almost every day, taking my gun, and killing (from the carriage) redwings, fieldfares, blackbirds, larks, &c. To-day, among other things, I killed several snipes.

27th.—Being a fine day for fishing, I was taken in the chaise to the river side, where with the assistance of a stick I

contrived to support myself so as to be able to throw a fly, with which I killed 5 brace of trout.

I continued by the river for about an hour, when I became so faint, and my wound so painful, I could fish no longer and returned home. After resting on the sofa, I got again in the carriage, and was driven to the common, where I killed a snipe, and should have got several more had the bitch behaved well and stood them. I came home to dinner about four o'clock; and dined on trout and fieldfares of my own killing.

March 12th.—Left Longparish for London. I took a chaise and pair at Whitchurch, from which place I started after four o'clock; and, notwithstanding I was detained near half an hour at Westfordbridge, and the roads were execrably bad, I reached Staines (42 miles) by thirty-five minutes past eight.

13th. Proceeded from Staines to town. In the evening I hobbled to the new Covent Garden Theatre.

14th.—Mr. Home inspected and probed my wound, and was of opinion that the setons should be continued several months longer, and therefore advised me to return to the country.

20th.—Dined out and went to the opera, from whence I had to crawl all the way up the Haymarket without being able to get a conveyance home; and then had to sit in a house while a fellow with a wooden leg went in search of a Jarvey.

21st.—Left town at one o'clock (with chaise and pair), reached Longparish at ten minutes before eight. I was driven one eight-mile stage, namely, from Basingstoke to Overton, within forty minutes.

24th.—Received my leave of absence till November 24th in consequence of Mr. Home's sick certificate.

June 16th.—At about four in the morning my mother's accident happened. She was dreadfully burnt, and lost her

right hand by endeavouring to light her fire with the paper from a canister of powder.

July 13.—2½ brace of trout (largest fish 1½ lb. weight), besides many thrown in, not wanting.

N.B.—Caught fish by throwing the fly as I sat in the phaeton.

19th.—Received a letter from Mr. Home desiring me to close my wounds by discontinuing the operation of the seton.

N.B.—They have now been kept open twelve calendar months all but eight days.

August 6th.—Went fly fishing and caught a number of small trout, which I threw in. Coming home I saw two woodpeckers on the lawn, got a gun, and, at one shot, killed one of them, wounded the other, and winged a swallow which was flying by at the time.

7th.—Went fly fishing to Hurstbourne Park; caught 2 brace of trout (about 1½ lb. each), besides small ones thrown in. Afterwards hobbled after a shooting party and killed 1 leveret and 1 jay.

CHAPTER III

1810

September.—Longparish. My wound having sufficiently recovered to enable me to go out for a few hours a day on horseback, I took out my certificate for killing game, and on the 1st I killed 36 partridges and 2 hares, besides 1 brace of birds lost. We sprung a covey near Furgo Farm, out of which I killed a brace with each barrel, and several of those that flew off pitched, and ran on the thatch of Furgo barn. In the evening I killed and bagged five successive double shots.

N.B.—The most I heard of being killed in our neighbourhood by anyone else was seven brace by Captain Haffendon. Some parties from Longparish have been out and killed nothing.

30*th.*—N.B. My wounds are now so far healed, that I am able to walk as sound as ever I did in my life, but have yet to recruit myself in general health, being at present very nervous and weak.

Game bagged in the month of September 1810: 210 partridges, 6 hares, 4 quails, 3 landrails, 2 snipes, 2 wild ducks. Total, 227 head.

October 26th.—Went to shoot with Mr. Wakeford, at Tytherley House, and killed 3 hares, 2 pheasants, and 1 partridge. We shot with spaniels, and soon after we began were joined by a sheep dog, who forsook his flock to spend the day with us, and rendered us more service than any one of the cry; he kept well in bounds while we were beating; ran the pheasants off their legs the moment we found

them, and pressed the hares so hard that he obliged most of them to leave the hedgerows within shot.

29th.—4 partridges, 1 woodcock, and 1 pheasant, besides 2 snipe at one shot. The cock was the first I had seen or heard of this season. I killed him a snap shot in high covert, and never knew that he fell till John found him dead. In addition to my day's shooting I had famous sport with the harriers, which I met in the field, and followed with my old shooting pony. I found them two hares sitting, one of which I started, was in at the death of, and brought home in my game bag.

November 2nd.—4 snipes and 1 jack snipe. I was extremely ill and nervous, and shot infamously bad, or I should have killed ten couple.

3rd.—2 snipes, besides 2 which I fired at with Captain Haffendon (who also killed a couple).

N.B.—We beat Bramsbury Moor (the very ground where I yesterday found such an immense number of snipes) and only saw a couple, one of which I got a shot at and killed. In the other places we found but very few more than we killed.

7th.—5 snipes. I returned home by some fens which were literally swarming with starlings, of which I killed a large number. These birds cared so little for being shot at, that (the moment I had fired both barrels) they returned and pitched within twenty yards of me. They literally darkened the air, and the noise they made was not to be described.

12th.—1 pheasant and 10 snipe (one a jack snipe, besides another shot and lost), and (excepting two long random shots, which, I believe, I fired accurately on the birds) I only missed 2, one of which I secured with my second barrel, so that, out of the 12 snipes I fired at (within range of my gun) I brought down 11.

16th.—Saw Mr. Home in London, who inspected my wound, and gave me a certificate to extend my leave, and advised my remaining in England for at least two months.

21*st.*—Received my leave (from the Adjutant-General) till January 24, 1811.

26*th.*—Wrote to Lord Bridgewater, offering to relinquish my leave, and volunteer out with the detachment which was under orders for Portugal.

30*th.*—Saw Lord Bridgewater, who approved of my going out, and gave me leave to remain at Longparish till the detachment marched by on their way from Coventry to Portsmouth.

December 2*nd.*—Having again equipped myself with chargers and appointments for foreign service, I returned to Longparish. Walked the whole day in the Clatford and Abbot's Ann marshes, and only got three shots at snipes. One of the two I killed, I first wounded, and he flew up in a high elm tree, and there sat till we pelted him out. He then flew off so strong that I was forced to stop him with a second shot.

17*th.*—Went to shoot at Longstock and killed 2 ducks, 2 snipes, 1 red-headed curre, and 3 bald coots, besides 1 snipe, 1 duck, and 2 coots, which I could not get out of the water for want of a good dog. In the evening went on to Houghton Lodge, where I dined and slept.

18*th.*—Got up by candlelight, breakfasted at break of day, and sallied forth for a grand *chasse* at Longstock, in which we were sadly disappointed, for, after being detained there, wet through, for four hours, waiting for the rain to blow off, it came on such a stormy day, that the punt could not be managed, and the boatman (who was a very sulky, stupid fellow) got me bogged among the rushes on the middle of the lake, there broke his punt pole and told me we should most likely spend the evening out. Luckily, however, the blockhead was mistaken, and my day was finished with only being wet through, never getting a shot, losing my ammunition out of the bag, and coming home as sulky as a bear.

20*th.*—Went to shoot at Collingbourne Wood; got wet

through, and never fired off my gun. In the evening went to Clanville Lodge to shoot the next day.

21*st.*—A wet day.

22*nd.*—Was out all day, and only fired twice. Killed 1 pheasant and 1 partridge.

23*rd.*—Returned to Longparish.

1811

January.—Game killed up to leaving Longparish for Portugal: 249 partridges, 13 hares, 24 pheasants, 5 rabbits, 3 woodcocks, 68 snipes, 4 quails, and 3 landrails. Total, 369 head of game. Besides 5 ducks, 1 curre, coots, wood pigeons, moorhens, water rails, fieldfares, &c.

6*th.*—Left Longparish to go (per mail) to Exeter, and from thence to Plymouth, to embark once more for Portugal.

N.B.—My wound is not yet healed.

7*th.*—At four in the morning got into the mail, and at eleven at night reached Exeter. Had a delightfully jolly party, and, not being post day, the mail stopped whenever we saw game, and during the journey I killed 4 partridges. When it was too dark to shoot, our party mounted the roof, and sang choruses (while I joined them and drove), and in which the guard and coachman took a very able part.

9*th.*—At one in the morning got into the mail, and at nine reached Plymouth.

12*th.*—The detachment and baggage were embarked.

15*th.*—Went (although far from well) to the Hangings near Mavey (about eight miles from Plymouth), and killed 1 snipe and 3 woodcocks, including one which I knocked down, apparently dead, and had in my hand above five minutes, when it suddenly sprang from me, and after fluttering for a few seconds on the ground, flew away as strong as if it never had been fired at, and I stopped it with a second shot.

N.B.—Only saw 8 cocks (very wild) the whole day, 3 of which were killed by those who were with me. Consequently, we only left a couple behind, at which, by the way, we never got shots.

Specimen of what a bag of game in a sortie from garrison usually costs. Chaise and postboy, *29s.*; refreshment at alehouses, *13s.*; paid man for his dogs, *7s.*; gates, *6d.* Total, *2l. 9s. 6d.* With the comfort of getting wet through, and sitting benumbed in the chaise for nearly three hours while crawling over (and often being lost on) the cross roads.

16th.—Found myself extremely unwell, and was confined for the day.

In consequence of seeing a letter from Lord Bridgewater wherein he thought that I had embarked for the command of the remount, I wrote to his Lordship explaining why I had not, which was my having, for several days, been very unwell.

23rd.—Received a letter from Lord Bridgewater to countermand my going to Portugal, and apprising me that he, of his own accord, had applied to the Adjutant-General for an extension of my leave. In consequence of this I disembarked my horses and baggage.

24th.—The convoy sailed, and I proceeded home again to Longparish.

27th.—This day, finding myself considerably better, I began to regret that I had not gone abroad, and, contrary both to orders and advice, resolved on going to Portsmouth, from whence twelve ships of the line were on the point of sailing. Accordingly, in the night (or, rather, on the morning of the 28th), I posted off to the above place, where I saw Sir Joseph Yorke, of whom I got a passage in the 'Victory,' and re-embarked on the 29th. This ship, in addition to her own crew, being stowed with the whole of the 36th Regiment besides several other military men, was so crowded that all those on board were in perfect misery. The only berth that could be got for me was in the surgeon's medicine closet, off

the cockpit, in total darkness, where the air was so foul that in several parts a candle could not be kept alight, and the extinguished snuff of it was literally a relief from the infernal stench of the place. Our mess in the ward room, consisting of above sixty, was so crammed that comfort of any kind was out of the question, and we were the whole time sick, and far more from this circumstance than the motion of the ship. Our living was the worst we had seen on board any ship whatever.

Contemplating on what I had to go through, how little I was able to bear it, and the chance of giving great displeasure to Lord Bridgewater, for going away in direct disobedience to his orders and advice, I got into the long-boat, which was going ashore in the evening, and took my portmanteau, with some thoughts of not returning, and on my arrival at Portsmouth I was so much at a loss how to act for the best, and so whimsically undecided, that I actually tossed up whether I would return to the ship or not. The toss coming in favour of my going again on board, I returned in the long-boat.

30*th*.—At about eight in the morning, got under way with a fine breeze from the eastward.

31*st*.—The wind shifted directly against us, but, it not blowing very hard, we continued to lay our course, and nearly reached the mouth of the Channel.

February 1*st*.—There came on a severe gale of wind, and the fleet was so blown about that some damage was done, and we, among others, broke a mizen-topmast. We were at last obliged to put about, and sail into Torbay, where we arrived just as night set in. During the four days I was on board I ate scarcely a morsel; was so weak that I fainted several times, and my wound discharged considerably more than it had done for a length of time. I was in consequence told by all the officers on board that I was a madman if I continued in the ship, and this suggestion being strongly repeated by the

surgeons induced me, once more, to relinquish the attempt of joining the army in Portugal, and I was taken on shore to a little fishing town called Brixham. Here I slept the night, and in the morning took a chaise, and proceeded to Exeter, on my road to which place I was overtaken by a man who told me that the fleet had again sailed.

4*th.*—Home again to Longparish House.

10*th.*—Went per mail to London.

15*th.*—Went down to Lord Bridgewater's in Hertfordshire.

16*th.*—Walked out with the keeper's gun and killed 4 hares, 5 rabbits, and 1 wood pigeon.

17*th.*—Returned to London, and took places in the mail of Tuesday night for Falmouth, to proceed once more to Portugal, having given up my six weeks' leave and decided on a passage by the first Lisbon packet! Arrived in Falmouth on the 21st.

24*th.*—Took my passage for Lisbon in the 'Princess Charlotte' packet, and in the evening went on board.

25*th.*—Sailed early in the morning, and after being all day at sea and nearly clearing Channel, we were driven back by contrary winds, and obliged to return to Falmouth Roads, where we dropped anchor about four o'clock. We then went on shore, leaving nearly all our baggage packed up on board.

March 1*st.*—The wind having shifted to the north, the signals were fired, and we were routed up soon after daylight; and no sooner had we discharged our bills, given up our lodgings, and were on the point of going on board, than the wind returned to its old quarter, and the preparations for sailing were of no avail.

8*th.*—The wind came again to the north, and we were called up at break of day, but it blew such a violent hurricane that it was impossible for the boats to get off till evening, when, about six o'clock, we returned to our ship.

9th. - Soon after eight in the morning we got under way with a gentle breeze from the N.N.E. accompanied by the whole convoy, which had so long remained windbound in Falmouth harbour.

Number of miles travelled in my three attempts to rejoin the army in Portugal, notwithstanding I have been the whole time in a bad state of health: From London to Longparish, 61; from Longparish to Plymouth, 155; back again, 155; from Longparish to Portsmouth, 39; from Brixham to Exeter, 32; from Exeter to Longparish, 112; from Longparish to London, 61; from London to Ashridge, 29; back again, 29; from London to Longparish, 61; and from Longparish to Falmouth, 204. Total miles, 938. Besides four days' hard beating in Channel, being imprisoned, at anchor, in three different ships, and costing me about *200l.*

16th.—Came in full view of the rock of Lisbon early in the morning, and were beating to windward all day and night.

17th.—After beating the whole morning off the bar, we got a fair wind, and sailed into the Tagus; where we anchored by four o'clock, and I went on shore to Madame de Silva's.

N.B.—A very comfortable passage of nine days.

27th.—Went to see the cork convent, which is about a league from Cintra, and inhabited by twelve friars. The whole of this little monastery is cut through solid rocks, which are beautifully interspersed with the gardens and temples of the monks, and command a full view of the sea and town of Colaris. The inside of this convent is entirely constructed with cork, and from being detached among the most solitary mountains, and having scarcely a light but the glimmering lamps of the altars, it has a sepulchral appearance truly calculated for the retirement of its holy fathers. On our return, we inspected the house, which was built by Mr. Beckford, and is now in a state of ruin. This fine quinta stands in a forest of cork trees, overlooking Mafra (with the

whole vale around it), the sea, and the stupendous heights of Cintra, from a foreground of cork trees and orange groves.

28th.—We were shown over the Prince Regent's palace, which stands in the town of Cintra, commanding the whole country around it. This edifice is very large, and contains one immense hall richly gilded and decorated with painted swans; a second with magpies; and a third with deer, which are yoked with divers coats of arms, containing the heraldry of all the noblemen in Portugal. The fountains here are very fine, and among them is the principal curiosity of this palace, namely, a large temple lined with Dutch tiles which spout forth water from every side, above and below, by the mere touch of a small engine in an adjoining room, and thus form a sudden and continued shower bath, resembling torrents of rain.

29th.—Walked out with my dog and gun accompanied by a captain in the 2nd Portuguese Foot; killed 2 red-legged partridges, some Portuguese larks, some of which are like ours only of a redder tint, from the high coloured sand of this country, others considerably larger, more the colour of ours, and with a black ring round their necks, and 1 snipe. The latter was considered a curiosity at this time of the year, and the partridges are now so scarce that I saw but three all day.

April 2nd.—Found myself considerably better from a severe illness, which I brought on by my exertions in the few hours' shooting.

4th.—Hired asses and went round the environs of Cintra, having that place and the rock in every point of view. In our ride we passed the town of Colaris, from whence come the greater part of the oranges for exportation. The beauty of the road to this place is scarcely to be described; it first goes through an immense forest of cork trees lying under stupendous rocks, and is covered with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers, and contains the quinta of the Duc de Cadaval; and then it goes through a most extensive range of orange

and lemon orchards, where the trees are breaking down with fruit, with which you may load yourself without dismounting.

7th.—Returned to Belarra, and took up our abode at Madame Silva's in Jonqueira.

N.B.—Our bill at Cintra came to near *70l.* for nine days' plain living, and no visitors.

12*th.*—Having received a letter authorising me to return to England (as well as a sanction to the same from General Peacocke), and not wishing to avail myself of this without being fully justified in so doing, I had my wound inspected by Dr. Hosack, the staff surgeon, and voluntarily appeared before the Medical Board, who pronounced me 'totally unfit for field duty' and gave me a certificate accordingly.

May 5*th.*—Appeared again before the Medical Board (for a final decision), and was ordered 'to return to England for the recovery of my health,' &c.

10*th.*—Embarked on board the 'Sally' transport, which (with a fleet of 58 sail) was bound for England, under convoy of the 'Abercrombie.'

13*th.*—Soon after daylight we got under way, but with such an unfavourable wind that we were obliged to work the direct contrary course for England so far as to be past St. Ube's, and halfway to Cape St. Vincent, before we could get a favourable offing.

19*th.*—Passed a turtle sleeping on the water. A boat was immediately sent after him, and when, with great caution, the crew had rowed close to him, he was taken up and brought on board.

21*st.*—Having neither aldermen's cooks nor London recipes on board, we were so hard run for dressing our turtle, that I was the man honoured with that appointment; and, as my receipt was most highly approved, I have made a memorandum of the way precisely in which I dressed it, viz.: Having the turtle killed, boned, and well cleaned with scalding water over night, it was put in the saucepan about half-past

nine in the morning, with more than twice as much water as would cover it, and then left to keep boiling. At eleven I put in two onions (cut in quarters), a piece of butter half the size of an orange mixed with flour (and a teaspoonful of fine sugar), and a crust of burnt bread. At twelve I added half a pint of Madeira, a small teaspoonful of cayenne, a tablespoonful of anchovy essence, two ditto of Coratch sauce; some allspice, cloves, cinnamon, and peppercorns; some pickled samphire, and capsicorn, with all the juice and half the rind of a large lemon. At two I added another squeeze of lemon, with two glasses more Madeira, and (after it had boiled with these a few minutes) it was served up.

N.B.—About half an hour before we sat down to dinner, the wind at last came fair for England. We had, till then, been (ever since we left Portugal) working to westward for a fair wind, and instead of being any nearer to home in our nine days' sail, we were this day (at twelve o'clock) 125 miles farther from England than we were when in the river Tagus, viz. 37 degrees 27 miles north latitude; 14 degrees 20 miles west longitude; the Land's End bearing N.N.E. 850 miles.

25*th.*—Entered the Bay of Biscay, the wind continuing very fair.

28*th.*—Opened the Channel.

29*th.*—Saw the Start Point (which was the first land discovered, in consequence of the weather being too thick to distinguish the Lizard), and continued up Channel with a beautiful wind.

30*th.*—Passed the Needles, and dropped anchor a little beyond Hurst Castle. We were here destined to remain the night, having a contrary wind, the tide against us, and being above 30 miles from Spithead. As we were nearly opposite Lymington, it luckily occurred to me that I had better (if possible) get put ashore there; I accordingly gave the pilot a guinea who put me across, by which I saved at least 30 miles by sea and 4 miles by land. After taking some tea at

Lymington, I proceeded to Romsey, where I passed the night, and on the morning of the 31st arrived once more at Longparish.

I must observe that the miseries I encountered on the voyage (from being without a soul to attend me, except occasional assistance from a cabin boy, and an Italian steward that would turn the stomach of a hog) were adequately compensated for by the master of the ship, who (I think it but justice to say) was one of the most civil, agreeable, and accommodating men I ever saw, and (it may be unnecessary to add) very far superior to his bearlike brethren. We were as it is but fair to expect and customary) poisoned to death with putrid water, rancid salt butter, fleas and other dirt (added to having our brains nearly beat out between decks); but I had no time to grumble or complain, having been every day busily employed in taking care of my things, cooking my dinner, looking after my sheep, &c. We were luckily tolerably well the whole three weeks we were on board, and not at all seasick.

The following is the diary of our passage from the log-book: Monday, May 13th, 52 miles; Tuesday, 14th, 50 miles; Wednesday, 15th, 50 miles; Thursday, 16th, 50 miles; Friday, 17th, 54 miles; Saturday, 18th, 39 miles; Sunday, 19th, 47 miles; Monday, 20th, 58 miles; Tuesday, 21st, 85 miles; Wednesday, 22nd, 104 miles; Thursday, 23rd, 142 miles; Friday, 24th, 112 miles; Saturday, 25th, 122 miles; Sunday, 26th, 122 miles; Monday, 27th, 128 miles; Tuesday, 28th, 120 miles; Wednesday, 29th, 120 miles; Thursday, 30th, not worked off when we left the ship, but said to be about 100 miles. Total made good: 1,555 miles.

July 9th.—Went in a boat to the Needles for rock shooting, and killed among other birds a cormorant. My killing the latter bird was considered great sport; as the boatman and other people informed me that it was the first they had seen dead the whole season; for, although every shooting party had tried every way for them, the cormorants

were so difficult of access, and (even when within reach) carried away so much shot, that none had been killed.

The plan I adopted was, being put on the extreme point of the Needles, and then climbing part of the way up them, and there waiting till these birds came over from behind me.

It is unnecessary for me to remark the terrific grandeur and majestic appearance of the rocks, when these (as well as every other beauty we surveyed in the island) are so well known, and have been so often described.

The shooting here is most excellent practice, and well calculated to teach a person to fire quick, and divest himself of that bungling trick of what is called 'covering my bird,' as you have not only the rapid flight of these fowls to encounter, but the incessant motion of the boat, as the bays with which these rock birds abound are seldom without a great swell of sea: you have, therefore, your object to catch in a moment, and unless you put the very centre of your shot on to the birds, they will very rarely fall, as the blow they take is scarcely to be credited. They dive so quick that if you fire at one on the water, he will generally be down at the flash, and particularly if wing-broken. I was told by the boatmen that a man completely outmanœuvred them (a few days since) by one of Forsyth's patent locks, which never failed to kill them on the water.

Coming home I went ashore to see the white sand pit, and the coloured chalk height, in Alum Bay, and in my walk killed a rabbit.

The only objection to this excursion was that (from my having been ill and nervous) it gave me a severe headache, which is little to be wondered at, when we consider the incessant firing of heavy loaded guns, the constant confusion and scramble in the boat, and the continual view of the chalk precipices, added to the intense heat of a broiling sun, and the repeated (though irresistible) application of a beer bottle to one's mouth.

10*th*.—After having surveyed Freshwater Bay, the cave,

and everything else within our morning's sail, I again paid my respects to my friends the cormorants, which, by the way, are provincially called the 'Isle of Wight parsons.'

I was landed again on the point of the Needles, and this day, not having Mrs. Hawker with me, I had no one to be alarmed, and therefore climbed a considerable way up the rock, and there took a position in ambush, directing the boatmen to put to sea at some distance behind the rock, and prepare me, by the blowing of a post horn, for the approach of the 'reverend devourers.' At last there came three of them suddenly upon me, and I killed 2 cormorants, right and left.

The first I brought down by putting small snipe shot through his head, and the second bird I shot in the body and wings with No. 3, and though, I suppose, forty yards from me, my Joe Manton broke both his wing bones short off from the body, and killed him dead. It may be proper to observe that this bird fell quite lifeless, whereas the first-barrel bird, through whose head I put the small shot, paused for some time before he fell.

I found that my plan of the horn answered extremely well.

I then went to have a few hours' pastime under the rocks, but found the birds so very wild that I despaired of getting shots, but by dint of perseverance killed 5 puffins, 2 razorbills, and 3 willocks. We then went and amused ourselves taking up the lobster pots, and in lieu of what we took out, fastened a paper with some money in it to the wickers of the pots, and then sank them again.

28*th.*—This day being the anniversary of the battle of Talavera, makes it exactly two years since I got my wound, from which I may now consider myself just recovered, though it has not completely healed up.

August 8*th.*—Went with Lord Hinton, who had never fished with a minnow before, and the trout ran so remarkably well that he caught 7 brace of the largest fish we had seen for

the season in the space of an hour and half. I killed also one trout, while instructing him how to troll, which was the largest caught this year, weighing 2 lb.

Lord Hinton hooked a trout with a minnow, which was so large as to require nearly twenty minutes to get him to the top of the water; and while we were in the very act of landing him, we had the sad mortification to see him break the tackle and swim away. He was the largest trout I ever saw, and has defeated all the fishermen. I should guess his weight at about 7 lb.

19th.—Attended the carpenters and fishermen at the taking up the weir wherein we thought that the enormous trout, hooked by Lord Hinton, must have concealed himself, as he clearly went there on breaking the tackle. We, of course, caught every fish that it contained, but saw nothing of him, our largest fish being but little more than 2 lb.

CHAPTER IV

1811

September 1st.—Longparish. Sunday.

2nd.—18 partridges, 4 hares, and 1 quail. Little as this may appear in comparison with our sport some years, it is more than we have ever done in proportion to the extreme scarcity of birds. There never was so bad a breed of, or so few, partridges since the memory of the oldest men in our village. What we got was by downright slavery.

3rd.—Walked out with lame dogs after a three o'clock dinner, and killed 10 partridges. (I missed but one shot.)

4th.—9 partridges, 1 hare, 1 landrail, 1 rabbit, 1 wood pigeon, and 1 teal.

N.B.—Killed everything I fired at, except two partridges, one of which was a long distance from me, and at the other the gun hung fire.

5th.—7 partridges, 1 quail, and 1 hare. Shot at Enham, where the extreme scarcity of birds prevails, as well as in every other place.

6th.—5 partridges, 2 snipes, and 1 hare.

7th.—4 partridges and 1 hare. Found but one covey the whole day, out of which I killed a double shot; I had but six shots with fagging all the morning; luckily, however, I killed them all, one being at a bird which I knocked down and lost; and all (except the double shot) single birds.

Received an order from Lord Bridgewater to take charge of a recruiting party about to be stationed at Newbury.

12th.—2 partridges.

N.B.—Fagged the whole morning, and got but two fair shots: never was the game so scarce.

13*th.*—7 partridges.

14*th.*—Went over to take up my recruiting party at Newbury.

16*th.*—12 snipes and 1 water crake (or spotted gallinule). Besides another water-crake and 3 snipes shot and lost in the high reeds. With the exception of some random shots which I fired towards evening, when the snipes became very wild, and once when I lost my bird by the gun hanging fire, I missed but one shot the whole day, so that (with these exceptions) I knocked down 15 snipes and 2 water crakes out of 18 shots. We found three couple of the latter birds, which I consider a great curiosity, as I never saw but three before in my life, and all of these were in different years and different countries. I never met with any in Hampshire before, although the water rails here are very numerous.

Game killed in the month of September: 73 partridges, 8 hares, 3 quails, 1 landrail, 18 snipes, 1 rabbit. Total, 104 head.

N.B.—Never was game so scarce as this year.

October 1*st.*—7 pheasants and 2 partridges. It was a very wet day, and I got my game partly at the expense of a tenacious old farmer, who (leaving his own covers behind for his private preservation) sallied forth to the annoyance of every poor little farmer in the neighbourhood, when I enticed him on by a feint to cross his beat, and then tipped him the double and hung upon his rear; had the weather been fine I should have played the devil with his pheasants, as every bird I shot quite dead on the spot.

14*th.*—Went to Weyhill Fair, where the principal curiosity was a creature (shown under the name of a mermaid) that was caught and brought alive from the Southampton river.

November 3*rd.*—Went to Lord Bridgewater's at Ashridge.

4*th.*—Walked out (in my Bond Street dress, and, in short, completely unprepared for shooting) with the keeper's old

gun, which was stocked so different from my own, that I missed a third of what I fired at; notwithstanding this (and the day being showery), I bagged 10 partridges, 4 hares, 1 pheasant, 1 rabbit, and 1 woodcock, besides a quantity of game that I only wounded from the gun not coming well to my shoulder. The birds here were so wild that we could scarcely get into the fields before they were up, and even in high turnips and cover they sprung out of shot; but their numbers I could compare to nothing but swarms of bees; seven and eight coveys in a field was quite common, and through a tract of country for ten miles; I am confident that had I been prepared to go out at Ashridge and taken my own gun, had a fine day, and plenty of ammunition, I could have filled a sack. As to hares, you kill as many as you want, and then leave off; fifty in a field are sometimes found, and all this clear of the preserves.

1812

Recapitulation of game killed up to February 1812: 119 partridges, 20 hares, 3 quails, 1 landrail, 41 pheasants, 13 rabbits, 2 woodcocks, 48 snipes, 7 wild ducks, 1 teal, 1 wigeon. Total, 256 head. Besides adding herons, wood pigeons, fieldfares, &c.

March 1st.—After being tortured for three days and three nights with the toothache, I had a tooth drawn and driven in again, by which severe operation you effectually remove all pain (by destroying the nerve), and at the same time restore the tooth for mastication.

April 16th.—After having made up my mind to return to the army in Portugal, I was this evening taken with a slight cold in my loins, and on Sunday I completely lost the use of my limbs. I went to Mr. Home for something to give me relief, and on seeing how far from being recovered I was, he decidedly forbid my going abroad, and advised me to leave the army, on the annexed certificate:

(*Copy.*)

'This is to certify that Captain Peter Hawker's general health is so much impaired by the wound in his hip, and the parts so liable to inflame and swell upon slight exertions, that he is, and will continue to be, unfit for actual service for a considerable time.

(Signed) 'EVERARD HOME.

'London, Sackville Street:
'*May* 17*th*, 1812.'

June 26*th*.—Received a letter from Lord Bridgewater giving me choice either to join the depot, take a recruiting party (in a district where the new system was not yet established), or remain at Longparish on the strength of my sick certificate.

Having declined the latter, I wrote to Lord Bridgewater to request his orders for my doing whatever would be, in his opinion, most for the good of his regiment, &c.

July 1*st*.—Went fly fishing and killed 10 trout.

August 11*th*.—This evening received a new double gun from Mr. Joseph Manton, No. 5802.

12*th*.—After trying my gun at paper, and finding that it shot tolerably close and remarkably strong, I rode over to Leckford and killed about a dozen coots and moorhens, with two ducks; and (as far as I could then judge) think the gun will suit me.

19*th*.—Fished (with a fly) at Wherwell, and killed 22 large trout.

24*th*.—Agreeably to an order received the preceding day, I left Longparish to take up a recruiting party at Bradford, Wilts, where, on my arrival, the place was so full (owing to the fair) that I was obliged to take my tired horses out of the dog cart and feed them in the back way to the inn; and after riding the leader all over the town (which is roughly paved, and up and down tremendous hills), and then

galloping two miles to the fair ground in search of my party, I heard that the men had marched from Bath back to Weymouth, instead of to Bradford, owing to a mistake in the route. I then proceeded to Bath (in order to get a bed, &c., and on my arrival found this to be the case.

25*th.*—Having (till my party could arrive) nothing to do, I started soon after nine o'clock for Bristol, and having spent an hour in seeing the 'lions' of that place, I mounted the box of the Welsh mail, and went to the New Passage (in Gloucestershire), and crossed the Severn to the Black Rock (in Monmouthshire), where, after dining on plenty of Severn salmon and an excellent leg of Welsh mutton (for 3*s.* 2*d.*), I recrossed the water, in a vessel with 119 Irish pigs and 4 Tipperary hog drivers, and then went back to Bristol by the return mail, into which I bundled with three old women from Glamorgan; and, what with the incessant roar of the herd of swine and the everlasting clack of the Taffys, my ears were for hours recovering. To recover my nerves I got some tea and coffee with Charley Langford, of the Middlesex Militia, and after sitting with a party there till half-past nine, I returned in a hack chaise to Bath, where I arrived at 11 o'clock and went to bed.

30*th.*—Having got leave to be absent, I went to Longparish to meet Lord Hinton, for a week's shooting.

CHAPTER V

1812

September 1st.—So much corn was standing, and so execrably bad was the prospect of sport for this year, that many first-rate sportsmen declined going out, and several of those who did came home with empty bags. Lord Hinton and I started between ten and eleven. I killed 11 partridges and 1 hare.

4*th.*—Was out all the morning, and never got a shot.

5*th.*—5 partridges.

N.B.—All we found the whole day was one covey of 15, out of which Lord Hinton and I bagged 12.

7*th.*—5 partridges and 2 hares. Killed some birds besides, which I lost in the corn. Excepting long random shots, I never missed a bird the whole week. With the exception of one which towered, all my birds fell dead to the gun.

Game bagged the first week: 33 partridges and 3 hares. Total, 36 head of game.

N.B.—Though (without picking my shots) I never missed a fair shot the whole week, and I had five brace of good dogs to shoot with, yet the above is all I killed, so infamously bad, in every respect, is the shooting this year.

8*th.*—Having hired a house for my family at Bradford, Wiltshire, I was on the point of starting for that place, bag and baggage, at seven in the morning, when Woollard (who had been riding all night) arrived to inform me that I was to give up the recruiting party on the 24th inst.

I was, however, obliged to go to Bradford to settle some accounts, &c., and I arrived there by about three o'clock, in time for the post.

9th.—After a wet morning I started for Atworth, about 4 miles from Bradford, to shoot with Mr. Robert Webb. We did not start till near four in the afternoon, and I bagged 9 partridges, besides one knocked down and lost in the corn, in ten shots. I had two double and six single shots, and every bird fell dead to the gun. Shooting and sport of this kind being voted a rarity in Atworth, my success was the talk of the whole village.

10th.—After getting up very early I visited Mr. Coltatt, of Wraxall, who is keeper over all these manors, and landlord of the 'Plough' inn; consequently, by putting up there, you have his good-will to shoot. Owing to bad weather, however, and trusting to his dogs, I got but four shots, and bagged 3 partridges.

11th.—Never got a shot. It is singular that the only two blank days I had were on the two Fridays, and that on each of those days I found nothing but a pair of barren birds, although in two different counties.

12th.—Drove my tandem to a heath (between Lord Lansdowne's and Colonel Thornton's), where I killed 5 rabbits, 3 partridges, and 1 wood pigeon.

14th.—4 partridges; and (owing to being baulked by the dogs chasing) I missed within fair distance 1 hare; I, however, secured her with the second barrel.

N.B.—With the exception of some random shots out of reach and three snap shots at rabbits in high grass, the above first-barrel shot at the hare is the first miss I have made this season, making sixty shots in succession without missing, besides some birds killed and lost in the standing corn, &c.

N.B.—I never picked my shots to seek the reputation of never missing; and I invariably fired both barrels when opportunity offered.

16*th.*—2 partridges. Went in search of a leash of birds, which has been seen (the previous day) by the butcher, and although—so intensely hot and dry—there was scarcely any scent I found them, and killed a double shot; the third bird got off to covert, and we could not find him.

17*th.*—2 partridges. Went out near the town, and as I arrived at a stubble the farmer came up; and with his damning and swearing, frightened up the above brace of birds, which I killed right and left before his face, put them in my pocket, and wished him 'good evening.'

18*th.*—Walked out, never was more than a mile from the town all day, and bagged 12 partridges (besides two shot and lost). I killed every bird I fired at, and made good the only three double shots I fired. We only found 19 birds all day, and on my return I found a note from Squire Jones to request I would desist from sporting in these fields or near Bradford Wood as they were preserved, and telling me he was authorised to 'forbid all trespassers,' notwithstanding the whole town shot constantly over them, and he had previously given his approbation to my shooting, and I had even robbed myself to supply him with game.

My Answer.

'Dear Sir,—As to my certain knowledge every fellow in this town shoots in the neighbourhood of Bradford Wood, I am almost induced to think you are joking when you call it a preserve. I regret, however, that you were not a day sooner in your application, as I have this moment returned with the only remaining birds (fourteen) in my bag; four brace of which I was on the point of sending you when I received your note, and consequently disposed of them otherwise.

'I am, &c.

'P.S.—I have also countermanded the sending for a capital

pointer bitch of which I had promised myself the pleasure of making you a present!'

The squire sent a verbal message that 'I was no gentleman!'

'Sir,—I am surprised that you should aggravate your uncivil conduct by saying I am "no gentleman." I beg to observe that did I consider you as worthy the name of one I should not hesitate to take up your message in a proper light.

'I am, &c.'

I received the squire's message when getting into my tandem for Longparish, and had to turn back to make the above acknowledgment of its receipt.

23rd.—On my return from Longparish I received the following epistle from the squire:

'Woolley: September 18th, 1812.

'Sir,—As to my knowledge there has not been any fellow who has sported on the estate at Bradford Wood, I hereby give you notice that you are forbidden to shoot (or otherwise sport) on the several estates of Earl Manvers, in the hundred of Bradford, or the liberty of Trowbridge, and I am at the same time to bring to your remembrance that any officer sporting on the estates of persons without leave is contrary to law; you are also forbidden to shoot on the manor of Trowle, or on any of the estates of Earl Manvers, as well as on my own lands, subject to a report to the Commander-in-Chief.

'I am, Sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'JOHN JONES.

'To Captain P. Hawker, 14 L.D.'

The squire being the most unrelenting tyrant and nefarious sinner, the annexed is what I returned him.

I should observe that the whole town of Bradford, and all the poor fellows he had persecuted, were quite in an uproar of joy about it, and ready to eat me up.

'Bradford, Wiltshire: September 24th.

'Captain Hawker begs to inform Squire Jones that he is always a day after the fair with his insignificant revenge. Captain Hawker having only this night received his polite notice, and being obliged to take his farewell of Bradford early to-morrow, he is prevented beating the remainder of the manor, which he otherwise, upon his honour, most assuredly would have done. He feels particularly obliged to the squire for his civil information, as the article of war wherein "an officer who has leave from the landholder can be prosecuted by the lord of a manor," has not yet appeared before the public! Whatever manors Squire Jones may hold for others, he is about as deficient in manners of his own as he is of popularity, good nature, or capacity for a magistrate; and as, therefore, the squire has even got the start of the articles of war and even of the law itself, the Captain most strongly recommends him to study Blair's Sermons, Lord Chesterfield, and the Bible; and, in bidding him adieu, sincerely wishes him a sound and permanent reformation both of mind and body, and that he may have time to repent his sins, and prepare himself for that day when "every man shall be judged according to his works!" (the text given last Sunday at Bradford church, where Jones never goes).'

Out of the twelve double shots which I have fired since Sept. 1st I have killed both birds eleven times, and bagged them all but one, which I bungled at, and did not kill dead. This makes seventy-seven out of seventy-eight fair shots.

Having been only from a quarter past eleven till three to-day filling my bag, I returned to Bradford at the latter hour, in good time to despatch some birds to town. Every

other bird, except one brace, I gave away to the natives, so they could not call me a pot hunter.

Having got my dinner I started for Longparish (in the tandem) at a quarter before eight, and arrived home, 45 miles, by two in the morning; having only stopped for a short time to feed my horses, and they arrived quite fresh and tolerably cool.

Game bagged the month of September 1812: 78 partridges, 7 hares, 7 rabbits, 3 snipes. Total, 95 head of game.

October 7th.—3 partridges, 3 snipes, 1 pheasant, and 1 jay.

I sprung a single snipe, and after seeing it fall, I observed another going away, which, in a few seconds, towered and fell in the river, so that I bagged two with firing but once: the latter bird, therefore, was evidently killed by accident, on the ground.

10*th.* Left Longparish for Weymouth. I took a gun in the carriage, and in three shots going along the road, I got 3 pheasants which I much wanted.

13*th.*—Went over, with Lords Poulett and Hinton, to Hinton St. George Park.

14*th.*—After viewing the beauties of Hinton House I rode out and killed 2 snipes and 2 jack snipes, which were all that could be got, as the immense swarms seen the preceding days were driven away by a change of weather.

16*th.*—Returned to Longparish. Carried a loaded gun in the carriage to flank the road occasionally, and bagged 5 pheasants and 3 rabbits.

20*th.*—Having, on the 19th, received orders to join a recruiting party at Glasgow, I left Longparish and arrived in London this day.

24*th.*—After the post came in, I started for Ashbridge Park; and, having dined with Lord Bridgewater, returned to town, where I arrived soon after twelve at night.

As we passed Lord Bridgewater's grounds we observed

his people at oat cart, and his Lordship informed us that 'he was this day to finish his harvest.' This shows what a late season we have had.

26th.—Left London for Scotland.

Having taken places for Ferrybridge, I left the 'Bull and Mouth' inn, per Glasgow mail, at a little before eight, and, after taking up the bags in Lombard Street, at the General Post Office, we proceeded for the North.

N.B.—On passing the Duke of Newcastle's, on the right going down, between Ollerton and Worksop, the enormous quantity of pheasants, which were within twenty yards of the road, is scarcely to be credited; there were nearly 100 of them all close together like a flock of pigeons. Unluckily for me, and luckily for his Grace, it poured so hard with rain that I never could have unpacked my gun, otherwise the guard and coachman would readily have brought to for action.

I had intended to stop at Ferrybridge to have taken a day at Methley Park with Lord Pollington; but finding the roads so bad, and that his seat was nine miles out of the highway, I had not sufficient spare time.

While passing through Lincolnshire &c. we saw the people at harvest, and in a few hours after, the mail was so covered with snow, that, in spite of all coats, 'toggerys and upper benjamins,' the whole of the outside crew were wet to the skin, and almost frozen with cold. I kept my myrmidons well, with the never failing remedy of cold gin and beer.

I arrived at Mr. Thompson's inn, 'The Old George and Morritt's Arms,' at Greta Bridge about half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 28th.

N.B.—I think the north roads, as far as possible, inferior to the western. They are mended with large soft quarry stones, which, at first, are like brickbats, and afterwards like sand. Indeed, what with the wet weather and other circumstances, it would have been misery to have travelled in anything but the mail.

The posting is 1*s.* 0*d.* per mile, and very inferior to that of the western road at 1*s.* 6*d.* The people of this mail, and particularly the ruffians at the 'Bull and Mouth' office, are in general a dissatisfied, grumbling set of fellows. Their 'turns-out' of horses and harness are beggarly.

In Lincolnshire there are many gentlemen's parks, fenced with walls of loose quarry stone; ricks made upon raised sheds, and the carts put under their cover; second storeys, of many houses, of spear reed, cemented over and under with plaister; bread either very white or very brown, no medium; fires very large and a profuse waste of coals, which, I learnt, are 5*s.* 6*d.* a cartload, free of gates and everything. In Hants, they would be 30*s.*

Table of mail-coach expenses to the Grouse Moors

	£	s.
My place inside to Ferrybridge . . .	4	16
Outside places for two servants at 2*l.* 10*s.* each	5	0
To a dog brought per mail	1	5
To extra luggage	1	10
Ferrybridge to Greta Bridge	3	17
Six coachmen and four guards, at 4*s.* each .	2	0
Total . .	£18	8

I usually gave the coachmen and guards 2*s.* for myself and 1*s.* each for my servants, though generally more if they were civil and obliging. The above, however, is the common price on this road.

28*th.*—Having learnt that the grouse were become so wild and scarce that a man who had, a few days ago, killed a brace was spoken of as having done wonders, I despaired of getting any; but, having travelled till I had scarcely strength from my Peninsular wound to go farther (in order to secure a day or two), I was resolved, at all events, to look at the moors and, if possible, see a live grouse, which I had all my life been longing to do. This evening, therefore, I proceeded (in a post-chaise) on the high road for Glasgow &c. and stopped

at Bowes (a small place 6 miles from Greta Bridge), where I bought some shot, and drove on to a public-house (3 miles further) kept by one Kitty Lockey, who horses the mail.

Never was there a more admirable situation than this public-house. It stands in the very best part of the moor (this is Strathmoor, and from it we had a fine view of Durham); and, being an isolated place, the grouse are as likely to be found close to the house as anywhere farther, and indeed the landlord informed me that he this very morning saw a grouse sitting within a fair shot of his door, and that these birds often come close to it. I was, of course, not a little 'on my metal' at hearing this.

The public-house here is in every respect remarkably good. The place where it stands is known by the name of Spittle.

It was curious, on passing to this place (or rather to Bowes) to observe the quantity of standing corn; two-thirds of the fields, in every direction, not being yet reaped or mowed. Common wheat, oats, and barley standing all over the country.

After supping (so my landlord chose to call it, though it was a six o'clock dinner) on a roast duck, Yorkshire ham, and preserve tarts, which (to my astonishment) I had in perfection at this hut, I went to bed with every inducement to rise early, except the weather, which had been very snowy and wet, and was still very stormy—all much against the chance of my getting a grouse.

N.B.—It should be remembered that one brace of moor game now is equal to 15 (or more) in August, both for value and difficulty of shooting them.

29th.—The weather having suddenly changed to a very hard frost, with sharp winds, I, after getting some breakfast, started with my one dog and Kitty Lockey for a pilot. Within 250 yards of my bedroom window, and directly in front of the alehouse, Nero found 3 grouse, then 2 more, and 7 more (I looked at my watch, and found that we had seen

these six brace within nine minutes from our leaving the door). Within twenty-five minutes from our throwing off we found two packs, of about 10 or 12 each; and, in short, saw about forty brace during our walk, all within one mile, and two-thirds of them within less than half a mile from the public-house and some close to the road, where the mail and other coaches pass. But the certainty of finding them was sadly counterbalanced by the utter impossibility of getting at them; in spite of every manœuvre, I could scarcely get even so near as 150 yards to them, and it was only two or three times that the dog could come within that distance. I contrived, however (by creeping, with my hat off, behind hillocks and ridges which I thought likely) to get within sixty yards of some pairs, and single ones, three of which I fired at, but with no other hopes of killing than a chance shot taking a vital part. At last (after I had voted it impossible to get a grouse in such weather, and so late in the season) Nero came to a point, and (as luck would have it) the brow of a hill was between him and his bird, and I by creeping up 'took him on the hop,' fired directly he rose (at about 45 yards) and down I knocked him, in the act of crowing at me—a fine old cock grouse. Bagged also 1 teal, 1 jack snipe, and 1 snipe, which (with another wild snipe and a flock of golden plover) were all I saw except grouse.

On my return to the inn, I met a Mr. George Edwards (of Barnard Castle, Durham), who, on my complaining at not being able to make up a brace of moor game, said that (with such a day &c.) he should not have credited my having killed one, had I not produced the bird.

This gentleman (as well as the landlord) informed me that anyone who had a freehold (even under 40*s.*) had a right (if qualified &c.) to sport over the whole of these moors (for 10 or 12 miles). Thus, here is no lord of the manor; but every freeholder has an equal right to sport. Their plan to prevent poachers, and serve notices, is (or rather ought to be) carried on by a committee; but so little attention is paid to

the matter, that a stranger may shoot a whole season, with little or no opposition, and a gentleman would have no trouble in getting a month's leave.

In August it is common for a bungler to bag his eight brace.

30*th*.—Left Spittle for Penrith, but was obliged to leave one of my men behind, in consequence of the guard being unable to take on my luggage. I should observe that nothing creates more disputes on this road than a gun case, as it will go nowhere but the outside of the coach, where the guards are forbid to put anything; and, from the wretched horses driven, the coachmen have so much difficulty in keeping their time, that they in general are very tenacious of taking anything more than they are obliged to do. They are, however, much more civil here than farther upwards.

As you enter Westmoreland, the scenery becomes very romantic, and the approach to Appleby, which you enter down a steep hill, presents a magnificent landscape.

My reason for stopping at Penrith was to see Ulswater, one of the finest of the lakes, and the only one I could reach without going nearly forty miles out of my way. I hired a gig, and got a weaver's boy for a pilot; and, in six miles, reached the village of Pooley, at the foot of the lake. Nothing can be more romantically beautiful than the richly wooded hills that form the side scenery, and the majestic heights which compose the background of this landscape; in a word, the view creates a sort of sensation which we feel on hearing Mozart's music, seeing Shakespeare's tragedies, hearing Braham sing, or seeing ourselves surrounded by a good evening flight of wild fowl.

After driving a considerable way on the road, which is on the edge of the lake, I returned to Pooley to make inquiries for sport, and found that a Mr. Russel had, as he termed it, the farming of the fishery, and that by putting up at his house, you insured yourself the liberty of angling on the lake for nine miles. The following are the fish it produces: grey trout,

running up to 35 lb.; common trout; charre; perch; skilly, or fresh-water herrings, which are caught by thousands at a draught; chub; eels, and brandlings.

No wild fowl to speak of, but good partridge shooting round the lake.

On my return to Penrith about 5 P.M. I got a brace of trout dressed, some good gravy soup, a roast chicken, cranberry tarts, jellies, &c., all elegantly served up, and with great civility, for *6s. 8d.*, which I thought much better bestowed than on a lawyer's letter.

After dinner, about half-past six, I got a lift on to Carlisle, by the Manchester mail.

31*st.*—Saw the whole of Carlisle, and the only thing I observed to be worthy of remark is the excellent architecture, and construction of the two new courthouses, which give a grand effect to the entrance of this town. Carlisle is well paved with quarry stone of a reddish brown colour, with which the cathedral, castle, and other edifices are built. The former has a fine window and some good oak carving; the latter has arms for 10,000 men; though neither of these is anything beyond mediocrity.

I should observe that the inns are so small and bad, in proportion to the numbers who travel through this town, that it is but seldom you can be accommodated with a sitting room to yourself, and you are, consequently, obliged to live at the same table with persons of every description.

At half-past three this evening, I left Carlisle for Moffat, where I arrived about half-past ten. When you have passed the river Sarke, 3½ miles beyond Longtown, you enter Dumfriesshire in Scotland, where the country soon appears barren, and the little cabins of stones, poorly thatched and only on a ground floor, contribute to its wild appearance.

After getting nearly two miles into Scotland you go through Springfield, which is now the grand receptacle for enamoured fugitives; the hymeneal business being now carried on by

one David Ling, a *ci-devant* coachman, who married the niece of the late old man, commonly called 'the Blacksmith,' and thereby succeeded him in his property and business. Priest Ling resides in a tenement, or rather hovel, among a small row of slated cabins, on the left as you pass down; and a little farther, on the opposite side of the street, is a pothouse called 'The Maxwell's Arms,' and kept by one Jemmy Reade, where the nuptial ceremony has, of late, been performed. This temple, however, was formerly kept at Gretna Hall, on the green, which joins the hamlet of Springfield, but the house being since bought for a private residence, the impatient lovers have now only to direct their flight to the place before mentioned, by which they will be accommodated with having 500 yards less distance to reach their asylum of security; unhappily, however, the roads in this poor country are ill calculated for the wings of love.

I should mention that the old man, who officiated for nearly forty years, at 40*l.*, 50*l.* and sometimes 100*l.* a job, never was a blacksmith, but, merely so called because his pairs were welded together in heat. Old Joe Parsley, for that was his name, was by trade a tobacconist. He was a very large, heavy man, and might have died worth a great deal of money; but from being an intolerable drunkard and a very unsteady fellow, his money went as lightly as it came, and after he had solemnised the marriages, and dismissed his 'couple of fools' from the forge, they could not possibly be more eager to follow their avocations than his reverence was to trudge off to a whisky house.

The roads and horses in this country are so bad and ill attended to, that even the mails get on but slowly and in a very slovenly manner; the harness being generally second-hand, one horse in plated, another in brass harness, and, in short, all of a piece; and when they do have new harness (which is very seldom) it is put on like a labourer's leather

breeches on a Sunday, and worn till it rots, without being cleaned. The coachmen are like a set of dirty gipsies; they drive but one stage each, and then look after their own horses. The mails are (from London) exactly the same as all others.

November 1st.—I was prevented surveying this country by an incessant pour of rain, which lasted the whole day. The town of Moffat has nothing to make mention of, except the wild country in which it lies, and the mineral waters for which it is frequented in the summer, one of the springs being similar to that of Cheltenham, and the other considered good for consumption.

2nd.—Went out in hopes of getting a blackcock, for which this place has the name of being good; but, after slaving till I could scarcely get one leg after the other, I found but one pack, two single cocks, and a grey hen, all of which were too wild to give me the least chance. Indeed, getting at them in this country (after August or September) appears impossible, as they occupy the open heights, where they generally sit like cormorants, with a sentry, either on a rock or in a tree, to give the alarm. In my walk, however, I killed 2 woodcocks, which were all I saw, and 3 partridges, and should have had a brace more, and a couple of snipes, but the only shot I could buy was so large that it was quite by chance that I bagged what I did with it.

My walk gave me a full view of this place, which lies in a fine valley among small rivers, and is surrounded by a perfect amphitheatre of mountains. The oats and barley were standing in every direction, and some quite green.

My guide was one David Dinwoodie, who gave me an excellent account of Moffat as a sporting place; and, among other information, corroborated what I had before heard here, that in June and July the salmon trout fry were so plentiful that the boys would go out with an artificial fly and bring in 400 of a day. They are, however, small; as they

run about the size of a smelt; but they are most delicious eating, and as red as any salmon.

In consequence of having seen at a distance a great many ducks, I, tired as I was, after getting my grouse, and a cranberry tart for my dinner, poured a flask of whisky into my boots, whipped on a box coat, and posted off to the side of the stream, but only saw 5 ducks, which were too far from me to fire at.

I went to bed with my loins in such pain from walking that I was fearful my wound would break out again; but luckily, by taking something warm, I soon recovered.

3*rd*.—Being told that the only possible way to get black-cocks was to creep after them in the morning by daylight, I started off with my friend David Dinwoodie, and after despairing of seeing any, we espied a pack at feed; but the moment we stopped they flew up, although they were on the opposite side of an immense valley from the hill on which we were. After taking a long flight like ducks they perched on a plantation of high larch firs, among some stone walls; accordingly, I began to creep when about 500 yards from them, but having got to the end of my ambush, I found the distance too far; I then, in preference to firing at random, crept over the wall, and succeeded in getting to another, where I had a safe march to a breach within forty yards of an old cock, who was the vidette, and after crawling on all fours, with my heart in my mouth, for about 100 yards, I gained the point, and down I knocked him, a fine old black-cock. I was thus lucky in getting both specimens of the grouse so fine for stuffing.

N.B.—It is somewhat remarkable that in the very act of getting over this wall I found on it a shilling, which inspired me with confidence of success.

The place where I was being near 'Moffat Springs,' which is where the sulphur waters are drunk, I took a look in and tasted them, and they were quite sparkling and very

cold, though of a strong brimstone flavour. They are under a lock-up shed, in a rock close to the mountains; their distance from Moffat is nearly two miles, and that of the consumption waters nearly seven, both lying to the north-east of the town.

I must do David Dinwoodie the justice to say he was one of the most obliging men I ever met with—not with an object in his civility, as is often the case in the North, for he was absolutely affronted when I offered to reward him for his attendance. Not so with Kitty Lockey, for he not only took care to ask for money directly he had attended me, but made the most imposing charges in his bill. It is, indeed, too often the case that when they get a gentleman in an alehouse, they take good care to make him 'pay his footing.'

I got back to Moffat about half-past nine, where after taking my breakfast I proceeded in a chaise for Douglas-mill, which is about halfway to Glasgow. I took my gun, ready loaded, in the chaise; and after killing 1 magpie out of the window, while going on, to test the barrel that I feared would hang fire, I was prepared for anything I might see on the road.

I bagged 3 partridges, and should have had 2, if not 3,[1] more, had I not laboured under the disadvantage of the large shot, which to so small a quantity of powder, and in such little charges, as a double gun holds, has neither velocity enough to cut through the feathers of a bird, nor compression sufficient to avoid his escaping very often among the intervals. The difference between large and small shot in a gun is, that the former goes in like the back of a knife, and occasionally only; and the other like a razor, with unerring certainty. No. 7 is best for everything, unless you take a duck gun.

I should make a memorandum of the posting in this country, which, as well as the inns where you change horses, more forcibly depicts misery than even the travelling in Spain. The horses are scarcely good enough for dog's meat, being

[1] Round Moffat is a most admirable beat for partridges.

half starved, and kept in sheds of loose stones; the chaises are of the very worst description; and the travelling, on an average, I found to be about 4 miles an hour.

The road from Moffat to Douglas-mill has nothing for remark, except that it is one of the most wretched deserts I ever passed. There are several small rivers in this wild country, which the postboy, or rather the ragamuffin, who drove me, said were full of trout. No coach whatever, excep the mail, makes it worth while to pass this road to Glasgow; but all the carriages of conveyance go round by Dumfries.

I reached Douglas-mill between seven and eight at night.

4*th*.—I started on my journey soon after six in the morning, having got an excellent chaise with a decent driver; and having found everything at and from Douglas passable except the roads, I flashed them occasionally, and bagged 1 snipe and 4 partridges. I am sure, had I time, dogs, and small shot, I could kill a hamperful of partridges in this neighbourhood; as, from the country being so little inhabited they are in great abundance, and you may shoot unmolested; and from the corn being out in the fields, and some of it standing, the birds lie nearly as well as in September. I tried the grouse as I passed the heath, but getting anywhere near them proved impossible. I reached the town of Hamilton soon after twelve, and there found the posting nearly as good as in parts of England. I arrived in Glasgow between two and three o'clock this day.

The post arrives at Glasgow from London on the fourth day; for instance, if a letter be put in on Monday it arrives on Thursday morning. The mail leaves London Monday evening at eight, and gets into Glasgow Thursday morning before eight; it leaves Glasgow soon after two on Monday afternoon, and arrives in London very early Thursday morning; and so on through the week, except that no post comes into Glasgow on Wednesday, nor goes out of it on Thursday. You have 3 hours, from half-past ten to half-

past one, sometimes more, in which you may answer letters by return of post.

Table in order to show for how much a gentleman and his servant, the former inside with 14 lb. of luggage, the latter outside with 7 lb. of luggage, may go from London to Glasgow, with two breakfasts, two dinners, and two suppers:

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Inside to Ferrybridge from London	4	16	0			
„ Greta Bridge	1	12	6			
„ Carlisle	1	9	6			
„ Glasgow	2	10	0			
				10	8	0
Outside to Ferrybridge	2	10	0			
„ Greta Bridge	1	2	0			
„ Carlisle	1	0	0			
„ Glasgow	1	13	0			
				6	5	0
Inside, seven guards at 2*s.* each				0	14	0
„ six long-stage coachmen at ditto				0	12	0
„ twelve short-stage coachmen at half ditto				0	12	0
Outside, for man, half price of the above				0	19	0
Grand total				£19	10	0

9th.—Went per mail to Edinburgh.

10th. Having spent the whole of the previous afternoon in seeing this fine city, I got up very early in the morning and went all over Leith, from whence, after buying 100 oysters and a live codfish of 24 lb. weight for 3*s.* 6*d.*, I returned to Edinburgh, two miles, saw the remainder of the town, and, at twelve, started by the heavy coach to return to Glasgow. Although this machine carries six in and ten outside, yet it goes the 42, or rather 45, miles, including the suburbs, in six hours and a half. The horses, and indeed the whole concern of this coach, are superior to the mail; and it performs the journey in the same number of hours, as do also, I am told, the five or six other coaches which start every day to and from Glasgow. From the extreme roughness of the Scotch roads, and consequently the stiffness of the springs, and strength with which they are obliged to build these coaches, we found the noise so great inside, that the passengers could scarcely hear each other speak.

On passing Bathgate (in the second stage, where we stopped to water) we were saluted by two old women, or rather fairies, one sixty-eight, the other a few years younger, and each very little more than three feet high. These Lilliputians are not related to each other, except in their occupation, which entirely consists in presenting themselves to the different coaches, and the diversion and novelty which their appearance affords the passengers generally produces them plenty of halfpence, and by this means alone they gain their livelihood.

The road by which I returned from Edinburgh to Glasgow in this coach lies nearly parallel to that which I came by the mail; the two roads are often within a mile, and never more than four, from each other; they are about the same in point of goodness and distance, and unite in one at about a mile from Glasgow, and somewhat more than a mile from Edinburgh.

N.B.—I found Edinburgh full as dear as London; for example, 2*s.* for fire and 7*s.* for lodgings, 2*s.* a mile for a hackney coach, &c.; without a tenth part of its comforts.

The castle (built on a stupendous rock) is one of the strongest fortifications, and the finest thing of the kind I ever beheld; but with regard to everything else in this town, the high expectations I had raised were sadly disappointed.

11*th.*—Walked out from the town of Glasgow (after twelve o'clock), and bagged 4 partridges and 1 pheasant—a very old cock bird. The latter was spoken of as an extraordinary circumstance in this country, and from what I heard, it appears to be one that several people had been a long time in pursuit of.

I got a random shot at a woodcock, which I could see nothing of at the moment of firing, and, as the lairds of this country take especial good care to turn their timber into money before it is large enough to bear a man's weight, I was prevented being able to 'mount my marker' in a tree,

which is of course the sure way to secure a woodcock for the bag.

I fired but five times; I killed the pheasant full sixty yards, and a partridge at nearly the same distance; and, indeed, all my shots were extraordinary lucky ones.

N.B.—I shot with No. 8, and Butts's Hounslow cylinder powder, which I found superior to Manton's. I see every day more and more the consummate stupidity of people who abuse small shot.

16th. After having passed the morning in going to the College, and seeing the invaluable collection in Hunter's Museum, I started for Dumbarton, on my way to Loch Lomond, and slept at the 'Elephant and Castle' inn, which is kept by a Mr. McNicol, and far superior to any I had met with in Scotland; I had an excellent bed, a good accommodation, with a moderate bill, and great civility.

17th.—Proceeded in a hack chaise to Luss inn, thirteen miles farther. The last eight miles of this road are on the 'indescribably beautiful Lake of Loch Lomond,' and present a magnificent view of wooded islands and mountainous scenery, together with the tremendous 'Ben Lomond,' and other snow-capped mountains.

On arriving at Luss inn, which is close to the lake, I set out partly to sketch and partly to shoot, and was far better repaid my journey by the landscapes than the sport, as the game was so very scarce that, although with leave over the whole of Mr. McLaughlin's grounds, and with the attendance of his man, I killed but 3 snipes and 1 woodcock, which were all I shot at, and all I saw.

18th.—Having heard that there were several roe deer on Sir James Colhoun's property, I obtained his permission to sport for a few hours, but could not succeed in finding any, at which his keeper, a respectable man who attended me, seemed rather surprised; the only shooting I got was firing both barrels at a hare. After getting an early dinner I set

off, escorted by one Donald on my way to ascend Ben Lomond ; and after going nearly four miles by land and one by the lake ferry, reached the inn at Row Ardenan, which is a real Highland whisky house. I here sat down by a peat fire with some whisky toddy, till a bed-in-a-hole (like the berth of a transport) was prepared, and then retired to rest.

N.B.—Previously to reaching the ferry we passed a stone, on which there is an inscription relative to Colonel Lascelles' regiment having cut this road through the rock in 1745, about the time of the rebellion.

19th. —After getting some boiled bread and milk, which, with a basket of peat to make a fire, I secured previously to going to bed, I started with a guide at daybreak to ascend Ben Lomond, and within three hours we barely reached the shoulder of the summit ; but getting to the most elevated part of it was impossible, as we found the last fifty yards a solid sheet of ice ; and, indeed, for more than the last half-mile we travelled in perfect misery and imminent danger ; we were literally obliged to take knives to cut footsteps in the frozen snow, and, of course, obliged to crawl all the way on our hands, knees, and toes, all of which were benumbed with cold, and were repeatedly in danger of slipping in places where one false step would have been certain destruction. The going up, however, was comparatively a mere nothing to the coming down, in which our posteriors and heels relieved the duty performed by our toes and knees. My man John Buffin, as well as myself and the guide, had some very providential escapes, and on our getting below this frozen atmosphere and again in safety, the latter told us that 'had we slipped nothing could have stopped us ;' and, indeed, we had proof of this by my dropping a stick, which soon went rapidly out of sight.

The inn where we slept stands at the foot of, and is called five miles from the summit of, Ben Lomond. We were lucky in having a clear day to present us with the grand amphitheatre of mountains in which this one stands. I of course

took my dog and gun; but the latter we were obliged to leave behind on a rock, after crawling with it strapped to the back as far as possible; we found no ptarmigans; indeed, they are now become very scarce.

The killing of these birds is, from what I was told, no merit beyond the labour of traversing the frozen pyramids, and the novelty of getting them, as they will sit on an open stone as tame as chickens, and suffer themselves to be pelted before they will move, and are very frequently killed with stones. Ben Lomond has on it some white hares, but we saw none.

The ascent to the summit of this mountain is, even in winter, sometimes very passable; and in summer so much so, that ladies very commonly go up, and sometimes take with them a piper, and other apparatus for dancing. The summer may, perhaps, have a different effect; but, for my own part, I was so exhausted that, being unable to walk home from the inn, I hired a boat and returned by water.

In several of the most solitary glens we saw the caves where the smugglers manufacture the famous Highland whisky, which is so far superior to the ordinary by being distilled from the pure malt and smoked with the peat. They usually do this work in the dead of night. There are various opinions about where the Highlands begin, in consequence of the English language having within these few years extended itself to where the Gaelic was spoken; but, as that language appears still familiar to most of the old people, even as far as Luss, we may safely say that Luss is in the Highlands; at all events they unquestionably begin a few miles beyond that place. After getting my dinner at Luss inn I returned to Dumbarton, where I went to bed very unwell.

20*th*.—Having had every comfort the preceding night, I found myself better; and returned, by the Dumbarton coach, to Glasgow.

21*st.*—Removed from the filthy lodging of Mrs. Sheddon, 94 George Street, to the cleanest house I had seen since I left England, a Mrs. Watson's in Clyde Buildings.

Mrs. Sheddon having swore that I had engaged her lodgings for two months, when I particularly expressed, before witness, that I would not even engage them for more than a week, I was the previous evening served with the letter of a lawyer, which was brought me by a most assassin-like-looking fellow, with a hare lip, cut-throat face, and in a beadle's livery. Mrs. Sheddon having this day refused to go before a magistrate (which in this country is optional), and she having preferred 'a suit at law,' to increase my trouble and expense, I was obliged to employ a Mr. Donald, to enter on a regular lawsuit; and Mr. Provost Hamilton was so kind as to stand bail, in order to get a certificate for the removal of my baggage, which had remained all the morning under quarantine. The action is of course going on.

This is a common species of imposition in Glasgow, Mr. Donald having had many similar cases in hand.

27*th.*—Partly from illness, and partly from seven days' rain (with scarcely any intermission), I have been prevented using my gun till this day, when I went in Mr. Mackintosh's chariot—accompanied by his son and Mr. Horrocks—to Keiss' estate, belonging to Mr. Sterling; but only fired my gun twice the whole day.

December 8*th.*—As before, I have (partly from illness, and partly from bad weather) been deprived of shooting till this day, when I walked out of this execrable town; and all the game to be found was 2 hares, 1 of which I fired at and killed.

10*th.*—Walked out for a few hours near the town; fired my gun five times and bagged 2 hares, 2 partridges, and 1 fieldfare.

13*th.*—The weather having for nearly a fortnight been intensely severe, I went by the evening mail to Greenock, to try for wild fowl.

14*th.*—Hired a boat, and found several flocks of barnacle and other fowl; but getting even near enough to fire ball at them proved impossible. Indeed, as far as can be judged from what I have seen, no coast can be worse than this for water shooting, as here are scarcely any rivers but what freeze; and the lakes being also susceptible of frost, the fowl daily frequent the open Clyde, where no device whatever will succeed in getting at them; and, by night, they usually feed on the mud, in which you must walk and stand up to your knees to get a bad evening flight.

15*th.* Crossed the Clyde to Dumbarton, within three miles of which (opposite Craig-end ferry, where there are good boats) the wild fowl are in myriads, and the solid squares of barnacle have the appearance of black islands. We found it, however, impossible to come within even a quarter of a mile of them.

I took my dinner at Dumbarton, and went to a place, called 'the meadow,' for evening flight. Saw nothing but ten wild fowl, which dropped in, one at a time (by moonlight), within sixty yards of me. I fired at them, all in a cluster (with a huge gun), and literally swept the pool where they were, but they all escaped by diving at the flash. On my return to the inn I sent for one Reade, a blacksmith (the head shooter), who informed me that two couple of fowl here were reckoned a good day's sport, and that with the many tons of ammunition that were every year fired in the Clyde not fifty barnacles were killed. It appears that even the punt-shooting and cask-burying systems fail here.

16*th.*—Out for morning flight; saw but two small lots of fowl, and never fired my gun. Went, at high water, to shoot at the scaups, and was shown the best plan of getting at them, which is to keep concealed at a distance from the river, and when the birds dive, to spring up and run as fast as possible to the water, and on their coming up (perhaps within ten yards of you) they will instantly take wing, and give you a beautiful shot. I killed 5 of them.

Though the most bitter cold day that could be described, the fly fishers were, if possible, more numerous than the shooters; their tackle is quite coarse, and the trout they kill very small. From the natural propensity Scotsmen have for staring at anything new, it is highly diverting to show them any gun beyond the most common size or inferior value. On my producing a Joe Manton to the blacksmith, I had a mob, similar to one attendant on a dancing bear, or a man killed in the street.

17*th.*—Mrs. Hawker having come to me at Dumbarton from London the previous evening, I went to Ballock ferry to show her Loch Lomond, where I killed 2 divers, 1 wood pigeon, and 1 teal, which, with the exception of a wild duck that I knocked down and lost for want of a dog, and a water ousel that I unfortunately missed from having too large shot, were all I fired at. This evening we got back to Dumbarton, and there put fresh horses to our chaise, and returned to the vile, stinking, foggy, asthmatic town of Glasgow.

19*th.*—Dined on some of the best trout I ever ate, which proves that these fish are not only to be caught, but worth catching, here all the year.

N.B.—On my return received information that the lawsuit with the relentless Mrs. Sheddon was at last decided in my favour.

21*st.*—Went with Colonel Douglas to Dumbarton; and, through having a very clever sportsman [1] to manage the boat, we at last got within about 120 yards of a few barnacle geese, by means of getting between them and the sun, and sculling down on them. We then fired with slugs (Colonel Douglas with a Spanish barrel, and I with a huge wall gun), and killed a barnacle; besides a second one which was picked up by another shooting party.

22*nd.*—Out again; killed only a golden-eye duck. Fired my wall gun several times among flocks of barnacle and other

[1] One John Menzies (called Mingas), the ferryman of Craigend.

fowl, at not much more than a hundred yards, and plainly discovered that the barrel was a bad and weak shooter; had I one of my own duck guns, I should, no doubt, have astonished the natives with the bulk of my bag. No wonder these birds are wild. Not less than a dozen boats are out every day filled with shooters, who, as well as those from the shore, are incessantly firing at all distances. In the evening we returned to Glasgow.

December 31st.—Went to Dumbarton for the purpose of shooting next day; but on my arrival had reason to regret leaving Glasgow, by a discovery that it is the custom of this place for every soul who can carry arms to go out shooting on New Year's Day.

1813

January 1st.—The beginning of this day was ushered in with such incessant firing, that, what with the guns from the castle and every other explosion, down to the boys firing old pistols in the street, I could compare the town to nothing but a place besieged. And the innumerable shooting parties, in the fields and round the river, were like light infantry in confusion. I had several narrow escapes of both shot and ball, not only round the town, but in the very streets. I contrived, however, in the midst of this besieged country, to bag 3 partridges and 1 jack snipe, which, with another snipe I lost, were all I fired at. I went out merely to see whether or not I could beat this whole host of shooters, and, as far as I could learn, fully succeeded. On my return, about one in the forenoon, I saw a mob of people assembled, and was informed that they were met for a purpose of charity, namely to pay sixpence a shot with ball at a small target, for the benefit of a poor old man, who was to furnish the winner with a cheese. I repaired to the place, and gave half a crown for the poor man, and as I was informed that, although an immense number of shots had been fired, no one had touched the target,

I was induced to draw my shot, and put a pair of balls in the double gun, and, to the astonishment of the elegant company by which I was surrounded, put the said pair of balls into the target. I then left word that if I won the cheese, I would give it to the old man again, and went away. But, unluckily, about two hundred more shots were fired, and, of course, out of that number, some nearer the bull's eye than mine, though I heard none of them hit it.

Under a hope that all the shooting rabble would repair to the alehouses about dusk, I went out flight shooting; but it appeared that those who had any powder left, still kept blazing away. In short, I had no shots, and was very near getting wrecked on my return, by being dashed by the current on the rocks under Clyde bridge, where four of us in a little cock boat were thumped like a shuttlecock, expecting every moment to go to pieces.

2nd.—Returned to Glasgow.

N.B.—I must remark the cheapness of my bill at Dumbarton. I had two excellent breakfasts; two dinners, with soup, fish, flesh, wild fowl, sweet things, wine, and a bowl of punch each day. Soup in the middle of the day, board for a servant and a dog, also a capital bed, with fire in my bedroom, and the attendance of a waiter shooting, and my bill for all only amounted to 1*l.* 4*s.*

4th.—3 partridges and 12 snipes. I killed the 12 snipes successively. This is great luck in a place where they are so scarce, as you generally have your sport interspersed with random shots; making allowance for these, however, I may venture to say that I have killed 30 or 40 snipes in succession.

6th.—Went with Mr. Macintosh to Dumbarton, and then proceeded to Ardencaple inn, ten miles farther, where we passed the night, with very good accommodation.

7th.—Bagged 1 sparrowhawk, 1 hare, and 5 woodcocks, which, with the exception of one fine shot that I missed, by

getting a bough directly in my face, were all I fired at, and either 7 or 8 were all we saw, which, for this place, is reckoned a miserable scarcity. We then got a grouse, that, by means of my previously striking with a long random shot, sat till the dogs very near caught him. I also got a wild snap shot at a grey hen, which I hit so hard that we were much disappointed at not bagging her, and, by bad luck and our dogs going down wind, we lost shots at some more grouse and blackcock, which, to our astonishment, lay till the dogs were within a short distance of them. And, but for some showers which came on about twelve, we should have had some fair partridge shooting; as it was, I lost a brace by my barrels hanging fire. Thus it may be seen with what a beautiful variety of game Ardencaple abounds, and how decidedly this place is the paradise of the country to a sportsman.

The little strip of wood in which I killed my first 3 cocks begins within a gunshot of the inn door. It was somewhat singular that Mr. Macintosh, although a good fag, an old sportsman, and an excellent shot, only got two chances the whole day, and only one of them at a cock which was out of reach. After getting our dinner at two o'clock, we left this beautiful place for Dumbarton, where we drank tea, as the best refreshment after fagging, and we then returned to Glasgow. We having been obliged to post all the way, and entertain some myrmidons, made our expenses for everything just ten guineas.

12*th.*—This evening I hired a buggy, and drove Mrs. Hawker over to Ardencaple, which place we reached after dining at Dumbarton.

13*th.*—We walked out shooting from about ten till one, and, finding that not a single woodcock was to be seen, I mounted the hills, and had the extraordinary luck to bag 4 grouse, as well as 1 hare and 1 partridge. Besides which I knocked down another old cock grouse with my second barrel, having secured one of the hens with my first, but he escaped in the heather.

I only discharged my gun eight times; indeed, the only shot I missed was at a grouse, quite out of fair distance. After getting a two o'clock dinner, we drove back to Glasgow.

15*th.*—In consequence of knowing that my recruiting party would be recalled on the 24th, and having urgent business, in which there was no time to be lost, I had applied for leave to return to England, which was granted, and communicated to me this day, when, after settling with the district paymaster and my party up to the 24th, I prepared for my journey to London, by way of Edinburgh, which road I chose both for variety and comfort.

16*th.*—Took leave of Glasgow at three this afternoon, and arrived in Edinburgh a quarter before ten.

17*th.*—Got into the mail a quarter before three, and (at a quarter before six) on the morning of the 20th arrived in London, after incessantly travelling in more than usual misery, I having been very ill and sick the greater part of the way; the weather having been very bad, with first snow and then rain, and the travelling companion who was bundled into the mail with Mrs. Hawker and myself having a happy mixture of the elephant, the bear, the hog, the ass, and the polecat.

20*th.*—Dined at Blake's Hotel, St. James's, on grouse, which I killed myself on the borders of the Highlands of Scotland this very day week.

February 6*th.*—Left London and arrived at Longparish on my way to the depot, where I had orders to be by the 10th.

9*th.*—Left Longparish, and arrived at Radipole Barracks.

Game &c. bagged up to February 1813: 119 partridges, 18 hares, 41 pheasants, 1 blackcock, 6 grouse, 11 rabbits, 26 snipes, 8 woodcocks, 9 wild fowl, 5 plover. Total, 244, besides wood pigeons, fieldfares, &c.

22*nd.*—A match being made between Captain Coles (of the 12th) and Mr. Bacon (of the 16th), I hired a stage coach and horses, with way bill and everything complete, and co-

vered the expenses by taking nearly all the officers of the depot. Much as larking was in force, there had been no spree to top this since the lads had been together. We (being taken for 'the Union coach') galloped past all the gatekeepers, had repeated applications for a cast, and stopped to malt it at all the hedge alehouses. We had some prime slang on the road, and, of course, blew up every spoony fellow we could meet. After seeing the race won easy by Captain Coles's brown horse we repaired from Blandford race down to the 'Crown,' where dinner was ordered for thirty at 7*s.* a head, and we having nearly drunk the landlord out of both his English and French wine, a grand attack was made on the Johnny raws of Blandford, in which were said to be captured fifteen knockers, three signs, and a barber's pole. The boys then returned to their broth, and finished the evening with some prime grub, swizzle, and singing.

On the morning of the 23rd, after my getting shaved by the barber and sounding him about his pole, and making the waiter fiddle country dances while we ate our breakfast, we returned in triumph, with Captain Coles, the winner, on the roof; and having larked all the way down the road, we took a turn up and down Weymouth, with the royal accession of two monkey-faced chimney sweepers that we had picked up on the road and made stand on the coach, the one tuning up with his brush and shovel, and the other bearing a huge Nelson handkerchief from a pole twenty feet long. Our whole crew then began cheering, screeching, and horn blowing, to the irresistible laughter of even the gravest codgers in Weymouth, and the delight of all the damsels, from those in the peerage down to beggar wenches. All the windows were full, the esplanade very gay, and what with bells ringing, children squalling, misses giggling, and dogs barking, the fun was not to be described.

Our career was finished by landing at the barracks, where we had no sooner left the coach than it was mobbed by tag

rag, and bob-tail, and as quickly covered with children as a piece of meat is with crabs when thrown in the sea. No lark could possibly end with more good humour on all sides, or more liberality; as we even remunerated the fellows that we blackguarded with beer, and left every place with the name of 'nice gentlemen.' I had the honour of working the whole of the ground, and drove to the satisfaction of all my passengers, although every stage I was bothered with some proper rusty 'divils.'

March 7th.—I had agreed with Major Baker for the purchase of his majority, but was refused the recommendation for no other reason than because I had been unserviceable from the wounds I received in the service, notwithstanding I offered to go abroad forthwith, and to resign immediately if I proved unequal to do my duty. In consequence of this shameful injustice I was driven to send in my resignation, at the same time stating my reasons for so doing to the Commander-in-Chief, who (after a personal interview) most handsomely offered it back, in opposition to Lord Bridgewater. But I, having pledged my word to Mr. Foster that in the event of my not succeeding to the majority his son should have my troop, and his memorials having reached the War Office, and his money being lodged, as well as Major Baker having then hesitated to risk his resignation, I felt it right, under all circumstances, to decline his Royal Highness's kind offer, and submitted to the mortification of retiring from the regiment as eldest captain.

25th.—Received official information that I was gazetted out (on Tuesday, the 23rd), and that Captain Foster's commission bore date the 18th instant.

During the few months I had to remain in suspense about the final arrangement of my business, I had (what with having to go to Scotland and waiting on Lord Bridgewater &c.) 1,291 miles to travel.

Statement of the circumstances from which I left the

army: The unfortunate circumstance by which I was so unjustly driven out of the service was as follows. I being eldest captain) had agreed to give Major Baker 2,000 guineas for his majority, and he had promised me his resignation the moment I could be recommended. I wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey (then in Spain) to ask his sanction; and he declared that he had nothing to do with any recommendations at home, and that they all went through Lord Bridgewater, at the same time informing Major Baker, and (according to Major Baker's letter to me) promising that I should have his recommendation. I then applied to Lord Bridgewater, who (though I transmitted him Colonel Hervey's answer) said that the business must be referred to Colonel Hervey. Inimical, however, to this shuffling and evasive treatment towards me, Colonel Hervey had occasion to come to England, and I (who had taken a recruiting party in Scotland till I heard of his arrival in London) lost no time in getting to town, to learn the result of his interview with Lord Bridgewater, being extremely anxious to secure my promotion and join my regiment in the Peninsula. I should observe that previously to my leaving Scotland, Major Baker wrote me word that Lord Bridgewater had signified to him that 'he would do nothing in the business till he had consulted the Lieutenant-Colonel.' And subsequent to this Lord Bridgewater refused to forward my memorial to the Commander-in-Chief under the excuse that I had therein stated the probability of a vacancy, of which he not only declared himself (both privately and officially) perfectly ignorant, but gave me his word that he thought it highly improbable, at the very time he was conferring with Major Baker on the subject.

On my arrival in London I wrote to Lord Bridgewater (who was then at Ashridge) to ask if, in the event of a vacancy, I might hope for the honour of his recommendation, as I wished to join my regiment, which I, of course, would not do as long as there existed an impediment to my pro-

motion, and saying that if a reply to such a question was the least irregular, I should esteem it a favour if I might be allowed to speak with him (Lord Bridgewater) on the subject. And he returned an evasive answer, merely persisting that he had heard nothing of Major Baker's intention to quit, and neither giving me a word in answer to my letter, nor allowing me to speak to him. I, about the same time, received Colonel Hervey's determination (by letter), which was that if Major Baker intended to quit (which at present he much doubted), it was his determination to recommend Captain Milles to succeed him. Captain Milles was then in England, and, according to the report of his own friends, brought home purposely to supersede me, who, when he was a young cornet, was a captain in the regiment. I had, of course, made up my mind to leave the service in the event of not succeeding, and had pledged my honour to Lieutenant Foster's father, that, if I could not be recommended to the majority, he should have my troop for his son, and accordingly agreed with him for the sale of it. I had, at last, no other alternative than sending in my resignation, and previously stating to the Commander-in-Chief my reasons for so doing. Colonel Hervey (having no doubt heard of my agreement with Mr. Foster) wrote to Major Baker to request he would continue in the regiment; at least I am justified in supposing so by Major Baker's answer, which was:

'Dear Hervey, I will remain if you wish it.'

Thus being foiled at all points in the majority, I felt myself bound in honour to refuse my resignation (which his Royal Highness most handsomely offered back to me, contrary to the entreaty of Lord Bridgewater), and was driven out of the service by the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, for no other reason than what ought to have been a recommendation—namely, the very severe wounds with which I had till lately been deprived from doing my duty. For (as I stated in writing to the Commander-in-Chief) 'I defied either

Lord Bridgewater or Colonel Hervey to give any other reason.'

Annexed is a list of my losses by leaving the service, viz. :

Cr. *Paid for Commissions.*

	£	s.	d.
In the 1st (or Royal Dragoons) Cornetcy	735	0	0
,, Lieutenancy . . .	262	10	0
Being reduced, by the peace, in 1802, I had to pay (the regulation) for exchange to full pay in the 14th Light Dragoons	817	10	0
(In a few months after the half-pay Lieutenants were reinstated gratis.)			
Besides my other commissions paid Major Browne for troop	3,990	0	0
(Shortly after a troop went for little more than the regulation, and another without purchase.)			
Besides all this I had some heavy losses by a Quarter-Master, who misapplied money while I was on leave.			
Total . .	£5,805	0	0

Dr. *Received for Commissions.*

	£	s.	d.
Troop	1,785	0	0
Lieutenancy	262	10	0
Cornetcy, provided it is sold before there comes a peace (otherwise I lose it)	735	0	0
Privately promised by Mr. Foster	400	0	0
Lost by my commissions	2,622	10	0
Total . .	£5,805	0	0

N.B.—I was a Captain of Dragoons soon after I was seventeen years old, but paid dearer for it than anyone in the service.

April 13th.—Went to London.

May 18th.—Instead of leaving town (as intended), I was this day seized with another violent attack of my wound, which obliged me to be put to bed. I there lay in torture till the 24th, when I was greatly relieved by three small pieces of bone being cut out of my thigh. Sir Everard Home, on seeing this, considered that my life was saved by the circumstance of my being driven from the army !

30*th.*—I left London and arrived this evening at Longparish.

My reason for being so anxious to leave town was, that my little child had been at the point of death, and when given over by Sir E. Home I saved his life by strong port wine negus and nutmeg.

June 9th.—Notwithstanding my little infant (Richard Hawker) had completely recovered his health and appetite, he was this evening suddenly seized with another relapse, and died between nine and ten o'clock at night.

12*th.*—Longparish House. My wound having got so much better as to admit of my walking (with a stick) I went fly fishing, and killed (yesterday and to-day) 14 trout.

14*th.*—10 trout (average weight 1 lb. each) in three-quarters of an hour, and, had I not broke my fly rod (which obliged me to leave off), should have had extraordinary sport.

18*th.*—Having been informed that an outlying buck (for which I and, I believe, several others had been above a fortnight hunting) had been seen feeding near Budget Farm, about ten o'clock the previous night, I this evening repaired to the place, and after my lying in wait in a rickhouse, and peeping through its crevices till daylight had almost disappeared, the gentleman suddenly presented himself in a fine attitude, at a gap in the bottom of Castle field; but, instead of advancing towards my entrenchment, he stole up very cautiously, under the hedge, till he got to the top of the field and left it again by an upper gap. From the approaching darkness it became necessary that no time should be lost, and following him (wild as he was) appeared my only chance. About five minutes after I had reached the top of the hill, I could just discern him, at a considerable distance (in our standing corn), making off at a full gallop. On this I despatched John to the farm, with directions to mount a horse, and make an immense circle at full speed, in order to outflank him, while I lay in ambush at the last gap by which he

had passed. This plan succeeded so admirably well that, in a few minutes, John turned him, and up he came, bounding like a kangaroo, directly towards me. I had my best duck gun, loaded with swan shot, and an old army rifle, but being loth to depend on either the latter or my own nerves, I determined on receiving him with a volley of swandrops. In a few seconds he came up, and suddenly stopped at about fifty yards, in a place from which, had he turned either right or left, he would have been lost to my view, so I opened my fire—bang—directly in his face, but with so little good (well as I had levelled the gun, that the shot had no other effect than to drive him directly back again into the standing corn. Here John played his part well. While I, with the rifle, was following the deer, he outflanked him a second time, and drove him back. He then came across me, within forty yards, at full speed. I fired the ball directly through his neck, and he never gave a struggle. Thus after an indefatigable pursuit (in spite of my ill health) had I the fortune to bag the outlying buck. He was remarkably large and in very fair condition.

N.B.—Having previously heard of this deer, I practised with the rifle for the first time I ever fired with one, and in eight shots at a hundred yards I put six balls (two of which were immediately in the centre) into a newspaper. This, however, is but average shooting, unless it be considered that my rifle is an old one that was cast from Hornpesch's corps as being unserviceable, and given me by an officer.

27*th.*—Disastrous ill luck with two more deer. This morning, about six o'clock, I was hurried out of bed by being informed that two more deer were feeding in the next field but one to our house. After running up, and placing myself in a hedge, one of them was, after a little beating, started from the peas, and, being turned at a favourite gap where I had previously placed a vedette for that purpose, galloped up to within twenty yards of me, and (as the devil would have it)

continued his pace inclining to the left, by which means I was obliged to fire through a bough, which so intercepted the sight of my rifle that I had the mortification to see him completely missed. He instantly bolted into an immense hedgerow, which I got the other side of just in time to give him a double shot with Joe Manton; but my chance here was bad, as I had loaded merely with two balls that were much too small for the calibre, so that my double gun was of little avail for any other purpose than to give a *coup de grâce* had I stopped him with the other gun.

The other deer was seen following him, and after a long hunt for the one at which I had fired, under an idea that, from having seen one deer come out without the other, I had wounded the former one, I returned to the pea field, and (having got two dogs, and being joined by an immense rabble that my firing had brought out) began to beat, but all to no purpose. I had loaded my double gun, to be on the safe side, should he have been found wounded.

On my purposing to return home, an old poacher expressed a wish to beat the peas again, for which everyone laughed at him, knowing that both the deer were moved. His request, however, was complied with, and, to our utter astonishment, up sprang, in the middle of the mob, the other deer, which trotted across me, at about thirty yards. I fired both barrels without being in the least nervous, and with the most accurate aim, and (to add to my bad luck) never touched him.

Had I but loaded the rifle instead, or even had I common shot in my double gun, nothing could possibly have saved him.

Thus had I (who so seldom let anything escape within fair distance) the mortification to miss one deer at twenty, and the other within thirty yards, and both from sheer ill luck and misfortune.

The damage the three deer have done in the corn is calculated at 40*l.*

N.B.—This unlucky day ended with the following truly afflicting circumstance. Poor Annesley Powell, after coming here (unexpected), and dining with a quiet sober party, was thrown from his horse, with his head on the point of a flint stone, which so fractured his skull, and occasioned such a concussion of the brain, that (melancholy to relate) he never spoke a word afterwards, and expired the following morning, sincerely regretted by the whole neighbourhood, and (what is still more to his credit) by all the poor, to whom his charities were unbounded.

July 3rd.—Attended the funeral of poor Powell, who was this day buried in Wherwell church.

7th.—1 stone curlew, which I killed (on my return from waiting for the deer) late at night, by calling it close to me with imitating its whistle.

9th.—Having been out most mornings at daybreak, and regularly every evening, in search of the deer, I this day scoured the country with old Sincy and his host of terriers, but to no purpose, notwithstanding we found several places where the deer had been browsing.

21*st.*—One of the deer, after a long armistice, having been again seen, I this morning got up during a mizzling rain at three o'clock, and, with my rifle, sat among the branches of an oak till long after sunrise, but never saw him. What induced me to persevere, was the deer having been seen near this tree overnight by a friend who, although within two yards of him, was tantalised by hearing him eat without being able to level his gun, in consequence of the wretched interference of a huge blackthorn hedge, which to such a nicety protected the animal that my friend could occasionally see his ears, but nothing more; had any person five inches taller been there he might have blown his skull off. It was provoking to me, who from my height could have seen his whole head, that I should have cruised past the croft but a few minutes before he came out. Such a chance may never

recur, as the shyness of these deer now exceeds all description, and Lord Portsmouth's keepers have been always so completely outmanœuvred by them that they have given a general leave for their destruction.

23rd.—Started with a party and a cartful of prog &c. to amuse ourselves in Miller's pond and Netley Abbey ponds. Although equipped with rods, snares, a casting net, and plenty of cocculus indicus, we only got some small carp, an eel, and some roach ; and the greater part of the carp I killed with a worm, I having landed 3 brace.

August 5th.—Left Longparish for London, on way to the moors in Yorkshire.

8th.—Left London per mail, and after a journey with a very pleasant set, and a profusion of noise, mirth, and fun on the road, reached Ferrybridge at nine on the evening of the 9th, and then got to Methley Park, eight miles, in a chaise by ten o'clock.

11th.—Went with a party, consisting of Lord Pollington, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Chadwick, to Holmfirth, a wild manufacturing town among small mountains, and about four miles from the grouse moors.

12th.—We were all up at three o'clock and off by daylight, but the birds were so extremely wild that it was almost impossible to get near them, and our going quietly to work was out of the question, as the moors were swarming with disciples of General Ludd, who always allow themselves a holiday on the 12th of August purposely to see the sporting on the moors. It was chiefly by firing snap shots that I got any game, and I soon saw enough to convince me that the grouse shooting in Yorkshire is now very poor ; add to this, I had the disadvantage of being accommodated with two wild unsteady dogs only nine months old, and they never had seen a bird killed to them ; while Lord Pollington, with dogs which he offers to challenge all England, and with two guns, was working the finest part of the moor, which he had signified his

positive intention of keeping quiet till after dinner, when we were able to join him.

Notwithstanding all this advantage he took in order to excel, and then I suppose to crow over, his party, he only beat me by one bird, and that one of his followers told me was a bird which some other person had wounded. I killed 10 grouse, including one which Mr. Hawkins had slightly struck before me. I killed all I could have done till the latter end of the day, when I was seized with a fit of sickness, and was so ill that I lost three birds by missing fair shots, and many others from being unable to walk up to the dogs when they did point, which was very seldom the case.

I returned from the moors very faint, and, under all circumstances, thought proper to take my departure, and sent to Huddersfield for a chaise which brought me to that place by about eleven at night.

Number of birds killed: Lord Pollington, including a doubtfully claimed bird, 5½ brace; myself, including bird hit by Mr. Hawkins, 5 brace; Mr. Hawkins, 2 brace; Mr. Chadwick, 1½ brace; gamekeeper, 1 brace. Total, 15 brace.

13*th*.—Proceeded about twelve o'clock per heavy coach to Wakefield, and, after there waiting an hour for the Sheffield coach, I found it quite full; but some bagsmen being also disappointed, I joined in a chaise and proceeded with them to Sheffield, where, after passing for a traveller, being treated as such, and, luckily for the low estate of my purse, charged as such, and buying some hardware as such, I went to bed.

I had nearly omitted to mention that on our way from Huddersfield to Wakefield we passed the village of Almondbury, noted for the following droll circumstance: A chimney sweeper being wanted in a hurry to perform the office of his profession, and at the moment unable to attend, sent a stupid boy as his *locum tenens* to make the chimney fit for use, and with a message that he would come himself on

the morrow and sweep it completely. The boy got up the tunnel, and after giving the usual salute and flourish with his brush on the outside, descended by a wrong tunnel, which brought him directly into the office of a pettifogging attorney, who was alone writing by the gloomy light of evening. The quill driver had scarcely strength to support himself on seeing this fiend, and while struggling with the guilty conscience of a lawyer and this hellish appearance, the boy said in a low sepulchral tone, 'I am come for you to-day, and my master will attend you to-morrow.' Away ran the lawyer, and God knows what became of him.

I got to bed at Sheffield, having retired from the bagman's room, about eleven, and at three started by the 'Slope' heavy coach for Northampton, where, after travelling with sixteen passengers, bad wheels, and restive horses, we arrived by about ten at night. We stopped at Nottingham for breakfast, and Leicester for dinner; but neither of these meals being provided, nor even a cloth laid, we got nothing till the last moment, when bolting and pocketing were the order of the day.

I was obliged to enliven myself this tedious journey by passing for divers characters; first, a fellow who had tipped the double to some bailiffs on the York road, then for a naval officer, &c. I had a fresh character to each fresh passenger, as the travellers on this road only go a few stages, and then stop to do business.

Number of miles travelled for one very bad day's shooting: Longparish to London, 61; to Ferrybridge, 172; Methley Park, 8; to the moor town, 21 (Holmfirth); to the ground and back, 8 (mountain travelling); back direct to London, 206; through London and back, 6 (about); home to Longparish, 61; in all, 543 miles!

CHAPTER VI

1813

September 1st.—Longparish. 14 partridges. I never saw the birds so wild the first day in my life, and the scent was so infamously bad that the dogs could do nothing; and we had to shoot in a pour of rain almost all the afternoon. Lord Hinton returned home to a seven o'clock dinner. I remained out till near eight.

The bags were filled as follows: Lord Hinton, 3 brace and 1 hare; Mr. L——, 2½ brace; myself, 7 brace; dogs caught 1½ brace. Total, 14 brace and 1 hare.

All the game we could bag the first week is as follows: Lord Hinton, 12 brace of partridges and 1 hare; Mr. L——, 9½ brace of partridges, 1 hare and 1 rabbit: myself, 21½ brace of partridges and 3 snipes; divided birds 3, and dogs caught 3; in all, 46 brace of partridges, 1 brace of hares, 3 snipes, and 1 rabbit. Total, 98 head.

15*th.*—Went out with Siney and his troop of terriers to our home field, and killed (in six snap shots) 5 rabbits. Hinton killed 1 rabbit and 1 partridge, and Mrs. Hawker shot 1 cock pheasant out of a fir tree, for which I lent her my gun with half a charge.

23*rd.*—7 partridges, 1 hare, 1 snipe, and 2 wild ducks, the latter of which I had killed right and left with No. 7 shot at immense distances, after lying on my back for nearly half an hour before I could get them to pitch. I saw 10 in the air at first, but they divided, and 5 went out of sight, and the other 5 kept wheeling round till they fancied they might rest in security.

25*th.*—4 partridges, 1 hare, and 1 snipe (which was the last remaining bird of a wisp of eight that took up their abode in our fen, I having killed every one of them), and coming home I made a very long shot at a sparrowhawk, which had for some time annoyed us.

27*th.*—Went to see and made a drawing of Stonchenge, the principal information about which we got from a poor old man, aged 72, who, since losing his hand by a gun bursting when firing at a bustard, has frequented this solitary spot for the purpose of gathering mushrooms, and picking up what he can from the company who come to visit it. The stones are ninety-four in number, viz. ninety in the Druidical circle, and four detached. The absurd stories about this place are too ridiculous for remark; suffice it to say, therefore, that the stones are one mile and three-quarters from Amesbury, and about a quarter of a mile beyond the hills where the Deptford Inn and Heytesbury roads divide. They are formed nearly in a circle, and are, I have no doubt, a composition, as they will, immediately on their being broken, dissolve in water like lump sugar.

Game bagged up to the end of September: 113 partridges, 7 hares, 5 rabbits, 12 snipes, 9 wild ducks. Total, 147 head.

30*th.*—Went to Mr. Chamberlain's farm, near Bere, in Dorsetshire.

N.B.—Chamberlain (with whom and with whose one excellent dog I shot) killed 9 pheasants, 5 partridges, 1 hare, and 2 rabbits. I saw him miss but twice, and both times much beyond fair distance. So he killed 17 out of 19, making 55 pieces of game in 59 shots between us; two of the misses quite out of reach; a third secured with second barrel, and a fourth a long shot at the hare that I crippled.

This would be mere average shooting were it not that Chamberlain and I fired (and always do fire) long shots instead of never shooting beyond 40 yards, as so many do who have a wish never to miss, and therefore con-

tent themselves with firing only one barrel at a covey, merely from this mistaken idea of real good shooting.

October 2nd.—3 pheasants, 7 partridges, by the road on my way to Hyde, whither I went to see and pass a day or two with Mr. Knight. The only shot that I did not kill was at a hare, a long way off, which I struck so hard that she never would have escaped had not she run into forbidden ground.

In these two days, without picking my shots (which I never do), I killed 38 head of game and wounded 1 out of forty times firing, and almost everything 'died in the air.'

6th.—5 partridges and one lost, 1 jack snipe, and 1 pheasant. Went back to Hyde, saw a brace of birds, marked them down, and bagged 1 with each barrel, viz. 2 partridges. On getting near Hyde we had a narrow escape from an accident. My leader took fright, and with one prodigious spring, in spite of both rein and whip applied in due time, jumped off a terrace road into a bog, out of which I flogged him up again, and he made a second bolt into the bog, where he became restive; but luckily I kept my wheeler in, so as to hold him till the leader was taken off, and everything ended well.

Since being in Dorsetshire, I had (including a few birds lost) killed 82 head of game before I missed a fair shot.

11th.—4 rabbits; and lost a fine old cock pheasant, at which I made a very long shot.

12th.—After having spent our time very pleasantly with the Knights, Mrs. Hawker and I took our leave, and left Hyde on our way home to Longparish, by way of Wareham, by which road I travelled for the purpose of reconnoitring the country, and finding out the best coast for wild fowl, should I be disposed for an excursion in the winter. While the tandem horses were baiting I hired a post horse and surveyed the Isle of Purbeck, and went to the village of Arne, which is well situated, but so destitute of even the roughest accommodation, that I could find no plan better than resolving either to put up at Poole, or one of the passage houses, in

case I should take this coast in winter. After two or three hours' hard riding on a bad day, I started with Mrs. Hawker and passed through Wimborne to Cranborne, where we put up for the night at the 'Fleur de Lis,' *alias* 'Flower de Luce,' a most desirable public-house, celebrated for civility and comfort, as well as good living and reasonable charges.

13*th.*—Returned to Longparish, and on my road bagged 1 pheasant and 1 partridge. I had the bad luck to shoot 3 more cock pheasants, and lose them all in the furze; owing to having lost my dogs at the time, these birds, being all long shots, were only winged.

Memorandum of my shooting in Dorsetshire, with exact account of shots fired.

HITS.

(Wounded birds not included.)

Pheasants: bagged 29; lost 4	33
Partridges: bagged 20; lost 3	23
Hares (except the one wounded; all I shot at)	1
Rabbits	16
Snipes	12
In all	85

MISSES.

(Of every kind.)

Fair shots (within distance)	6

Namely: 1 pheasant, which turned at the moment I fired, and which I secured with second barrel. 1 hare, which I so crippled that nothing but her crawling into forbidden ground could have saved her. 1 partridge, by my foot slipping at the moment I fired. An unpardonable miss at a jack snipe. Two equally shameful misses at partridges.

In all	6

20*th.*—This morning I was routed out of bed by a cry of 'The buck under the windows, and Farmer Smith's dog at his heels!' We turned out cavalry and infantry, but it was impossible to overtake him, otherwise nothing could have saved him, as Smith's dog, which must have killed him with

the least assistance, literally held and struggled with him for several minutes at nearly a mile away from the inclosed country. This cursed nine-lived buck then escaped, afterwards evaded Twynam's pack of harriers, and then was seen, quite lame, going off towards Freefolk Woods.

I had given up all idea of this buck, having laid out for him since about August 30, when it was reported that he had returned to the park and been there shot, and up to which period I had been days and nights slaving after him.

4 o'clock P.M. The buck was seen close to the park near Whitchurch.

November 8th.—Posted up to London purposely to attend Joe Manton while altering and repairing three of my guns, by which means I got them in five days done right, instead of five months done wrong.

9th.—Was nearly tortured to death by a relay of three dentists, who failed in drawing a tremendous tooth, and finished with breaking my jawbone, and complimenting me for the *sang-froid* with which I braved their infernal operations.

13*th.*—Having secured my guns and bound up my head, I left London 'in the pains of the damned,' and, to mend the speed of my journey, got horses that had just returned from previous jobs at every stage, and was nearly eleven hours getting down.

On my arrival, had the great satisfaction to find a letter from the Secretary at War, saying that 'his Royal Highness the Prince Regent had been graciously pleased to order me the pension of one hundred a year, commencing from December 25, 1811, in consideration for the wounds which I had received in his Majesty's service.'

14*th.*—Lord Hinton came to us, and left us on the 19th, and during his stay he had some excellent sport; for, what with the fall of the leaf having driven out Lord Portsmouth's hares and pheasants, and a good flight of snipes having come, the shooting was far better than it usually is here in November.

I crawled out on the 15th, and killed 1 pheasant; then came home and went to bed, and here I have been laid up in torture with my jaw, with scarcely a moment's intermission from pain, and with occasional spasms that have almost taken away my senses, and my only ease has been when dozing under the influence of laudanum; my unmercifully handled jaw having defied blisters, leeches, and every other remedy that could be devised.

20*th.*—Was for a few hours this evening nearly free from pain; this is literally the first time I have been free from severe pain for these twelve days and twelve nights.

21*st.*—My pains having returned, I became again almost distracted, when, by my own wish, a leech was applied to the very nerve of my gum; it kept me for twenty minutes in great misery and continual pain, but the permanent relief I got is almost incredible.

25*th.*—Was well enough to walk out; so I took my gun, and killed 1 rabbit and 1 partridge.

29*th.*—Was able to renew my shooting, for which I believe I have to thank the leech that was applied to my gum. Killed 3 hares, 2 partridges, 2 snipes, and 1 jack snipe.

December 2nd.—3 snipes, 3 jack snipes, 2 teal, and 2 woodcocks.

I had seen some teal the previous day, when, being unable to mark them down, I was forced to give them up; and I was out all the evening, and up an hour before daylight in search of them this morning, but to no purpose; and, having returned to breakfast, I left my duck gun and went to Whitchurch, and then beat the whole river down with my double gun and snipe shot, with which I killed the above two teal (all I saw); and, coming home, I put up a couple of cocks and killed them both, after having just made a capital right and left at two jack snipes in a gale of wind. I never missed all day, and never was I better pleased with any shooting at Longparish.

4th.—4 pheasants and 4 snipes. All I fired at, except a long shot at a partridge that I wounded and lost, and another snipe which I ought to have killed.

N.B.—Since December began, I have had 34 shots, out of which I killed 31, wounded 1, and missed 2.

6th.—Left Longparish on a reconnoitre of the Dorsetshire coast, and, with a tired horse, reached Cranborne, where, in consequence of the fair, the inn was in one general scene of riot and drunkenness, and I had a thin partition only between me and rooms filled with fellows who were drumming, fifing, fiddling, dancing and screeching, till six in the morning, when nothing but threatening to shoot them prevented them from breaking into my room.

7th.—Reached Poole, and proceeded to the 'Haven Passage House,' where rooms were prepared for me, and round which the wild fowl were flying in hundreds, though too far for a shot. I could plainly see that if hard weather comes, this place will be a paradise to a shooter. I killed on the road 1 pheasant and 1 partridge.

8th.—I took the morning flight an hour before dawn, and, of course, the evening flight, but although the geese, dunbirds and wigeons were in myriads, yet none flew low enough even for swan shot. I this day surveyed every creek and corner, and although getting any good shots at fowl proved almost impossible, yet in order to be ready to receive them on the approach of proper weather (which should be either very rough or very severe), I decided on remaining here, and accordingly sent John away with my dog cart, and to return here with Mrs. Hawker; I also hired an old fisherman, with his boat and a canoe, to attend me on all occasions and go water errands, catch fish for me, &c.; and I adopted the hours of six for breakfast, two for dinner, six for tea (or pipe and grog), and nine for bed, by which means I avoid going with an empty stomach to the cold creeks and sandbanks, morning, evening and night.

9th.—Killed 3 brent geese at one shot.

N.B.—While Caleb Sturney (the old fisherman) and I were endeavouring to launch a boat, 6 geese came over at about seventy yards, and with No. 2 shot I brought down the above 3; one of them, however, floated away before my face, quite dead, and the current was so strong I dare not go in, and I had no dog. I afterwards got a shot at about 100, no farther off, and the gun missed fire.

10th.—The only shot I got was at a flock of curres an immense way off. I knocked one down and crippled some more, but they were carried off by the tide, and I had not even the luck to bag one.

I defy any wild fowl (were they in great numbers) to escape the various means which I could devise to get at them in the night; but, unfortunately, so many scores of people are every night either laid up, buried in casks, or floating in canoes, that the birds literally go out to sea at night and come in to feed in the morning, instead of *vice versâ*, and they generally fly above 100 yards high, very much scattered. General frost, however, it is to be hoped, will, as in the Russian campaign, do more than all our modern manœuvres.

Saw a very fair show of birds, but, as yet, no good shooting to be got. The novelties of the place, however, and the delightful sailing every day, make amends for the present impossibility of getting wild fowl within reach.

The harbour and coast of Poole &c. has never, since the memory of the oldest person, been so bereft of wild fowl any previous winter as it has this.

15th.—Finding I could get no birds to fly low enough in the harbour, I tried a large pond, inland, where the wigeon had been seen. I got up about four in the morning, and after some trouble in getting across the heath, I found the pond; and after creeping round by moonlight, I espied these 3 wigeon on the water, but dare not wait to get them together, as several

other shooters were round the pond. I therefore got 2 in a line, knocked them both over, but lost 1; so bagged but 1 wigeon. Went out all day shooting. Killed a jack snipe, all I shot at, and, at night, lay up at the pond and killed 2 divers.

16th. Attended the ponds an hour before daylight, as well as (in an incessant pour of rain) the whole afternoon, but saw no living creature except four other shooters, and, in short, never fired a gun all day.

17th.—Except at a large diver which I knocked down and could not catch, and a gull which I discharged my gun at and killed, I never fired a shot; in the afternoon the pilot and I were overtaken by a gale of wind while paddling in a canoe, and was too happy to escape with merely getting well ducked.

20th.—Went in a small boat to Christchurch haven, about fourteen miles. Saw thousands of wild fowl, chiefly ducks and mallards, under the cliffs at Bourne-bottom, though never got a shot, except at a large diver, which I killed. After surveying the harbour, and finding it far inferior to our own head quarters, I tramped in water boots to the town of Christchurch, and having seen all there, I took a chaise to the public-house, commonly called 'Kay-pond,' in hopes of a flight of ducks, as this place lies directly off Bourne-bottom bay, but the swarms of birds which were there at midday never appeared, and I walked home to the 'Haven,' having left my boat at Christchurch haven to come off by the tide next morning.

21st.—After killing 2 partridges, 1 pheasant, 1 jack snipe, and 5 ox-birds, I was taken very ill, and obliged to return to the haven. It was obvious that what I suffered was from dining on cold boiled beef at Christchurch, as I never partook of this refreshment at inns, where boiled beef is generally ill cured, half done and stale. My case therefore required tartar emetic, and the difficulty of getting a boat against tide to Poole, and the distance there by land being above five miles, I was almost in torture till I luckily thought of sending to Brownsea Castle, where Mr. Sturt, who was fortunately at home and had

some of the medicine, very kindly sent it, and, I am sure, saved me from a very serious illness.

So enthusiastic is my mania of waiting for an evening shot at wild fowl, that while under the influence of the medicine I leant on a bank by the seaside with one duck gun in my hand, and another ready loaded. Nothing, however, came within reach, and I was soon too ill to support myself, and then went to bed.

22nd and 23rd.—Having considerably recovered was out again, but, as usual, never fired a shot, and the latter day was chiefly employed in recovering my Newfoundland dog, which had decamped after a quarrel with my pointer.

24th.—Completed the twenty-seventh year of my age. This day was spent in a very pleasant sail to the two pyramids called 'Old Harry and his Wife,' of which, as well as the rocks and other curious places, I had a regular survey. I, of course, took my gun, and, among these cliffs, made an immensely long flying shot at a goshawk. I also knocked down several ox-birds, but got no shots at wild fowl except one out of reach, but the evening flight was like the roar of the sea, though not one string of birds came low enough to be fired at.

29th.—This and the two previous days I passed in sailing, shooting gulls, ox-birds, divers, &c., which were neither killed for practice nor wanton cruelty, but as tit-bits for Caleb Sturney, my fisherman and pilot, who regularly feasted on them and swore that they were 'as good as "backside fowls."' I killed, among other rubbish, a speckled diver, which I note down, being the first I have been able to secure. In the evening I buried myself in the sand, near where I observed the fowl generally flew; but owing to the unparalleled mild weather, they came over too high; my plan, however, so far succeeded, that I got a diving duck, and should have had more shots had there been cold weather, or wind, to lower the flight of the birds.

31st.—For the first day, Sundays excepted, I gave up the

morning flight, and lay in bed till daylight. We were out from ten till three after the geese, but never got a shot. I was also from five till nine at the pond without firing, and having been equally unsuccessful in a canoe from nine till twelve, we returned home to oysters, and, with a good bowl of punch, drowned the execrably bad sport of 1813, and drank in the year 1814, surrounded by a crashing chorus of jolly smugglers. This grand crew was within a thin partition of us, so I ordered them a huge bowl of punch, and had then an opportunity of partaking of their mirth without being bored by their company, and edified by a breeze from the north-east and a hope of proper weather.

Got all the guns, fired in 1814, and went to bed.

1814

January 1st.—Buried myself in an old sugar cask in the mud, where I remained from ten till two, reading, and waiting for the geese, which were coming in immense force precisely where I wished them, till some scoundrel in a canoe rowed after them to no purpose, and spoiled me a shot, which I certainly should have had with my largest 25-lb. shoulder gun. In the evening I went by moonlight to my pond, which was infested by a multitude of 'gunners.' I killed a single dunbird, and missed a heron, which is the first time I have failed killing within distance since my arrival at the haven.

3rd.—A pour of rain which turned to snow, and with a tremendous gale of wind and hard frost, continued without intermission till the night of the 5th.

6th.—Was out with every hope of sport, but literally saw no wild fowl, except one small flock of curres at an immense distance; I winged one, and after a long chase he beat the boat and escaped.

The weather was this day so severe that the small birds pitched on the boat in full sail; and when we went on shore

the fieldfares were hopping under my feet. This proves that our wretched sport is not so much to be imputed to the weather, as the unparalleled scarcity of wild fowl on every part of this coast. The head shooter, in the harbour, has this year killed only three couple of fowl, and two men near here, who at 2 shillings a couple cleared 50 guineas by birds last year, have this season, with the same perseverance, got but a few couple.

8th.—The weather became so intensely severe, that the people of the house were busily employed in preparing puddings of the larks and other birds, which flocked into the house and sheds, and were not only there, but even in the furze and on the shore, easily taken with the hand. I fired at 5 geese out of reach and shot a plover, which I lost (at night). Out sailing the whole day with a strong N.E. wind, and the severest cold I ever felt, and literally never saw a flock of wild fowl. Was all over Poole harbour, and very near Wareham, where, according to report of punters from that place, the same unheard-of scarcity prevailed. Such was the intensity of the cold that I picked up pocketfuls of larks that had perished and fallen in the water, and on our return old Sturney and I had a hairbreadth escape of sharing the same fate, by getting driven on a mud bank 2 miles from land; luckily, however, by throwing our ballast overboard &c. we got afloat just in time to save the tide.

There were this day, at least, 20 canoes paddling in the creeks, but no birds killed, and very few seen.

9th.—Went to Wareham.

10th.—Proceeded to Hyde, to try for snipes, and returned on the morning of the 12th, with 1 mallard, 2 wild ducks, 3 teal, 1 woodcock, 1 wood pigeon, 28 snipes, 2 jack snipes, and 1 water rail, besides some moorhens, and my pockets full of larks, &c.

13th.—The wild fowl at last came into the haven by thousands, in one continued succession of swarms, and in a

few hours, notwithstanding this was a day appointed for a general thanksgiving, an immense levy *en masse* of shooters was assembled at all points, and there was not a neck of land, bank, or standing place of any kind but what was crowded with blackguards of every description, firing at all distances, and completely annihilating the brilliant prospects of sport.

14*th*.—It blew such a tremendous hurricane that comparatively few birds would fly, as they could remain unmolested in the harbour from the impossibility of the numerous host of boats and canoes being able to follow them. Some, however, came out and would have afforded charming sport, but after I had been at the trouble and expense of making proper masked entrenchments of every kind, I had in all quarters the mortification to find myself closely surrounded by vagabonds of every description, who were standing quite exposed, firing at sea-gulls, ox-birds, and even small birds, and repeatedly, as the geese were coming directly for me, like a pack of hounds full cry, I had to endure the provocation of seeing some dirty cabin boy spring up and drive them away with the paltry discharge of an old rusty popgun. Had it been possible for me to have lain peaceably in any one place, I should have filled a sack; as it was, however, I had no further satisfaction than that of killing more than all these ruffians put together. I got 3 wigeon, 2 grey plover, 2 cormorants, 1 ring dotterel, 18 ox-birds, and 1 dusky grebe. Had the coast been quiet, I should, of course, have only fired at proper wild fowl. When the rabble could not see to shoot they adjourned to the 'Haven' to drink, and when the liquor gave them fresh courage the guns were again taken out, and finding it too dark to see to fire at anything they began to amuse themselves with shooting in the air, till I was obliged to put a stop to it.

Thus do these gunners, in large bodies, from places 5, 6, and even 10 miles off, make a point of assembling for the whole time the hard weather lasts, and literally make a merit of their wasteful expenditure in ammunition.

I this day, by firing at random, contrived, as usual, to beat the sum-total of the shooters here, with 2 wigeon, and 2 curres, and John shot another wigeon, which a rabble wanted to claim, till I soon stopped their impertinence.

17*th.*—Finding it impossible to get within even bullet shot of the fowls, I amused myself with sailing about and shooting grebes, gulls, redshanks, ox-birds &c. and a snipe.

18*th.*—I fell dead lame with my right foot, from having some days ago had some boiling water thrown over my instep. I, however, hobbled to the shore, got carried over the creeks, and lay up in a barrel in an incessant pour of rain, for it this day began to thaw. The flight, as usual, was dreadfully slack: killed all the fair chances I got, 1 golden-eye and 1 curlew.

19*th.*—My foot became so bad that I was obliged to be carried again to my ambush, where I sat in the rain all day and got 2 brent geese.

20*th.*—Was called before daylight, but was in such pain with my foot that I was obliged to send John out and remain in bed. He began by getting half killed by the recoil of my large gun, and while he and the gun were lying together in the snow the geese came close over him in one grand army; this gave him fresh spirits, and he put in half a charge and knocked down four of them. I contrived to crawl out for evening flight, but the geese then took another route,[1] and I only killed a wigeon.

Birds bagged while at Haven: 6 brent geese, 3 ducks and mallards, 3 teal, 17 wigeon, dunbirds, and curres, 2 curlews, 3 plover, 31 snipes (all the latter but 3 at Hyde).

N.B.—On our leaving the haven the geese were in tens of thousands before the windows.

26*th.*—It began to thaw, and the weather became very mild. I this evening bagged a wild goose.

[1] A man may remain fifty nights in waiting and not have the luck to get under the grand army of geese, as their course is so very uncertain. John, it appears, this morning had that luck, and no doubt would have killed a large number but for the severe check he got at starting.

Eight of the fine large grey geese pitched in front of the house, and I had to hobble a long distance round before I could get within 100 yards from them. I therefore made an immensely long shot at this one, as well as wounding another which (after being knocked over) recovered and flew away.

April 2nd.—Returned to Longparish.

12*th.* Went out fly fishing, and, notwithstanding a bright sun the whole time, I in a few hours killed 36 trout.

N.B.—My flies were (what I always use) the yellow dun at bottom, and red palmer bob.

15*th.*—28 trout.

16*th.*—24 trout (average weight above 1 lb. each, and many of them weighed 1½ lb.). Also a great many fair-sized ones which I threw in.

I had all this admirable sport in less than two hours and a half, and the weight of these fish was so much that they were quite a burthen to carry home.

In the evening I was ludicrously amused with throwing a fly on horseback, which answers as well as on foot; though I then caught no fish large enough to save, owing to the wind having shifted to a cold quarter.

18*th.*—15 trout.

21*st.*—4 trout, after killing which and throwing in many small ones, was driven in by an incessant pour of rain.

23*rd.*—21 trout.

26*th.*—16 trout.

27*th.*—12 trout.

28*th.*—13 trout, average weight 1¼ lb. each fish.

29*th.*—14 trout.

30*th.*—17 trout, which make up in eleven days' angling 100 brace.

N.B.—I, of course, have reckoned only those fish which I killed; namely, such as were ¾ lb. and upwards. But had I killed all the small ones and added them to my number, it would have amounted to between 400 and 500 fish.

May 2nd.—10 trout.

June 11th.—Left Longparish for London.

16th.—I decided on remaining in town for this month to see the allied sovereigns and their suites. The influx to the metropolis for this purpose was calculated at 100,000 souls.

30th.—We have seen one continued series of state processions, been at most of the public places where the illustrious visitors were, and seen them repeatedly. We saw the Emperor (Alexander I.) of all the Russias; his brother, Prince Constantine; and his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburgh; the King and three Princes of Prussia; Marshal Blucher, Prince of Walstadt; Platoff, the 'hetman of all the Cossacks;' and Barclay de Tolle, with other great men and foreign princes out of number; which, added to our own royal family, formed an assembly of more blood royal than had perhaps ever before been in the metropolis of Great Britain. We returned to Longparish this day; and, after viewing the immense improvements which had been made in our absence, I walked out in search of the buck. Found him in some corn, out of which he sprang up, and so crippled him with two barrels of swan shot that he could only reach the third field, where Tiger pinned him in the hedgerow. He proved to be one of the finest and fattest deer we had seen for a long time.

The horse and cart (when coming up for him) were precipitated down a chalk pit, and, strange to say, no damage whatever was done.

July 3rd.—Tried two duck guns, namely—the last new one by Egg, to give strength to the shooting of which I was obliged to have it fresh bored and breeched by Joe Manton. This made it almost as good as one of his; as it shot much stronger and so close that, at 30 yards, it put in 360 grains out of 3 oz. of No. 3. The other duck gun was made (entirely under my own directions and daily inspection) by Joe Manton, No. 6364. Nothing could surpass the excellent shooting of this gun; and, although 19 lb. weight and

loaded with $\frac{1}{8}$ lb. of shot, it was made to shoot so pleasant, and set up so manageable, that I killed with it 2 peewits and 2 swifts out of 5 single shots, flying.

4*th.*—Killed 8 trout, 1 leveret, and 2 peewits.

10*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hawker, Lord Hinton, and Mr. Cudmore came to us.

11*th.*—9 trout, and in the evening killed a full-grown young wild duck at flight.

14*th.*—Mr. Cudmore never having seen a bird killed flying, I took him out to see me fire 10 shots at swifts and swallows, 2 at moorhens, 2 at sparrows, and 1 at a half-penny thrown up. I killed every bird and handsomely marked the halfpenny.

24*th.*—Mr. and Mrs. J. Hawker and Mr. Cudmore left us, after our having spent a fortnight most agreeably. Music was the order of the day, and never were Mozart's works more delightfully enjoyed. Mr. Cudmore petrified the whole neighbourhood with his astonishing pianoforte playing, and convinced even the bigots of Cramer that, although perfect master of three other instruments, no man now in England could play the piano with so much taste, fire, and execution as himself.

29*th.*—Left Longparish, and arrived at our old winter quarters, the 'South Haven Passage House,' Poole Harbour. Arrived about dusk, and immediately went out and killed a wild duck.

30*th.*—Took a cruise out in harbour and killed 4 young sheldrakes and 9 ox-birds.

These sheldrakes (burrough ducks or barganders) take their young ones out to sea as soon as they are hatched, and being in this month nearly as large as the old ones, they are much followed, as (while young) sheldrakes are very good eating. The shooting, however, is tame; the flocks disperse so much on your getting near them, that you can seldom bag more than one at a shot, and that oftener swimming than flying.

August 3rd.—After having some capital sport netting and spearing large flounders, and bringing in as many as I could possibly carry, we sailed over to Poole and brought back L——, who arrived there per coach.

4th.—Inspected the castle and the whole of the island of Brownsea.

5th.—This evening anchored off the haven the 'Lord Nelson,' pilot vessel, for which I agreed to give 15*l.* for a run over to France. An incessant gale of wind, however, and that unfavourable, detained us from sailing

6th.—Got under way for France at half-past six in the evening, and, after having encountered a very heavy sea, dropped anchor in Cherbourg Roads at half-past seven on the morning of the 7th. The tide not serving sufficiently to bring our little vessel into harbour, we came ashore in a boat, by doing which we reached the quay no further observed than by the custom-house officers, who did their duty in a gentlemanlike manner.

This proved a fortunate circumstance, particularly for Mrs. Hawker, as our crew, on sailing under the quay, were attacked by the whole *canaille* of the place, and so pelted with large quarry stones that Mr. Wills, the master, who bravely stood to his helm, was severely wounded, and afterwards confined under a surgeon. This outrageous conduct originated from the determination of the French to suppress, by mutiny, the exportation of corn and cattle, for which purpose they supposed that our little party of pleasure had entered their port. The military were called out, and a mob of about two thousand were soon dispersed ; and this was more done by the resolution of the colonel than any disposition for quietude on the part of the soldiers, for they are most enthusiastically devoted to Buonaparte, and their daily prayers are to have him again at their head. They abuse poor Louis to absolute treason.

Here are thousands of idlers (now unemployed) who are ripe for murder and insurrection, and the farmers are almost

starved, wheat being about 6*l.* a load, and they having on hand more than enough for two years' consumption.

After having made ourselves as comfortable as being in a dirty French seaport would admit of, we lost no time to inspect the town and environs, of which I may give a brief account by the following memorandums.

Entrance of Cherbourg a very fine and formidably strong situation. On the right a dockyard for first-rate ships of war, entrenched all round. On the left in entering are two forts (La Liberté and Impérial) which were made by Buonaparte in the middle of the sea, one on a rock and the other entirely built on an artificial foundation of stone. Near these are floating buoys for the assistance of shipwrecked mariners. The town lies under an immense rocky height, which has on it a few fortifications, and which commands the town, with a fine basin or second harbour for large ships. A 74 (the 'Duquesne') is stationed to take down the names of all, who must lie to under her stem for this purpose, for which the captain goes on board her. Went to mass. Church built by English; nothing particularly fine, except that, as far as I could judge in a bad light and during service, the statuary at the altar appeared to be good.

Town much like Lisbon, with the addition of chimneys. Lamps suspended by a rope from each house to the middle of the street and about 150 yards apart. Houses built of small stone and badly slated. Three thousand infantry here, with a general noise and inclination for disturbance. Police (as in all France) remarkably good. Extensive barracks and military works on a grand scale. Town coarsely paved; views round it fine and extensive. We put up at the Hôtel de France no less from a wish to enter into the French language and customs than to avoid the risk of being insulted by the mob at the British Hotel, which we probably should have been; as, in consequence of the landlord (Mr. Robbins) having speculated in the exportations, his house was attacked, and he dare

not stir out for fear of getting his head broken, as well as his windows, which were stoned to pieces. The best subject in the place is a Mr. Touchard, a merchant who was the first to mount the white cockade, and who is celebrated for his civility and attention to the English. He is on the point of removing to Havre de Grâce. Wines excellent; even in the worst inns you seldom get a bad bottle. The *vin de musquer* is more delicious than anything I ever tasted; this is six francs (that is five shillings English) a bottle, and champagne from four to five francs; but the *vin du pays*, claret or bordeaux &c. are most excellent at about from fifteen pence to two shillings the bottle. These, however, are dear prices, and only countenanced as tavern charges. Soldiers who have distinguished themselves are allowed to wear a stripe near the cuff, and many other honours; but all these are so lavishly bestowed that their value is quite depreciated. Dangerous to touch on politics or converse on anything further than commonplace subjects. I was deterred from taking sketches (for which I had prepared myself) by being told that it was dangerous to be seen thus employed.

Beds in the French fashion; people here sit in their bedrooms, and either dine privately, or at the table d'hote, where the landlady serves out every dish to all society, from a field marshal to a beggar, and where there is an abundant variety for 2 francs a head. Although this was Sunday the shops were open, the people at work, and the billiard tables, as well as a variety of other gambling places, completely crowded.

Stage coaches here enormously large and clumsy, and drawn slowly by six horses in rope harness. We had hired a carriage to spend Monday at Valognes (15 miles), but were advised to compromise the engagement, and decline our excursion, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country; while in hesitation on the matter, our determination not to go was fixed by the badness of the weather.

After having kept up our inspection of all that could be seen till dark night, we supped pleasantly at the table d'hôte and went to our beds, which, although in filthy rooms, were in themselves clean and comfortable.

7th.—Went out shopping. No stamps for receipts used here. All articles about one-third the price of what they are in England. The only taxes are on houses and windows, the latter levied by Buonaparte. Thirty francs are paid for a shooting licence; game is private property, and killed at any time that the cutting corn will admit of, but one must have a regular permission to carry firearms, which of course is granted to all respectable persons. Great civility to be met with from the police and custom-house departments; but the port charges may be avoided by anchoring out of harbour, where there are very good moorings.

This evening I was sent for by the prefect, who had reported twelve ringleaders of the mob. He was very polite to me.

9th.—Repassed the guardship and the 74 at six this morning; but, not being able to lay our course for England, were obliged to make for an eastern port, not choosing to encounter a second entry into Cherbourg. After being properly tossed off Barfleur, we put into that port, a small fishing town, where we were most hospitably taken compassion on by M. Delamare, commissaire de marine, who insisted on our being his visitors till we could put to sea, and soon after we became acquainted used every endeavour to get our promise of spending a week with his family. Barfleur and La Hogue are a few miles separate, and celebrated for the most dangerous coast in the whole Channel, and are places which are characteristic for shipwrecks. On entering Barfleur you have literally to wind between hidden rocks. You pass a superb lighthouse and the village of Gatteville.

After a dinner, at two, our good host did everything in

his power to amuse us, and took us in every direction to gratify our curiosity.

We went over his farm, gardens, and estate, and then walked to see the environs called Monfarelle. Here is a large church built of the same granite that composes the destructive rocks of Barfleur, and upwards of 600 years old. Carving extremely good, and the ceiling one well-turned arch. Near here the guns were firing for a wedding; a custom in this country, where there is also a peal of bells on such occasions. Reverting to the farm, I should observe that the land is most excellent, but the farming very bad indeed. The farmers here are poor men, who hold from 4 to 10 acres at about 4*l.* a year per acre, extremely cheap for such land, and work hard themselves, assisted only by two or three servants, and all they look to is mere existence. They carry everything here on small horses, and only thresh their corn with common sticks as fast as they want it.

10*th.*—Sailed at six, and after losing sight of land were taken in a dreadful gale of wind, and driven again into Barfleur, in sight of another vessel which went to pieces on the rocks. Our crew were all seriously alarmed.

Again we took up our excellent quarters, and in the evening directed our attention to other sights. Being then low water we first surveyed the rocks, from which we had so providentially escaped, and where so many have perished, and then went over the lighthouse, which is one of the best I ever saw. It has an excellent safeguard from lightning, which is a conductor from the very summit into a well at the bottom.

We then visited Gatteville, where the people are all red hot for Buonaparte in consequence of his having found them plenty of lucrative employment. It was from this place that he took all the stone to build the Place des Victoires at Paris.

11*th.*—Windbound again. Walked nine miles and through

two small villages to inspect the château of St. Pierre, and the park of a French nobleman, at which we arrived after having taken some luxurious refreshment at the house of a French officer. House very large, paintings in one room by Rubens and other fine masters; the others not very good: tapestry, fine: an extraordinary mixture of splendour and beggary; common deal dining tables in a room magnificently decorated. Floors set in squares and polished; grounds laid out formally; trees in avenues, &c.

Dined at the hotel, where we had an immense choice.

The town of St. Pierre is only of note for a great market, on which the conscription has made such an impression that you see about twenty women to one man, and the same proportion of mares to one horse.

We, having walked about twenty miles, got back to Barfleur by night, when the Cherbourg exportations had been heard of, and in consequence much disturbance had taken place. Here the women were the champions, and in a mob assailed our crew, and searched the vessel; but finding no corn they directed their attacks on another, being then assisted by some men, who were assembled from all parts. M. Delamare, however, soon restored order by his prompt and well-conducted interference.

12*th*.—A fair wind. Sailed at six in the morning, and reached Poole harbour after a delightful passage of eleven hours.

The custom-house officers here are the most savage set of blackguards that ever were heard of; they kept my property all night, so that I was deprived even of the comfort of cleaning myself, and this because they chose to give themselves a holiday at the office. My servant was detained in close arrest so long, that in coming home he was cast away, and left on the mud all night.

13*th*.—After getting my trunks &c. free from these infernal sharks, we set off a little before two o'clock in my

carriage with four posthorses, and reached Longparish by eight o'clock, where we, thank God, found our dear child, and all, well.

25*th.*—Surveyed different improvements on the banks of the Southampton river; and, among others, a place belonging to Mr. Chamberlain, which has the appearance of being never used, and kept only for himself to look at.

26*th.*—Left Hamble and breakfasted at Lyndhurst, 18 miles, and then drove to Lymington, 8½ miles. Here my carriage and horses remained, while I walked 4 miles to Keyhaven, with which being delighted as a wild-fowl place, I there made some provisional arrangements for a future winter. I then returned to Lyndhurst, and passed the evening and night at Shrubb's Hill, the seat of Mr. Mathew, a quarter of a mile from that place.

27*th.*—Started for home, by way of Romsey, 10 miles, Stockbridge, 10 miles, and from the latter place, round the good road, 12 miles. Reached Longparish to dinner.

N.B.—I made my excursion, in the landaulet, with my own two horses, which always, without whip and with perfect ease to themselves, travelled from 8 to 9 miles an hour.

CHAPTER VII

1814

September.—The partridge shooting here deferred till the 14th inst. by mutual agreement, in consequence of the late harvest.

14*th.*—22 partridges. Birds nearly as wild as in November. All full grown, and the young as strong on wing as the old ones. Scent very bad ; I could only fill my bag by firing at all distances.

Game bagged from 14th to 30th September: 100 partridges, 3 hares, 3 snipes, and 1 rabbit. Total, 107 head.

October 1*st.*—Lord Hinton left us. I walked out alone and killed 16 pheasants, 5 hares, 1 partridge, and 1 rabbit. Among the former was the celebrated white pheasant, which had been so long heard of in Wherwell great wood, and had escaped all the sportsmen ; the bagging of this bird raised a general rejoicing, and I fortunately killed him very clean for stuffing. Although I have often brought home much more than 23 head of game, yet I estimate this as the best day's sport I ever had at Longparish, when I consider the following circumstances. Though it blew a tremendous gale of wind the whole day, and I only saw 19 pheasants, yet I secured 16: I bagged everything I fired at, except two partridges, one of which was quite out of reach, and the other a long shot, which I wounded, though I ought to have killed it. Except about two hours in Wherwell Wood, I beat over a country where everyone goes, and indeed knew of no

other place to try without begging a favour or giving offence. I killed all my game to one steady pointer and a Newfoundland dog, and got 11 cock pheasants to 5 hens. My having found all this game where two brace is considered a very good day's sport, I impute to the wind having carried the pheasants from Lord Portsmouth's preserves, from which I was a mile or two to leeward. I only saw 5 hares all day, and 4 of them were long snap shots.

4th.—4 pheasants, 2 partridges, 1 snipe, and 1 jack snipe. Coming home with all I had fired at, I flushed a woodcock, and after working the cover till not a dog would stir from my heels, I left it and returned with every man and dog I could muster, and after a laborious task to find him again I had the mortification to miss a fair shot at him; I, however, knocked him down with my second barrel, but never could find him, though I worked till dark and half the next day.

18th.—Got intelligence of another white pheasant, which, after a hard fag in a pour of rain, I found and bagged; I got 5 shots only, and brought home 2 pheasants, 2 hares, and 1 rabbit.

20th.—I was under the painful necessity of ordering poor Tiger, my favourite Newfoundland dog, to be shot, in consequence of an unusually virulent distemper, which had defied all the doctors and every prescription, and with which the poor fellow was dying in agony. Never could there have been a more faithful creature destroyed, or a more severe and irreparable loss to a sportsman. This dog was of the real St. John's breed, quite black, with a long head, very fine action, and something of the otter skin, and not the curly-haired heavy brute that so often and so commonly disgraces the name of the Newfoundland dog. He was just in his prime, three years old, and from his sagacity, attachment, good temper, high courage, and a personal guard, as well as his excellence in shooting for the fields, for the cover, for the

hedgerows, for the marshes, and above all for night work with the wild fowl, I may not disgrace the lines of our immortal poet by saying :

Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

24*th.*—Left Longparish for Lymington, with the intention of embarking immediately for France, having only been waiting for a fair wind to make a second excursion to that country. On arriving at Lymington, however, I found that the Order in Council,[1] from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, had been sent to Southampton, and I was obliged to send a man there and back, 36 miles, to request the favour of getting permission to embark here, where I had been informed my order was lying, and for which purpose I came here, 39 miles, instead of to Southampton, which is only 24. The loss of this night, however, proved an interference of Providence, as, had we sailed, we might have fallen victims to a directly contrary gale of wind, in which our vessel might have been lost off the Needles.

25*th.*—In consequence of the tremendous hurricane which blew last night, the mate of our vessel, whom I had sent to Southampton, was unable to recross the passage to Hythe, and therefore did not return till this afternoon, when the wind and tide were fair for our getting under way ; but instead of this I was directed to appear myself at Southampton. I then hired a most extraordinary pony, that took me with the greatest ease and without whip, stick, or spur, to Hythe, twelve miles, in three-quarters of an hour, and I was at the custom house, between three and four miles more by water, in a very little more than an hour altogether. On just saving the hours of business, I was informed that my being sent there was all a mistake, as the only person whose presence was absolutely necessary was the master of the vessel, who must appear a

[1] Without which my guns and dogs could not be embarked, or, if they were, they would be subject to very heavy duties on bringing them home.

second time with the Lymington papers &c., which could not have been made out before he had first been to Southampton, and in default of going through all this process he would be open to the penalty of 100*l.* and endangered on entering another port. I then returned, as much to the purpose as I had been sent, and got to Lymington all in about three hours. Hired a gig for the master to go over again in the morning, and after some hard fagging and bustling about the town, went to bed.

26*th.*—All difficulties being surmounted, we trudged to Keyhaven with our provision at our backs ; there embarked at 6 P.M., and after a rough and miserable passage, dropped anchor at Barfleur about half-past nine on the morning of the 27th. Here I was rather in a trouble, and was therefore indebted to a great deal of my own management, and also the great civility of the custom-house officers, for saving my vessel from confiscation, being regularly laden with an immensity of presents from England. The astonishment of the mob on board was highly diverting at the opening of my Joe Manton gun, cases, &c. All being well got over, we landed and breakfasted, after fasting for twenty hours.

29*th.*—Went out to try the French shooting. Their game in Normandy is precisely the same as ours, but so scarce that I literally never saw a partridge the whole day, and only one hare at a distance. I bagged 4 snipes, 1 jack snipe, and 1 quail, the only one I saw ; and as the latter bird is seldom to be met with after September, my finding this one was considered accidental. I should have killed more snipes but was interrupted by the attendance of all the idle boys of Gatteville, and annoyed by the infamous behaviour of a brute which my servant had bought by way of a Newfoundland dog. I then went to inspect a beautiful piece of water called Gattemare, where I was led to expect nothing but a quantity of coots ; but, to my astonishment, I found it literally black with every description of wild fowl. While the washerwomen were beating the clothes

on the stones, according to French custom, the coots were in thousands around them, but the wild fowl took care to keep in the middle of the lake, and when I fired a shot they would pitch again, and, in short, had the usual audacity peculiar to their nation. I winged some wild-fowl and some coots at long distances, but my *soi-disant* Newfoundland dog would not venture his worthless carcase so far as they fell. The lake of Gattemare [1] is half a mile broad and upwards of a mile long, and for the multiplicity of coots and wild fowl, particularly of dunbirds, it surpasses anything I ever saw. We adjourned our shooting till a boat could be conveyed overland to this place, as without it nothing can possibly be done, we having tried all day, and nearly all night, on the banks.

30*th*.—Went on some poor horses on a miserable road to a miserable place called Réville, where we went to mass and inspected the ruins of a château, and we finished the day with other excursions and visits.

31*st*.—After a great deal of trouble, a boat was carried overland to Gathemare lake, but on my arrival I found what they here called 'a little shooting canoe' was a yawl large enough for twelve people, which, of course, sprung all the fowl the moment we got to the middle of the lake. I then got set ashore on a little bank of rushes, and had some excellent diversion with the coots, which I should not have thought worth firing at singly, but to amuse the Frenchmen, whom I astonished not a little with Manton's guns; but the infamous behaviour of my water dog spoiled all my amusement; he was too sulky to bring the birds, but chopped them, and not only left them, but sulked on the islands and prevented others from coming near me. Out of 12 coots and 10 wild fowl which I brought down, I only bagged 7 coots, 2 scaup ducks, 2 wigeon, and 1 snipe.

[1] The only misery of shooting here, particularly at night, is that you have to stumble over rocks and wade through mud for three miles, and then to tramp in deep sand for above a mile more.

N.B.—I finished my day with shooting the dog, at the express desire of Mrs. Hawker, and to the great satisfaction of all who were with us.

November 1st.—Went with the *premier chasseur* of Barfleur and a large party to surround the pond, but the fowl immediately left, owing to the noise that was made; we then went to the *chasse* with this gentleman's dogs, said to be two first-rate animals. The one ran home, and the other was so slow that I preferred beating for myself. The party killed nothing; I bagged 1 hare, 2 partridges, and 1 snipe, which was considered as wonderful, and was thought more of than all the wild fowl.

2nd.—Went to Valcalville, where, as a great favour, I had permission to shoot in what was there called a 'forest;' my day, however, ended, as usual, with finding nothing the whole day but one small covey of birds. I killed 2 partridges, which were considered a *bonne chasse*. We then returned to a poor hovel, where I contrived to get some eggs and the produce of an almost barren garden, with which I knocked up a few dishes, and we contrived to dine most heartily; and I sent to the neighbouring priest to beg some wine and coffee.

3rd.—To-day I proceeded to the village of Neville, where I met a large dinner party and passed the night at the house of a jolly priest named Cruely.

6th.—After a miserable ride of about seven hours, on an execrable road (and after losing Mrs. Hawker's horse for some time in the forest), we reached the town of Valognes, 6 leagues from Barfleur, and once the winter residence of many nobility.

The following are the market prices of Barfleur:

	French. sous	English. s.	d.
1 lb. of butter	20	0	10
1 lb. of veal	12	0	6
1 lb. of mutton	8	0	4
1 lb. of beef	8	0	4

	French. sous	English. s.	d.
1 lb. of salt	5	0	2½
1 lb. of common soap	24	1	0
1 lb. of pepper	64	2	8
1 dozen eggs	10 [1]	0	5
2 fowls	24	1	0
2 ducks	30	1	3
2 bushels of potatoes	15	0	7½
1 turkey	30	1	3
1 lb. of bread	3	0	1½
1 hare	40	1	8
2 partridges	20	0	10
1 bushel of oats	44 [2]	1	10
12 bottles of claret	264	11	0
6 bottles of brandy	180	7	6
2 bottles of old hollands	70	2	11

7th.—After the account we had heard of Valognes, and knowing it to be one of the first towns in Normandy, we at least expected to see something decent; but of all the filthy, ugly, dirty, imposing, miserable places I ever saw, I may name this as one of the most abominable. After a tedious crawl we got home to Barfleur by another route, which gave us a fine and picturesque view of La Hogue.

10th.—Having some business at Valognes (from whence it is seldom the custom to return the same day), I went there and back within eight hours, notwithstanding I stopped half an hour at the great cotton mill of Vast, which was established under the directions of a Mr. Orford, late of the 7th (English) Light Dragoons.

12th.—This morning we left M. Delamare's and took some excellent lodgings at the house of a Madame Apvrel, viz.: 2 sitting rooms; apartments for 3 servants and ourselves; a kitchen; stabling, yard, the whole use of a well-stocked kitchen garden; the use of a horse, plate, linen &c. for 100 francs per calendar month.

14th.—4 snipes and 5 dunbirds. I fired at 3 dunbirds

[1] Very dear now. [2] For a bushel of English oats 1*s.* 10*d.*!

flying high over my head, and killed them all 3 dead at one shot.

18*th.*—Went to try the evening flight at the lake of Rettaville (about half the size of Gattemare), but instead of 5 we found it nearer 8 miles distant; being thus late, as well as greatly out of luck, I bagged only 1 mallard.

When the tide is going out and it blows fresh, you can seldom bag the half of what you kill; and indeed I am indebted to the purchase of a capital French poodle bitch for what I have bagged; I gave 14 francs for her.

Game &c. bagged at Barfleur: 6 partridges, 1 hare, 1 rabbit, 34 snipes, 1 mallard, 2 wigeon, 18 dunbirds, 13 curres, &c.

December 7th.—Having been almost poisoned with dirt (in reality nearly poisoned by the earthenware, which is glazed with white lead), and, in short, too happy to relinquish the few remaining days of our month at Madame Apvrel's lodgings, we, through the kind assistance of Mr. Orford, got a passage in the cotton vessel, in which we sailed from Barfleur at a quarter before three this morning, and dropped anchor in the basin at Havre de Grâce (20 leagues) at half-past four P.M. The entrance to this place is beautiful; you sail under fine fortifications all the way in, and the perspective of the town presents a really picturesque landscape. We entered the hotel of M. Justin (the great house of Havre), and had to put up with the usual dirt, misery, and confusion of a French inn; but all this, of course, is luxury compared to what we had heretofore been used to abroad. The cooking, however, was excellent.

8*th.*—Was highly gratified with a general inspection of the harbours, basins &c of this fine trading town, and passed above two hours in the celebrated snuff manufactory (the largest in France), where we had explained to us the whole process, in which about 700 men were at work. There were stacks of unprepared tobacco worth 120,000*l.*, and the snuff in much larger bins than I ever saw corn in. We took a comfortable dinner with Mr. Touchard, the merchant, and I then

embarked my man and shooting apparatus in the Southampton packet, having previously secured places for Mrs. Hawker, myself and maid, for Rouen, on our way for Paris.

9th.—Being called up soon after five, and having breakfasted a little before six this morning, we tramped in the dark and in the rain to the bureau des messageries, where our voiture, the grande diligence, was prepared as follows: Two horses at wheel, and three abreast leaders; the driver, with a smock frock, pigtail, powder, and a pair of water boots,[1] was mounted on the near wheeler with strings (or small ropes) to that, and the other four horses were harnessed in a sort of raw hide leather fitted up with ropes. By the tremendous appearance of this carriage and miserable-looking horses we were led to expect that we should travel very slowly, and in constant danger, with almost every misery that could be endured; but, to our agreeable surprise and astonishment, we found the whole concern, in some respects, superior to even our own stage coaches in England. Perfectly safe, very fast,[2] very easy, very commodious, and on most excellent turnpike roads. Everything most carefully regulated, and, instead of being troubled with repeated calls at public-houses, and interruptions of guards and coachmen, you have only to settle, once for all, on reaching your destination, where you pay the fare and, in short, arrange the *tout ensemble*. There is also no danger of not being called in the morning, as there is a man regularly appointed to wait on you an hour before the coach starts, and should he neglect this, you can oblige him to pay your fare!

We reached Rouen about 4 P.M. after an unusually long journey of ten hours. The distance is 22 post leagues, rather under 66 English miles, which we should have performed in eight hours but for the incessant rain, which had made the roads particularly heavy and bad.

[1] As we got farther up the road the drivers wore shoes, and then set their legs into stupendous pairs of jack boots about the size, and more than the weight, of common butter churns.

[2] The only stoppages are for the change of horses, which is completed with most wonderful expedition.

The country which we passed was beautiful, and our journey really comfortable in spite of the rainy weather. The entrance to Rouen, where you descend a wooded hill and have in constant view the Seine winding through the valley, is really magnificent, but the town itself is more celebrated for its almost unlimited commerce and grandeur than anything to gratify the traveller. It has, however, a museum, a garden of plants, an opera, and a theatre; but our having engaged places in the diligence to proceed to Paris the next morning made it more prudent to relinquish anything beyond a view of the town, get our suppers, and go quietly to bed. We put up at the Hôtel de Vatel, where we found perfect cleanliness, good living, and civility, but, as is now the case at and everywhere near Paris, with an extravagant bill.

10*th*.—Proceeded by the grande diligence on our way for Paris, which is 28 leagues (about 84 English miles) from Rouen. We started at five this morning, and at half-past twelve reached Magny (within a league of halfway to Paris), where we stopped to dine. Instead of being served with a dirty stage coach dinner, as in England, our table was spread in a manner that would have done credit to a nobleman's house, and with everything good clean, and comfortable, silver forks, &c., for which (with wine, fruit, spirits, and ale) we paid 3 francs a head. Having thus comfortably refreshed ourselves, we proceeded on our road, which all the way from Magny to Paris (about 44 miles) was well paved and we travelled nearly as fast as a London mail coach, having entered the gates of Paris by half-past six o'clock. After waiting to sign our names at the coach office, and got our luggage, we repaired to our hotel, but from thence were sent adrift in consequence of it being full; we then deposited ourselves, goods, and chattels in the Hôtel des Sept Frères Maçons.

Paris. As the well-known 'spectacles' of this place are ably described and judgmatically criticised in almost every newspaper at this present time, I shall merely note down a

memorandum of what places I may see, and instead of writing even for the few minutes a day which I usually do) make use of every moment to see all I can, and then get out of this stinking, imposing place.

11*th.*—Finding that a passport was indispensably necessary, I was obliged to go to the Duke of Wellington's to procure one. This being done, we saw the following places: Tuileries and gardens with mythological statuary, &c., and most of the magnificent edifices in that direction. Then inspected and ascended the monument (Colonne de la Place Vendôme) which was erected by Buonaparte, and is built with the cannon taken in the battle of Austerlitz, &c., and from which you have a panorama of Paris and its environs that surpasses any description. Indeed, the unbounded magnificence of all the public buildings here is such, that one can hardly refrain from adding superfluous panegyries to memorandums. Saw the greater part of the French cavalry (consisting of hussars, cuirasseurs, dragoons, and lancers). The cuirasseurs were infinitely the best appointed and finest looking troops. Saw statuary of the best artists out of number, and in every direction different edifices with the grandest sculpture and carving; walked in the Champs-Elysées; and after taking refreshment at a *restaurateur's*, promenaded the streets, saw the Fontaine des Innocents, Palais Royal,[1] &c.; and in the evening went to the Théâtre Comique, where we were much pleased with the opera of 'Joconde,' and in this the singing of Martin.

12*th.*—Hired a coach[2] and saw the Invalides; containing

[1] Famous for having a piazza (or cloisters) in which are all the first and (of course) the most extravagant shops, *restaurateurs*, &c., and which may be termed the Bond Street of Paris.

[2] A private carriage is 25 francs per day; a servant (out of livery) with it 4 francs, and whatever fee you choose to give the coachman. A sort of covered one-horse chaise, 15 francs. A hackney coach (with footman) 30 sous per drive (whether long or short 'tis all the same); and you generally give 4 sous more for the men. The hackney coaches and public town voitures here are much better, and infinitely faster, than in London, but the private equipages (like the private houses) are very far inferior.

depot, gardens, church, kitchen, messhouses, library, &c., all on a most stupendous scale three thousand men now dine there every day.

'Museum Petit Augustin :' containing all the sculpture of the first masters (chiefly in monuments) from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century inclusive.

'Luxembourg.' Saw a whole room of enormous-sized pictures all by Rubens (except two of David's, Titian's, and another master's), another almost entirely filled with Lesueur's progressive paintings of St. Brunot, and a detached gallery with most extraordinary naval paintings by Vernet.

'Senate House.' Magnificent large frames containing paintings of Buonaparte's victories, &c., which are (unfortunately for the curious) covered over by green canvas, too fast nailed over for even a peep. Flags and standards taken in Austria. Spacious and elegant saloons and committee rooms, one of which is decorated with paintings on cloth, and has some furniture painted on velvet; gardens arranged with fine statuary, basins, &c., much in the superb style of those before the Tuileries.

'Ecole de Medicine,' containing a museum of everything that can possibly be selected for the amusement and instruction of surgeons, every preparation of anatomy, instruments, surgical curiosities, &c.

'Panthéon.' An immense hall of the most perfect architecture, and under which we were shown all the (locked up) vaults containing the bodies or hearts of all the great men, marshals, authors, &c. We here saw the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, &c., but the kings are buried at St.-Louis. We ascended the dome and enjoyed another panorama of Paris, than which nothing can be more picturesque.

'Eglise de Notre-Dame.' On one side the New, on the other the Old Testament in tapestry : fine paintings, among which is the 'Visitation' (of St. Elizabeth) by Jouvenet, who having, after beginning it, lost his right hand by palsy, finished it with his left; but, even putting this aside, the piece has

sufficient merit to stand high in Paris; wardrobes, from which were shown us the robes, canopies &c. of all the high priests, kings, &c.; the Pope's chair, his robes, and all his nonsensical apparatus; Buonaparte's crown of laurels in gold, his sceptre, and his hand of justice; ditto of Charlemagne; Maria Louisa's crown &c. and the most magnificent church plate (chiefly in massive gold set in brilliants, rubies, and emeralds); among this there is a service given by Buonaparte on his coronation; church curiosities, such as crucifixes in coral, goblets in crystal, &c.; a fine piece of statuary of our Saviour taken from the cross; superior carving in oak; the finest marble candelabras given on the birth of the little King of Rome; fine painted glass, &c.

We had just time to partake of a sumptuous dinner at the table d'hôte of our house, and drive off to the Italian Opera. We had here Paisello's delightful composition, 'Il Re Theodoro.' As far as the band was concerned, we were highly gratified, but it was vexatious to hear a *chef-d'œuvre* of such acknowledged merit murdered by the most infamous set of singers I ever heard. Excepting Crivelli and a passable comic singer, there was not one fit to exhibit on a country stage. Scenery very good; house poor and shabby; orchestra about fifty musicians.

13*th.*—After inspecting the Halle au Blé (a grand and fine-built rotunda for wheat and flour), we took breakfast and proceeded with our carriage to the spectacles. Were disappointed in being refused admission to the Gobelins tapestry, for want of an order from some baron, so proceeded to the Bicêtre, or madhouse, containing one large factory, where convalescents carry on different trades. An immense wall, where the buckets &c. weighing 2,900 lb. are worked by about fifty men to a wheel, and emptied by an iron catch as large as a ship's anchor; five minutes required for the drawing of a bucket of water, and noise like thunder—great laundry, kitchen, and other offices for lunatics, whom we saw in all classes.

'Cabinet de l'Histoire Naturelle,' containing the greatest collection in the world of beasts, birds and fish, every specimen in conchology; fossils, precious stones &c. surpassing description; a superior library of natural history, and, in short, everything in that study that can possibly be imagined. Garden of plants of all the rarest sorts.

Cabinet of Anatomy of the whole creation, and all valuable kinds of animal curiosities preserved in spirits, wax specimens for human anatomy, &c. Live wild beasts. Live birds of all sorts, land and water.

'Bureau d'Artillerie,' or ordnance, containing first all the stores, cannon, &c.; and secondly, a museum for every model of arms and other implements used in war, with a most valuable collection of firearms of all countries, the armour of all the great men, standards, sidearms, &c.

After hastily dressing,[1] and dining, we re-entered our voiture, and drove off to the celebrated Opera of Paris. Found the house spacious and well built, though shabbily decorated and fitted up. The band very fine, and immensely strong, too much so for the choruses, it consisting of at least sixty professors. The singing most disgracefully infamous, and the acting nearly as bad, but the scenery, dresses, and decorations far surpassed all our English theatres in every respect. The opera was 'Les Abencérages;' in this was introduced a Mr. Aubert, who danced and played on the guitar, and although with the addition of having to execute considerably on this, the only music to which he danced, he was decidedly superior to any in the ballet, which was 'Télémaque.' Although they could not complain for want of having a *chef-d'œuvre* to perform in, yet the dancing was far short of what I had been led to expect from the pompous account I had everywhere had of the French opera dancing. The carriages, after the opera was

[1] The French never dress for the opera, and have it, like their other public places, poorly lit up, as if to hide their dirt and dishabille; instead of fine chandeliers all round the house, they have only a cluster of lamps suspended from the centre, and one row of stage lamps.

over, were well regulated by the horse and foot gendarmes, who act as life and foot guards do in London; and instead of allowing Mrs. Such-a-one's carriage to stop the way, every voiture was obliged to draw on as fast as it arrived, and therefore you must be ready to seize the opportunity of getting in without delay.

14*th.*—The Louvre, containing such a collection of the arts as I never supposed it possible that any one place, or even metropolis, could boast of. Fully prepared as we were to be lost in astonishment, yet the collection here far, very far, surpassed all the descriptions we had heard from those who had seen it. To inspect this grand depot of sculpture and painting would require at least a month, and we were therefore obliged to content ourselves with hurrying through it in five hours, in order to see a little of the other inexhaustible sights of Paris. Here are sculpture, mosaic &c. most superior of all the great masters; paintings of the French, German, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, English, and, in short, the very best of every school in Europe. One of the rooms here is above 1,300 feet, and contains about 1,250 immense pictures of Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Carracci, Albano, Domenichino, Vinci-Leonardo, and Guido, added to many others of the first ancient and modern artists.

Inside of the Tuileries. In getting permission to enter here while the King is in Paris, it requires some trouble and interest, but we were fortunate in meeting with Colonel Athorpe, of our Royal Horse Guards, who had a card for himself and party, which he kindly invited us to join. After entering the palace and passing through very strong guards, all in full dress uniforms, and with a most stately appearance, we had some trouble, even with our printed document, to get admission, but all these difficulties were perhaps magnified by the royal servants with a view of getting a little English money; at last we entered, and saw all the magnificent apartments in this spacious and richly decorated palace, the saloons, halls, State bedrooms, billiard room, chapel, theatre, &c. Here we had an

[1] Here are three immense pieces of the finest mosaic I ever saw.

opportunity of seeing several fine paintings on the subject of Buonaparte's achievements, in which he was himself conspicuously introduced; but in the rooms which are open publicly to the French, and to the mere passports of foreigners, all paintings representing the *ci-devant* Emperor are either put away or closely covered. It may be needless to add that, for their own interest in his reign, no pains were spared by the artists to render these subjects their masterpieces.[1] We saw also many valuables in the palace; a very fine vase, an enormous solid gold box (brought from Italy), some of the finest carved, gilded, and painted ceilings in the world, &c.; also most superb tapestry by Gobelin.

15*th.*—Elysée des Bourbons, the *ci-devant* Emperor's château of repose for the months of March and April; here he remained quite *en retraite*, and amused himself with his family. Here we saw all the comfort, as well as luxury, that could be imagined. Here too we saw his writing table, which appeared to have been the only thing used in the place, and to which there was a chair or a pivot, so that he had not even the trouble of lifting his seat to write if, while sitting at the fire, he was struck with an idea worth noting down. We also saw the *ci-devant* Empress's bedroom, dressing room, and every little ornament that could be suggested, and among them some fine mosaic, and other valuables from Italy; we had also a view of the billiard table,[2] and enjoyed the novelty of playing with the Emperor's favourite cue and Maria Louisa's mace. This palace, although on a smaller scale than the others, and with scarcely any paintings, except Buonaparte's family pictures, is, for taste and elegance in the fitting up, before all the others; and, in short, a perfect lesson for the

[1] Here is one grand hall hung round with full length portraits of Buonaparte's marshals, and his eagles, bees, and the letter N are so universally distributed, that it will require some time and expense to erase them without considerable damage to the rooms.

[2] Lit up with two groups of lamps, which are each suspended so as to represent the scales of justice, an idea of the Emperor's, as an emblem of the desideratum for general peace and happiness.

man of taste in furnishing; everyone should see it, as no one can help being delighted with it. The Empress Josephine was some time here, and this is the house which Alexander chose for his residence during the two months the Russians were here; he, however, selected one of the worst rooms, and preferred his camp bed on a sofa to the luxurious beds and couches of this palace of comfort.

In going to the Bourbon Elysée we saw the two *ci-devant* palaces of the Bourbons, which are exactly alike, and are now used, one for the bureau of the Minister of Marine, and the other as the residence of dragoon officers of rank. Passed Talleyrand's house, and the Corps Législatif, &c.

Boulevards or immense streets round the town, with foot-paths, and double rows of trees on each side.

National Library of Paris: contents, above 400,000 valuable books.[1] This library is formed in three-fourths of a long quadrangle; the partitions average about 100 yards long each, by a very considerable breadth.[2] Here is also another fine room, in which two stupendous globes, celestial and terrestrial, are sunk from within a large gallery that surrounds them, into a fine hall below.

In the first grand room there is a well-executed statue of Voltaire, a group in brass and copper, and a correct model of the Pyramids of Egypt.

We then descended to the hall and cloisters below, and after passing a room hung with framed plates, we entered a library of folio engravings. It may be needless to say they are perhaps, most likely, the best in the world, and of every nation where the arts are known.

Café Montacier. Our hard morning's work and glut of more novelties obliged us to finish with walking over this place, which was a large and handsome theatre, and is now

[1] This immense repository of literature is all in one room, and open to the public, who may read there, or look over folios of engravings, at six sous per day.

[2] Length 544 English feet, and breadth 128 feet.

(stage, boxes, pit, and all) converted into a magnificent coffee room, where is the grand resort in the evening of all classes of Parisian loungers.

I omitted to mention to-day my having passed nearly an hour in the morning to inspect the shops and work of the first gunmakers of Versailles and Paris, and in my life I never saw such infamous concerns by way of fowling pieces; the springs of the locks were worse than any musket I ever handled; their breechings a most bungling imitation of our old discarded patent; their touch-holes three times as thick as they had need to be, and the locks literally ready to scratch your hands for want of being let into the stock. While all these matters, which really contribute to the intrinsic value of a gun, are thus neglected, the whole study of the workman appears to be directed to the exterior ornament of the gun, and thus you see a machine worth about two guineas fitted up with 100*l.* worth of gold, silver, and even carving. In this they appear to think solely consists the perfection of a gun, and on my endeavouring to suggest (most civilly, and for their information) a few of our unquestionable improvements, their utter ignorance in argument and obstinacy were, although disgusting, really laughable.

Finding we had a few minutes before dinner would be ready, we took a sight of the baths, which are arranged on an extensive scale, one side for men, the other for women, and well built.

The moment we had dined we started off to Franconie's Olympic Theatre, which is the Astley's of Paris, and in every respect precisely on the same plan. The horsemanship was good, but, on the whole, rather inferior to England; a horse there was brought forward, who was taught to fetch and carry like a dog, and finished his exploits by marching off with an old woman's cap from the boxes. The pantomime, a sort of romance, was very well got up, and we gave it the preference to the average of those in England. The acting was good, the scenery well managed, and, on the

whole, did credit to the theatre. The house is shabby for want of new doing up only, but it was better lit than the other theatres, or even their opera houses.

16*th*.—Breakfasted[1] by candlelight, and started in our voiture for Versailles, 4 leagues from Paris, but about 5 (15 miles) from our hotel. On getting out of the suburbs we drove for a very long time by the banks of the Seine, on a road which is the whole way most excellent, and nearly all on pavement.

Just beyond the 'bridge of Vienna' we had a full view of the Ecole Militaire and Champ de Mars: a place extending, in a circle of 6 miles, and formed in various sorts of ground for every kind of artificial warfare. On the right, opposite, is the beginning of a palace which was intended for the little King of Rome.

'Saint-Cloud and the Palais.' A lovely place overlooking all Paris from a commanding and cheerful situation, and where the royal residence is, if possible, more grand than the others: it is, like the rest, one blaze of magnificence, with every luxury that can be devised, and the marble and many other ornaments are most valuable and exquisitely fine.

'Royal Manufactory of Porcelain.' A place as large as a palace, where there is made the most elegant china that can be conceived, and where almost everything is manufactured equal to fine sculpture; for instance, flowers, &c., and lace so

[1] If you breakfast at a coffee house you can seldom get served before nine, whereas to save our time I always get my breakfast before eight, and the difference not only in comfort, but expense, was considerable, had the value of a breakfast been my object; for instance:

Coffee house: A miserable small pot of indifferent coffee, a roll, and a little pat of butter, served without a cloth on a marble slab, cost me 36 sous.

At my own room: Two large hot French rolls, 2 sous; proportionable quantity of superior butter, 2 sous; new milk, 1 sou; as much delicious collared boar's head as I could eat, 8 sous. Total, 13 sous.

Thus, by buying your tea and coffee, you may breakfast luxuriously by your own fireside for half the price that half a breakfast would cost you at a 'café.'

N.B.—The hotels do not find breakfast, and most of them find nothing but wines and liqueurs, in which case you dine at, or have your dinner from, a *restaurateur's*.

well imitated round a figure that I, at first, would not believe it was anything but real.

'Sceaux.' Stopped here for a few minutes to refresh ourselves with a slice of collared boar's head, and some cakes for which a coffee house in this place is well known.

'Versailles.' On entering the place we were soon struck with its appearance, as being cleaner, having better looking private houses and more spacious streets than any place we had seen in France. We were a little annoyed, however, at the governor, who was absent, having left a peremptory order that no one should see the palais, as the workmen were repairing it, and all the ornaments in confusion; this we would not so much have regretted, but for the loss of seeing the opera house therein, which is said to be the finest in the world: after tormenting officers, architects, and workmen with my persevering though useless entreaties, I gave up all attempts to get even a look in here, and proceeded to see everything else (which required nothing further than a good supply of francs for the gardeners and doorkeepers), viz.: Les Affaires Etrangères, library, and antiquities.

'Orangery.' One of the finest, as a greenhouse, in Europe, containing trees planted from the year 1421 to the present day.

Gardens are laid out before the palais, standing on a commanding height and overlooking the royal woods and park of *chasse*, which latter are 60 miles round. These gardens are the most perfect paradise I ever saw; filled with every sort of sculpture; fountains, basins,[1] canals, &c.; and on one are many fine gondola boats; the avenues are most tastefully arranged, and made beautiful by every corresponding ornament that can be devised.

The Bas d'Apollon, an artificial rock, with statuary, where is introduced Louis XIV., is a wild and beautiful ornament to the retired shades in which it stands. From the

[1] Every one of the many basins played 104 fountains at a time.

centre of the gardens the groves lead off to all points, and you can see nowhere without a display of fountains before you.

Colonnade. A rotunda of 32 marble columns, and 25 fountains, with fine statuary in the centre.

Great basin with fountains, representing the chariot of Phaeton, which throw the water 55 feet high.

'Palais du Grand Trianon.' Another immense and magnificent residence of the *ci-devant* Emperor; everything here again is perfected for grandeur and luxury, and yet with comfort in no wise forgotten: this palais is entirely on a ground floor, and therefore the site is considerable. Another large collection of the finest paintings in the world, and in which Claude Lorrain, Poussin, and Vernet stand conspicuous. An immensely long gallery is here, richly fitted up; the walls hung with pictures of the best masters, and the opposite sides (from the best light for the paintings) are decorated with large and valuable models of the different ships of war.

Here are a variety of slabs, fonts &c. made from solid pieces of the production of copper mines (a sort of green like marble, I forget the name), said to be the largest specimens in existence.[1] A small piece of carving in agate of very great value. Many valuable things, nearly of the same description as those in the other palaces, or, to speak more to the purpose, of every description.

A whispering room, which has the effect of the gallery at St. Paul's, but is quite square, instead of being formed in a circle, like the latter.

'Petit Trianon.' An elegant little palace, which was occupied by the infant King of Rome and his attendants; it is very near the Grand Trianon, and is, perhaps, of all others, the situation which a private individual would prefer to live in.

Manufactory of arms on a large scale; but no good

[1] The greater part, if not all, of these were presented to Buonaparte by the Emperor Alexander.

work, except, as I before remarked, in carving and inlaying; the manufacturer was civil, and I therefore pretended to admire.

We got back to Paris by five, bolted our dinners and flew to another theatre.

'Le Théâtre du Vaudeville.' A house of comedy &c. much the same as our little theatre in the Haymarket; after seeing a little of this we found it so crowded as to be hot and uncomfortable; and having a wish to see the

Café Montacier lit up, we proceeded there and took some ice and cakes. Nothing could be more gay than the illuminated *coup d'œil* of this Bacchanalian[1] temple. The order of the day seemed to be burnt brandy and sweet cakes; but tea, coffee, and about twenty different kinds of refreshment were passing among the immense concourse here assembled. The *ci-devant* stage was filled up with groves of trees and flowers; and, on the whole, this appeared to be a perfect temple of gaiety.

We then started on foot, and took a view of the dissipations in the Palais Royal, which was crowded to excess; and notwithstanding we saw about 200 ladies of the demi-monde, there was literally not one but was worthy of being remarked for extreme ugliness. Here were coffee houses, all thronged from the garrets down to subterraneous vaults; and where, had we thought it prudent to come a little later, we might have seen the very essence of dissipation.

17*th*.—Having to arrange some money matters, and letters to write &c., I lost a part of this morning; we saw, however, enough to say that our time was well bestowed.

After inspecting the triumphal arch of Buonaparte and the gate of St.-Denis, both of which we had before passed, we proceeded to the Boulevard du Temple. First we saw here a fine fountain, to which the water is conveyed from the distance

[1] I may be wrong in using this term, as I believe, being a coffee house, no wine is allowed, but everything else is in abundance.

of 25 leagues, and which spouts from the mouths of eight lions, placed two and two octagonally.

'L'Abbaye St.-Martin,' a *ci-devant* convent which is now converted into a repository for models of almost every sort of manufacture, and where in one spacious range of apartments you see the process of almost every work. This is highly gratifying to a mechanic, and somewhat interesting to every one; we really found relief in seeing things of a sober colour, after being day after day so dazzled with the splendid blaze of magnificent palaces.

'Café d'Apollon.' A really good theatre, fitted up with chairs and tables instead of benches, and where, by calling for even a glass of spirits and water, you may every night see a comedy and a pantomime, with a passable orchestra. I am told they are worth seeing, but the cheapness and freedom of eating brings that sort of company which makes this place exceptionable in the evening.

We saw some inferior waxwork and many other trifling things in these Boulevards, which are entirely full of all sorts of little 'spectacles;' small theatres, temples and coffee gardens out of number, which are every night thronged with idle people of pleasure.

18*th*.—Went to the 'Tuileries' to see the Royal Family go in state to prayers; being English we were readily admitted into the saloon, through which they passed as follows: Duc de Berri, Duke of Angoulême, Monsieur Comte d'Artois, Louis XVIII., Duchesse d'Angoulême, marshals, attendants, &c. The affability and good-natured look of his Majesty could not but be admired by every honest man.

After leaving the Palais we drove through the Champs-Elysées, and passed the Barrière de Neuilly, a stately lodge with the finest avenue we had seen, and near which there is, half finished, another of the Corsican's triumphal arches, to his own memory, as usual. Then the Bois de Boulogne, a royal hunting wood, at the beginning of which are places of

recreation, and for refreshment, as the avenues to and in this wood are in fine weather the Hyde Park of Paris. Here is the little Palais de Muet, once a royal villa, now a place for public amusement; also the country house of Talleyrand.

We then crossed over to the Champs de Mars for a review, which, to our disappointment, had just been countermanded; from there we drove to L'Institution des Sourds et Muets; but the deaf and dumb of the establishment being out, we had only a view of the buildings.

'Corps Législatif,' or Parliament House, which, instead of being, as ours, like a lawyer's dirty chambers, is truly magnificent. It is fitted up with every sort of comfort and ornament. The Salle where are assembled the members is, like the Luxembourg Senate Room, a half-circle, and the gallery supported by fine architecture of marble pillars; on the right of the President, or Speaker, are figures of Lycurgus, Solon, Demosthenes, and on the left, Cato, Brutus, and Cicero, all in the finest sculpture.

Among other grand saloons there is that which was the Emperor's, and still remains with decorations emblematical of his victories, and the insignia of all the different kingdoms of Europe. In the Corps Législatif are some good sculpture, paintings, tapestry, &c.

'L'Eglise de St. Sulpice.' Went here during mass, and were much more gratified by the superb architecture than the ranting of the preacher.

'Théâtre François.' We had delayed visiting this theatre till the celebrated Talma was announced to perform, and then we were obliged to conform to the French custom of profaning the Sabbath, or we should have left Paris without seeing him. He played Coriolanus, but with much more the deportment of a Whitechapel butcher than a dignified Roman; and his acting was such that we were sadly disappointed. The Roman matron was performed by a Madlle. George, a ranting woman, who is here considered a fine actress.

19th.—Cabinet of Mineralogy and Medals, and after this, having got an order from Baron Monier, we proceeded to the Gobelins tapestry, celebrated for being unquestionably the best in the world; we here saw many fine paintings which were left at this manufactory to be worked, and after being astonished with some of the finest tapestry that could be described, going through the whole process of making, we were shown a finished piece which represented the death of General Dessaix, and which astonished us even though we supposed it was a painting, for its admirably fine colouring and spirit.

'Observatoire Royal,' a sort of obelisk from which you have a panorama of Paris, but by no means a better one than from many other edifices which we had mounted.

Dined at M. Véry's Restaurant. To have dined here is to have seen one of the 'lions' of Paris; and we therefore directed our steps to the Palais Royal for this purpose. The printed bill of fare was about the size of a newspaper, and the whole place seemed to be a temple of unbounded luxury. We dined on as many of the best dishes as we could possibly get through, and had afterwards ices, liqueurs, &c., the whole bill for which cost exactly an English guinea for Mrs. Hawker and myself; everything served up in silver, and, in short, this place is so noted for good living that the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia made a point of dining at Véry's while the Allies were in Paris, and since which the highly illuminated room (where we dined this day) is called the Alexandre.

20th.—'Catacombs,' subterraneous passages which extend for nine miles under the streets and boulevards, and from which the stone was taken (600 years ago) to build Paris. Here are two millions of skulls arranged with bones (like wine in a cellar), a spring of water with gold and silver fish, and an altar where mass is said once a year; several tombs &c. all nearly thirty yards below the surface of the earth, and where,

had we extinguished our two glimmering candles, we should have lost our places in the coach for Calais. It luckily, however, happened that only one light went out at a time, and we got to our hotel just with time to partake of a scrambling dinner.

Paris, for public edifices, museums, and in short for splendid palaces and as a grand emporium for science and literature, may be termed the capital of the world; but so truly filthy are the streets, houses, and inhabitants, and so poor and vulgar are the almost numberless places of entertainment, that it was to us astonishing how any of the English could remain there a prey to imposition a day longer than was absolutely required to see the principal spectacles.

At two o'clock, having on a former excursion had enough of French posting (for instance, waiting while horses were taken from a plough or caught from a field a league distant), and having been much pleased with the diligence from Havre, we had taken our places at the 'Grande Messagerie' for Calais.

At twelve a dear and bad supper at Beauvais, 18 leagues from Paris.

21st.—At half-past eight breakfast at Amiens, 30 leagues from Paris; ran to look into the magnificent cathedral, than which nothing can be finer in the architecture.

At half-past five, found a most excellent dinner, with good wine, great civility and very reasonable charges, at Abbeville, 40 leagues from Paris.

22nd.—At a quarter before eight, a pretty good breakfast and things comfortable at Boulogne, 62 leagues from Paris.

Arrived by two in Calais, 70 leagues from Paris. Total, 193½ English miles.

N.B.—Tronchet in his guide book says 186½, but he is wrong, as in many other statements.

Thus we crawled for forty-eight hours at a trifle more than four miles per hour, notwithstanding the roads were

in the best condition from the hard frost; add to which we were repeatedly annoyed by trifling accidents on the way. We were, however, induced to bear all with patience and even good humour, from the great civility and attention of M. Massin, the conducteur.

On our arrival we found Calais a perfect scene of confusion; the hotels were all crowded, and, in preference to starvation and sitting in the yard, we joined the table d'hôte, which I could compare to nothing but an ill-regulated kennel of foxhounds. The imposition, the misery, and the aping of the English, was at this place truly laughable.

At eight this evening went on board to sail, but it came on to blow so fresh that we all had to march back again. Being an old campaigner I took care to get a bed out of the hotel, and to offer a premium to an old woman, for which a good breakfast and hot rolls were prepared ready for us the next morning.

23*rd*.—Sailed at nine, and at half-past one reached Dover.

We came in a French packet, the 'Parfaite Union,' Captain Mascot, who, I suppose in consequence of his having piloted his Majesty on a day when the cabin boy might have brought in the vessel, thought his passengers (about sixty, instead of twenty which he ought to have taken) unworthy of the least civility or attention, further than to secure their money before they were fairly in sight of Dover. We had, most fortunately, an English sailor who was a passenger on board, and showed the crew how to manage the vessel.

The whole of the luggage was carelessly thrown together, and among which were the poor suffering passengers, many of them ladies, rolling in sickness and everything that was filthy, with the risk of having their brains beat out. Our getting into the boat which came alongside was so far bad that we thought it miraculous that only two passengers fell overboard. All our campaigning was a joke, for the time it lasted, to these four hours and a half. We had several women

on board who suffered dreadfully, though not enough to move the assistance of Captain Mascot.

Soon after our arrival the very vessel into which we had the nearest possible escape from embarking was wrecked on the pier, the 'Henri Quatre,' Captain Benois, who refused a pilot to save expense, and whom they say was drinking with his crew instead of minding his vessel. Let these and the many late accidents be warnings to our countrymen never to trust themselves in a French packet; and let me observe that since the Peace every one has turned packet master, as money is such an object in France that every fellow will risk the life of himself and passengers to clear a few guineas; and therefore it is at all ports the order of the day to keep an ill-manned vessel.[1]

24*th.*—After being most strictly overhauled at the custom-house, we got off from Dover at eleven, and reached London in twelve hours by the Paris light coach.

25*th.*—After having been two hours only in bed, we proceeded for home, and at five o'clock we, thank God, arrived safe and found all well at Longparish, where we most heartily enjoyed our Christmas dinner.

Distance which we travelled, exclusive of excursions in and round Paris, and from Barfleur during our stay in those places, 719 miles.

The whole of this excursion, for exactly two calendar months, cost me about 120*l.* (exclusive of powder, shot, tea &c. taken out, and about 30*l.* laid out in little purchases).

27*th.*—1 wigeon, 1 heron, 1 jack snipe.

1815

January 2*nd.*—Left Longparish and arrived at Keyhaven, near Lymington.

3*rd.*—Keyhaven. 1 wigeon, the only one I fired at, but the flights we saw were prodigious.

[1] It was really afflicting to hear of the number of wrecks that had taken place within these ten days.

6th.—2 snipes, 1 jack snipe, and 1 partridge. In the evening, as usual, lay up in my canoe on the mud, where there were thousands of wigeon; but owing to the Christmas shooters, I never got a flock near enough to fire at.

7th.—The army of shooters had driven every fowl from the mud, except a few coots, at which I fired my capital Joe Manton duck gun with common shot and stopped 6, at the enormous distance of 132 yards, which we accurately measured with a 9-foot punt pole. Indeed, this extraordinary gun has scarcely ever failed, in a flock, at that distance.

14*th.*—Made a regular survey of the coast and places, as per annexed memorandum. The infamously bad sport prevailed everywhere this season.

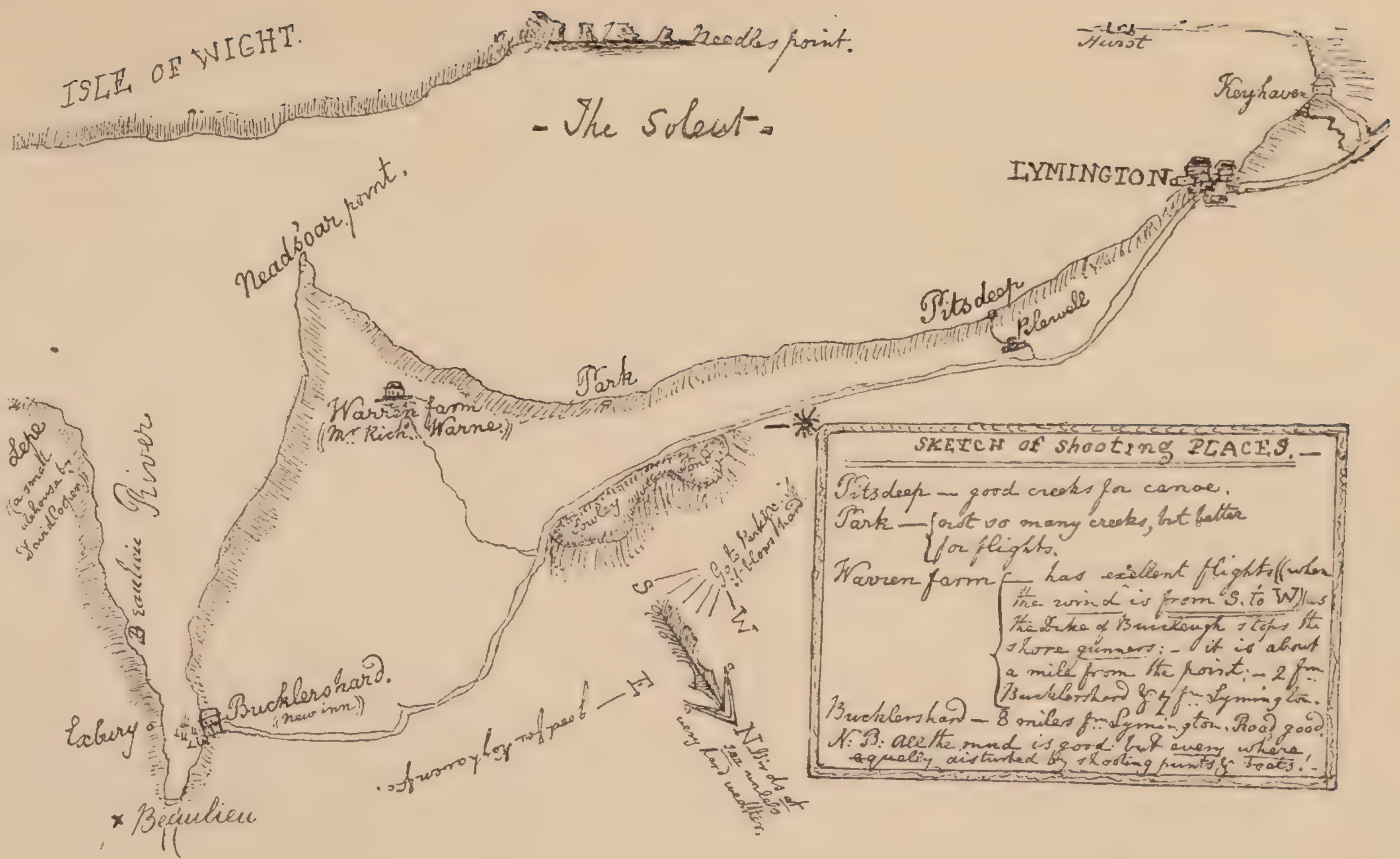
Hasty sketch of shooting places. 'Pitt's Deep,' good creeks for canoe. 'Park,' not so many creeks, but better for the flights. Warren Farm has excellent flighting when the wind is from S. to W., as the Duke of Buccleuch stops the shore gunners; it is about a mile from Needs'oar Point, 2 from Bucklershard, and seven from Lymington. Bucklershard, eight miles from Lymington Road, good.

N.B.—All the mud is good, but everywhere equally disurbed by shooting punts and boats.

25*th.*—After being out all night, in a bitter cold north-east wind, with sleet, and waiting for three hours without stirring for water sufficient to approach the wigeon, which were unluckily disturbed, I was obliged to content myself with a random chance flying, and bagged only two. Last night our chance was again spoiled by fools trying to walk to the birds.

26*th and* 27*th.*—It blew and snowed so hard that going after wild fowl was impossible, and the levy *en masse* of blackguards as usual destroyed all chances for the shore; I therefore walked out inland, and killed 2 rabbits and 1 snipe, all that could be found.

28*th.*—A brent goose, the longest single shot I ever saw;


ISLE OF WIGHT.
Needles point.
Hurst
Keyhaven
- The Solent -
LYMINGTON
Needsoar point.
Pitsdeep
Pylewell
Park
Warren farm
(Mr. Rich. Warne.)
Lepe
(a small alehouse by Sandloper.)
Beaulieu River
Exbury
Bucklershard.
(new inn.)
Beaulieu
N
S
E
W
Birds at sea unless very hard weather.
SKETCH of Shooting PLACES.—
Pitsdeep — good creeks for canoe.
Park — not so many creeks, but better for flights.
Warren farm — has excellent flights (when the wind is from S. to W.) as the Duke of Buccleugh stops the shore gunners; — it is about a mile from the point; — 2 fm. Bucklershard & 7 fm. Lymington.
Bucklershard — 8 miles fm. Lymington. Road good.
N: B: All the mud is good but every where equally disturbed by shooting punts & boats! —

a keeper, who was present, supposed it to be 120 yards. This was with Joe Manton's famous 19-lb. gun, and the only shot I got.

I had afterwards to ride from Warren Farm (Mr. Richard Warne's) to Keyhaven, about 14 miles, and among unfrequented marshes and bogs, where I had never been before, in the most miserable night I ever weathered ; it was so dark, I literally could not see my hand before me ; and my eyes were almost blinded by hail, which was, the whole time, driven full in my face by a tremendous hurricane. I had my 19-lb. gun and an immense quantity of ammunition to carry ; and as my old blind mare would hang back when I tried to lead her, I was obliged to tie the gun to her bridle while I waded the dykes, then mount and force her through them, and afterwards anchor her with the shot belt, while I went back and groped up my gun. I had twice made up my mind to pass the night under a bank, and should have been too happy to have thus avoided the danger of being bogged or drowned, had I not been wet to the skin, and benumbed with cold.

30*th.*—Mrs. Hawker and I left Keyhaven, and luckily without having lost the use of our limbs, as Mrs. Benche's house was as damp as a church, and scarcely fit to shelter a Newfoundland dog. Mrs. Hawker went to Longparish ; and I proceeded for wild fowl shooting to Bucklershard, and got a very comfortable little lodging at the house of Joseph Beale.

February 1*st.*—'Bucklershard.' Prevented from going out till this evening by the rain, and found an immense company of wigeon, and put into a small creek at about eleven o'clock, and there lay in wait till half-past five in the morning ; we then got water, and were sitting up, with the almost certainty of half a boatful of birds, when an infernal rascal openly approached some of the straggling birds, and with the very worst management and a miserable old gun killed seven !

2nd. - More wet weather. I attempted the evening flight, but could get no chance; and the wind and tide having delayed the canoe coming for me, I had to wander over the marshes in utter darkness with wind and rain, and fell about a dozen times from the tops of the banks down into broad ditches full of water. I was almost borne down every step by the weight of my gun and ammunition. I then wandered all over the inclosures for several miles, and once lay down where some sheep had been penned, to pass the night; but the violence of the rain having somewhat abated, I made a second attempt, and after wandering in the fields for several miles more, and tearing through every hedge to keep a straight line, I found a road, which I followed till I came to a light. This luckily proved to be the house of a farmer, who gave me some beer, and put me in the road home. He said it was no wonder that I was lost, as even those who knew all the country rarely ever ventured on these marshes at night.

4*th.*—Rowed our canoe into a hole in the mud, where after the water had run off we remained invisible, and no sooner were the geese beginning to fly in swarms than a host of blackguards surrounded us on every side, and kept up such a fire with bullets that our prospect of sport was again annihilated; we had to remain in this hole from two in the morning till five in the evening; we got home about nine at night without having had a single chance.

5*th.*—Finding the sport so inferior to what it had been in other seasons, that even men who last year supported their families by wild fowl have this winter only killed two or three couple, and the weather having become quite mild and wet, I this day left Bucklershard and returned home to Longparish.

15*th.*—Being selected by Mr. Joseph Manton as one of the sportsmen to be examined on the advantages of his patents, I this day received a subpœna to attend his trial (*versus* his brother and others) for infringements on them.

16th.—Went to London. By the unexpected delay of other trials, the one of Mr. Manton could not be brought on, and was therefore deferred till the ensuing term.

19th.—I returned to Longparish.

The worst wild-fowl year ever known.

April 6th.—Having purchased Mr. Lee's cottage at Keyhaven, I this day went to Lymington to arrange for the rebuilding of the house.

July 1st.—'Longparish.' Went minnow fishing in the dusk of the evening, and lost all the best time by having to send home for some fresh tackle, and on its arrival the first and only fish I caught with it was the very one which had just broken my line before, and from whose mouth I pulled out my former hooks, gut, swivels, &c.

The angling this year has been so execrably bad, that, during the whole season, I have killed but 62 brace of trout.

I have in former years done nearly that in one day.

CHAPTER VIII

1815

September 1st.—34 partridges, besides 2 brace lost, 4 hares, and 2 quails. Every covey we found were as large as the old ones, but so unaccountably wild that I was obliged to take both single and double shots at all distances, notwithstanding which I may safely say that I only lost two head of game by bad shooting.

6th.—16 partridges and 1 hare. I also lost 2 birds, and except wounding one which I ought to have killed, and firing a random shot off my horse, I never missed. My double shots were three, and all killed.

7th.—8 partridges and 1 hare. My sport this day would have been as good as or better than yesterday, but I had only some young dogs, one of which spoiled all my best shooting by running in and chasing. This morning, an hour or two before I was prepared to start, I was called to go down to the river for two 'curious birds.' I loaded my double gun, and crawled under cover of a heap of stones near enough to bring down one sitting and the other flying with the second barrel. They proved to be a godwit and a spotted redshank, birds which I had often killed on the coast, but never before heard of in this part of the country.

I was, of course, obliged to fire kneeling, having crawled up to the birds, which, although one was a sitting shot, made the killing with the second barrel somewhat difficult, particularly as I had not an instant to spare.

Game bagged the first week: 90 partridges, 11 hares, 2 quails, 1 snipe (all I saw), 1 rabbit. Total, 105 head.

N.B.—Scarcely anyone else in this country has had good sport, by reason that the birds have been so unusually wild nothing could be done without the knack of killing them as soon as they topped the stubble. Including my 2 seabirds this morning, I have bagged every brace I fired at in my last ten double shots.

16th.—Till this day I have been laid up with an inflamed sore throat, and finding I could get but little better, I went out on my old mare, armed with gargle and hartshorn, to try for a few birds, as the coveys were so wild that almost all the shooters had given up doing anything. I bagged 10 partridges, lost 2 more, and missed but twice, one shot a long way off, and another in the sun.

20th.—From incessant dry weather, the scent became so bad that the birds were always on the run. I went out for a little airing on horseback, and killed all I could have killed, which were 1 partridge and 1 hare.

23rd.—5 partridges and 1 snipe. I this day, on a covey rising unawares, and in the sun, missed a first-barrel shot; at least, I only feathered the bird and killed him with the second barrel. Previous to this I had killed and bagged with both barrels fourteen times successively, without once taking down my gun from the shoulder between the two shots.

I have now completed 29 birds out of fifteen double shots. I did this with my old 22-gauge gun; last year I killed 27 birds out of fourteen double shots with a 14-gauge gun; but this last is far better, as the birds required such quick shooting.

As far as I could learn at Manton's and Egg's &c. my having this wild season bagged fourteen double shots successively is the best shooting that has been accomplished in England.

October 2nd.—Having without the slightest provocation (except being a friend of Mr. Fellowes, his brother) been uncivilly encroached on by the keeper of Lord Portsmouth, and having heard that his gang of myrmidons, who

had previously been sent to annoy Mr. Fellowes through a whole day's sport, were watching to warn me off Lord Portsmouth's land, and to follow me wherever they dared, I got some men with guns and pistols to draw their attention to different parts while we attacked their grand preserve: everything was arranged agreeably to a military plan, which I regularly drew and coloured beforehand, and which answered so well that we got two hours' glut at their pheasants before the gang came up to warn us off; to my own share I bagged 28 pheasants (including 2 white ones), 3 partridges and 1 hare.

Notwithstanding we had rain for the first hour, I killed in two hours 24 pheasants in 24 shots, bagging every bird. I was determined not to fire out of distance; but among my shots were many very difficult ones and four double ones. We were taken after my 24th shot, when we finished our day on some neutral ground, to which we took care to drive a fine sprinkling of game, and where we defeated the gangs by being well mounted. We began at half-past nine in the morning, on the moderating of a heavy fall of rain, and came home to a comfortable dinner at four o'clock. We each shot with one old dog, which is always best where game is very plentiful.

7th.—Till this day I had uniformly shot, ever since the 1st of September, as well as it was possible to shoot; to-day I missed both barrels twice at partridges, which lay like stones: afterwards, however, I finished without missing, and bagged 5 partridges, 3 pheasants, and 1 hare.

8th.—I this day drove to Freefolk, where my tandem had a most extraordinary and providential escape. While I was in the house, my servant not being so attentive as he ought to have been to the horses, they suddenly galloped off, knocked him down, and drew the wheel over his arm, body and shoulder; they then charged a fastened-up gate with such violence that they broke it and burst it open, in doing which they completely bent the top bar, which was of wrought iron, thick as my wrist; tearing the dog cart after them, they flew all up

the most dangerous cross road in the place, and after reaching the summit of one hill, had to go down another, which was frightfully steep, full of loose stones, and with a gate at the bottom, where this road ended with others going short to the right and left: strange to say, they cleared the turn most dexterously, and the wheeler and buggy were found overturned about a mile and a half from Freefolk House, and the leader, who had broken loose from his reins and traces, was brought back by a countryman.

Instead of finding James half killed, the road strewed with the wreck, and the horses blemished, we had the good fortune to find that the extent of all the damage done was the breaking off at the two extreme holes of the leader's traces, which we only had to buckle to the next two holes and the leading reins at the buckle which couples them. In short, all was so well got over that I afterwards proceeded ten miles, and paid two other visits.

12*th.*—Having late last evening killed some game, amidst the annoyance of Lord Portsmouth's banditti, who could not then catch the tenant to warn me off, I (knowing that a notice would be sent for my breakfast) attacked the place again this morning at sunrise, while my men diverted the gang with a little random shooting in another direction. I got 4 hares and 3 pheasants, and made a long shot flying over my head at a teal.

14*th.*—Worked Wherwell Wood all day, and got but one shot, which was at a single partridge, and that I lost in the high wood.

20*th.*—Went out while it blew a hurricane, and in eight shots killed, including a pheasant lost out of bounds, 8 head of game.

Game &c. bagged up to November 1: 149 partridges, 2 quails, 23 hares, 7 rabbits, 80 pheasants, 9 ducks and mallards, 1 teal, and 6 snipes. Total, 277 head.

November 26.—Proceeded from London to inspect the Fens; went in chaise as follows: Waltham Cross, 13 miles;

Wade's Mill, 11 miles; Royston, 15 miles; Caxton, 12 miles; Huntingdon, 9 miles; Ramsay, 12 miles. Total, 72 miles. Put up at Mrs. Belshaw's 'Crown' inn, Ramsay.

27*th.* Walked nearly thirty miles in surveying the Fens, and could soon perceive that they would not answer for wild-fowl shooting: if a frost, the birds are gone; if a thaw, the greater part of them remain in the decoys; so that the breeding season (when the ague is predominant) is the only time for this infernal country.

28*th.*—Took a hack buggy, by way of Whittlesea, to Peterborough, 15 miles, and then a chaise to Oundle, 13 miles.

After having spent the day with Mr. Sherrard, I returned to town on the 29th per coach by Kimbolton, St. Neots, &c. As my presence in town was not required again till the morning of the 30th, I enjoyed a pleasant and cheap tour for these few spare days instead of remaining idle in London.

30*th.*—Having finished my business, I left town this afternoon, and reached Longparish soon after midnight per Weymouth coach. Total travelled from Thursday to Thursday, 309 miles. Killed on the road 2 partridges.

December 13*th.*—Left Longparish for Keyhaven, where we took Aubrey House from the 11th. I had some days before sent off my baggage, &c., but was detained by having been taken suddenly and severely ill.

15*th.*—Went down to Poole (21 miles) relative to building a new canoe and stanchion gun on a plan of my own invention.

16*th.*—Returned to Keyhaven.

19*th.*—1 wild duck and 1 mallard. So scarce and bad has the coast shooting yet been, that the only two shots I fired all yesterday and this evening were one at a single wigeon, and another at 4 ducks, of which I knocked down 3, though only bagged the above 2.

28*th.*—My gun having been loaded ever since I killed the 2 ducks (eight days), I at last got a flying shot, and killed 1

wigeon, and afterwards a second shot, with which I knocked down 2 more that I lost on the tide. There has scarcely been a bird killed by any one of the constant followers of wild fowl since we came here, so mild, wet, and unfavourable has been the weather.

29th.—Went to Poole to pay for and send off my new canoe boat, and bring away the stanchion gun &c. to be finished under my own direction.

1816

January 6th.—'Keyhaven.' After having waited in a creek for water to float from half-past eleven at night till four this morning, Tom Fowler got me in the canoe to within 40 yards of above 1,000 wigeon, just half an hour before which the morning came on suddenly so dark and wet that we could not see fifteen yards before us, and were obliged to go home. Before the next tide the birds were found out, and routed by two fellows who had heard of them ; otherwise, we should with two guns have had every chance of killing fifty at one volley.

9th.—Took a drive to Warren Farm and Need'soar Point, where I heard the same complaint as here prevails among all the punters, on the almost impossibility of getting a shot at any wild fowl.

11th.—Launched my new canoe and stanchion gun, and in the evening went out, but there was not a bird to be heard or seen in the harbour, and I could only remain afloat a few hours in consequence of a tremendous gale of wind.

12th.—Killed only 3 birds ; but so bereft of wild fowl is this coast now, that I never could get a chance for the long gun, and in the evening it came on a gale of wind with a pour of rain.

17th.—I proceeded to Poole on business, and slept two nights over at Studland, in the Isle of Purbeck. I took my gun, though could kill nothing but a few coots, as the

general scarcity prevailed here like everywhere else, and I consequently got home to Longparish on the night of the 19th.

I was amply repaid for my five weeks on the coast by the benefit derived by the change, but so mild was the weather that to get any shooting was out of the question.

February 8th.—Frost and snow; out from seven in the morning till dinner, and then out all night, and so destitute was the country (like all others this year) that I never saw but two ducks and one wild wisp of snipes; and, in short, got no shooting except a roast of fieldfares, redwings, and larks.

10*th.*—A wild duck with green feet.

12*th.*—Proceeded to London on business.

14*th.*—Returned to Longparish in my carriage, with three people and luggage, in eight hours; notwithstanding we stopped three-quarters of an hour to breakfast at Staines, and a quarter of an hour at Kensington, where a posthorse threw his shoe. We had only pairs of horses all the way, and the last 15 miles my horses brought us in an hour and a half. From being constantly in the habit of guessing and calculating time on a journey, I foretold the hour of arrival within three-quarters of a minute.

Game &c. bagged up to March 1st: 164 partridges, 106 pheasants, 30 hares, 15 rabbits, 2 quails, 36 snipes, 19 wild ducks, 4 wigeon, 2 teal. Total, 378 head.

April 17th.—Till this day it was so cold, that we had constant frost and occasional snow storms; the weather now having become suddenly warm, I tried fly fishing for the first time this season, and killed 10 trout, besides a great many small ones thrown in.

May 29th.—London. Was presented by the Duke of Clarence on my appointment as Major of the North Hants Regiment.

June 9th.—Published my second edition of 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen' previously to leaving town.

15*th.*—10 trout. Fishing very indifferent, owing to the trout being glutted with the mayfly and small gnats.

18*th.*—Went over to fish at Stockbridge; but so innumerable was the mayfly that our sport was wretched. I killed only one large trout; we never could get a rise, or a run, the whole day.

July 4*th.*—Left Longparish on a visit to the marshes, in the east of Norfolk.

5*th.*—Proceeded from London by the mail to Norwich, where we arrived on the evening of the 6th, and proceeded in a chaise to Mr. Rising's at Horsey, 130 miles from London.

12*th.*—Went to stay with Mr. Huntingdon.

14*th.*—Went to Norwich.

15*th.*—Came up from Norwich, by way of Newmarket, 110 miles within thirteen hours, by the 'Light Telegraph' morning coach, which beat the mail by nearly five hours.

17*th.*—Returned from London to Longparish.

My object in going to Norfolk was to shoot young wild fowl, and catch pike, perch, tench, bream, &c.; but as the custom of that country is to sport in large battue parties I at last gave up attempting to reckon what I killed myself, though I had far more sport than the others. The fish were in size greatly beyond any I had before seen, and the young wild fowl shooting was most capital. We killed large numbers of almost every kind of sea and marsh birds, interspersed with occasional good shooting at leverets and rabbits, young snipes, plovers, &c. The only birds, however, that I had not killed before were the crested grebes and the shoveller ducks, with which I had, one day in particular, most excellent sport. The circumstance that makes the birds so plentiful here cancels all the pleasure of the shooting, which is that the fear of death deters strangers from hazarding their constitutions in such a pestilential climate. I came home ill, but was happy to escape as well as I did.

25*th.*—Some wild ducks having flown, I went up the

river and had a most excellent shot at five all close together ; but unluckily my stool upset while I was in the act of firing. Afterwards I got a wild duck, and shot another, and a heron, which fell in Lord Portsmouth's grounds, where I would not go after them.

31st.—Went over to Ponton's at Stockbridge. Found the fly fishing, as it almost always is at this celebrated though infamously bad place, not worth a penny. The cockney-like amusement of bobbing with a live mayfly is all that this miserable river does for ; indeed, scarcely a fish ever moves till about the last quarter of an hour that you can see to throw a line.

August 28th.—During the whole season I only killed 37 brace of trout with a fly, which number I have, before now, exceeded in one day. The worst fishing season ever known.

CHAPTER IX

1816

September 1st.—Longparish. Shooting the first week out of the question. From the unprecedented lateness of the harvest, owing to the incessant wet weather, the greater part of the wheat was standing, and, in most places, the sport was deferred by agreement till the 16th ; but as I could not succeed in my attempt to get it postponed about here, I deferred even taking out a dog till other people had begun shooting in earnest, and then I began the second week by going round what few stubbles there were cleared. The standing corn, however, was so abundant, that sport could only be had for an hour or two in the day. The weather having now favoured fly fishing more than it had done before, I generally divided the morning by first shooting and then getting a dish of trout for dinner. My sport on the 14th was very great, and something rather novel, as I that day happened to be most lucky in both diversions ; between the hours of eleven and one I killed 9 brace of partridges, with only missing one bird, and that was a long second-barrel shot, and feathered ; and by three o'clock had brought home two brace of trout, besides catching smaller ones, which I threw in.

14th.—Completed, and found most fully to answer, my new invention of a portable ambush and artillery carriage for firing my stanchion gun with perfect safety on shore, by which I could get about and follow wild fowl with a gun weighing 80 lb. as well, nearly, as with a shoulder gun. The

whole of the apparatus was built to my order, and admirably executed, by the ingenious Mr. Fielder, wheelwright, of Longparish.

16th. This I considered as my first day's shooting. I went out at ten o'clock, and returned by five to dinner, having with me the same two dogs the whole morning, Nero and Comus. And, notwithstanding I have brought home more at a time, yet I never in my life had such a satisfactory day's shooting. Although the birds were rather wild than otherwise for the time of the year, and the number of coveys the Longparish fields contained were by no means considerable, yet I had the good fortune to bag 36 partridges and 1 hare, with literally never missing a single shot and without losing one bird. I had 8 doublets and bagged both my birds every time, and having once killed 2 at one shot with my first barrel, I made 37 head of game in 36 shots. Had I at all picked my shots, I should not have thought this any such very extraordinary performance; but so far from this a great number of my birds were killed at long distances, and with instantaneous rapidity of shooting. I had my favourite 14-gauge barrels of Joe Manton's, and Mr. Butts's cylinder gunpowder. The same gun all day, which was neither cleaned afresh nor even new flinted. This with Saturday makes 54 partridges and 1 hare, with only 1 miss. This with a single gun would not be worthy of much comment; but with a double gun, where I honestly and fairly worked both barrels wherever it was possible, and all at large strong birds, I consider it the best performance I ever accomplished. I have now killed 60 shots in succession and 93 birds, with only 1 miss.

Game bagged up to October: 218 partridges, 6 hares. Total, 224 head.

N.B.—Made scarcely any beginning till the 16th: had only a brace of dogs, and only shot between a half-past nine o'clock breakfast and a four o'clock dinner. Was out alto-

gether (including three wet days, when I was driven home) but fifteen times.

Since the 14th inclusive I bagged 198 head of game, with missing only 6 fair shots. Though I never failed to use both barrels where fair opportunity offered and did not at all pick my shots, as such double-gun [1] shooting is rare, and I may not perform it again, I have noted a faithful statement of the particulars.

October 1st.—Shot in the unpreserved part of Wherwell Wood, a place free for every vagabond; and notwithstanding it blew a continued hurricane, with an almost incessant pour of rain, I killed and bagged every bird I shot at, viz. 12 pheasants, all full-grown birds, and 9 of them cocks.

Had much fun to-day in manœuvring against, and beating, other shooting parties.

2nd.—A gale of wind all day, with a drizzling rain and sometimes a heavy pour. Up at five, and, as I said would be the case, found no pheasants where I was the day before, as they seldom return the next day. Came home wet to the skin at eleven. Out again at one: went fly fishing; bagged at the same time 1 jack snipe, 1 hare, 1 cock pheasant, and 2 partridges, and had capital sport pulling out the trout. Returned (wet through again) by four o'clock with fish, flesh, and fowl in plenty.

4th.—After killing 8 partridges, 2 snipes, and 1 pheasant, which I wanted for London, and for which I had a hard fag in a rainy morning, I went fly fishing and caught 3 fine trout just in time for a four o'clock dinner.

7th.—Rode off to another neutral beat, a rendezvous for unqualified tradesmen, and bagged 8 pheasants and 4 partridges.

8th.—Walked out with a young dog, got three shots to him, and bagged three partridges. Weather fine, and birds

[1] I say 'double gun,' because a man by taking only one bird at a time, and selecting choice shots, might kill 100 times in succession with little merit.

lay well. Had I gone out in earnest, with double gun and broken-in dogs, I should have had a good day.

9th.—Drove to where I had such sport on the 7th, and never saw a pheasant. Weather rainy again, but it cleared up, so I shot on my way home and bagged 12 partridges and 1 rabbit by means of firing at all distances, and such long shots as I (or rather my barrels, as the credit is theirs) made, I never before saw.

19th.—Worked the river and common for miles in search of a snipe for Mrs. Hawker, and only found 1 snipe, at which I had a bad chance, though I contrived to kill it. This is the fifth snipe only I have either killed, seen, or heard of this season, which is very extraordinary, and particularly after a wet summer.

November 7th.—Went to Whitestaunton, beyond Chard in Somerset, eighty-five miles from here, per 'Auxiliary' mail.

8th.—Shot with Lord Hinton, and killed only 3 woodcocks, 1 hare, and 2 rabbits.

9th.—3 hares, 1 pheasant, and 2 partridges; so bad was the sport, that Lord Hinton's share was even less than mine, though there was nothing missed that offered a tolerable chance.

10th.—Having had enough of shooting in the wet weather, and not being very well, I returned again to Longparish per mail.

16th.—After a deep fall of snow in harvest, and in a hard frost, I went out shooting again. Bagged 6 snipes and 1 teal.

26th.—Shot a sparrow-hawk when perched on the house. In the evening killed a mallard, which I could not see, but fired by guess as he pitched. This is the first shot I have had at flight this winter, though I have waited out above a dozen nights.

December 16th.—Went up to London.

20th.—Returned to Longparish, and drove my tandem

with an immensely heavy load, notwithstanding the roads were very dead and bad, the last twelve miles in fifty-five minutes.

27*th.*—Went out (with Mr. Kalkbrenner, who came to me for a few days on the 25th) and killed all that could have been killed, viz. 1 partridge, 2 jack snipes, and 1 woodcock.

28*th.*—Mr. Kalkbrenner and I literally fagged over 25 miles of country, in my attempt to show him some sport, and he never got a fair shot, and I killed only 2 partridges.

1817

January 8*th.*—3 jack snipes and 1 snipe; the only four shots I got, though out all day, the wild fowl being so scarce here now that none can be seen or heard. I drove my boat on wheels 8 miles at nine o'clock this night, and stayed out till four on the morning of the 9th, but never saw or heard but one duck. I was, however, amply repaid for my trouble, as the shaking of the boat cart effectually removed a pain in my side with which I had been suffering for nearly a fortnight.

14*th.*—Left Longparish this morning, arrived at Poole in the afternoon, and just saved my tide to Southhaven; to do which I was obliged to get on board in such a hurry, that I had only time to scramble up (near the quay) some infamously bad bread, a few red herrings, and a little paper of salt butter. Even this was well worth exportation, as the family who occupy the only hovel I could be sheltered in at Southhaven almost entirely subsist on bad potatoes and sour beer. No sooner had I reached my quarters than the frost, as if by magic, was turned to an incessant pour of rain, which, with a foul gale of wind, kept me (cut off from Poole) a close prisoner all the 15th and nearly all the 16th with the worst of campaigner's fare, and without a book, newspaper, or anything to amuse me but a pen and ink and my own thoughts. Thus in my prison (which, by the way, was scarcely weather-tight) I sat alternately

writing, thinking, and taking snuff, till a half-starved cow deprived me of the former amusement, by thrusting her horns through the window, and consequently obliging me to close the board which, I suppose, is called a 'shutter.' I had then no other resource than to brave the elements, which I did till my gun was wet, and I killed, as they flew over, 1 wigeon and 2 brent geese, also some more of each sort, that fell out upon the ebbing tide, where I dare not either send a dog or a boat. Attempted to get out in the evening, but was again driven in by rain, when I had just killed a heron, which I voted well worth my charge, in order to make me a substitute for giblet soup.

17*th to* 19*th*.—Wet weather and gales.

20*th*.—A tremendous hurricane all day. The communication with Poole entirely cut off, it being impossible even to cross the Channel (to get there by land); all our boats filled, our oars washed away, and the house so full of water that I was obliged to stand in water boots, and cook my dinner where there was water enough to float a boat, the house, like Noah's ark, being literally in the flood. A scarcity of provision, except red herrings and the few wild fowl we had shot. Being on the weather shore, no birds would fly over the haven, so that we had nothing to compensate for the most unmerciful misery of the weather. More rain, of course. My pilot poorly with the rheumatism, and my servant put to bed with a cold, where he could only be approached by means of water boots or a bridge of chairs.

21*st*.—Most miserable weather.

22*nd*.—Worse and worse. Contrived to weather it across to Poole in a gale of wind and pour of rain.

23*rd*.—Got on the 'Lord Exmouth' coach, and, having left my man and shooting things at Southhaven, went home to Longparish (of course, in a pour of rain) to wait till this pretty little shower was over.

26*th*.—Wet. Many people ill and dying, and everything nearly ruined by the unprecedented wetness of the season.

February 1st.—Went back again to Poole, and at night crossed over to Southhaven. Having business there I was obliged to go; and the change of scene was, of all others, the thing to do me the most good. Otherwise, even had the weather been cold enough, I was scarcely in the humour even for wild-fowl shooting after the sudden death of my little child. Weather very fine, but as mild as April.

3rd.—Real bad luck with the wild fowl. At half-past one this morning I got close up to about 40 wigeon, and had only to wait for about ten minutes' more tide to bring the swivel gun to bear, when a rascal rowed by to windward and put them all up. This was nothing to what happened an hour afterwards, viz. I got about 150 wigeon, feeding under the moon, all doubled together in a space scarcely the size of a canoe, and literally not so much as thirty yards from me. Such a chance had not been known or heard of in Poole harbour for many years. Indeed, had I chosen my ground, time, and place, and positioned the birds myself, I could not have had a more glorious opportunity for aggregate slaughter, and my swivel gun was loaded with a pound of the choicest sized shot. I levelled at the very bull's eye of the phalanx, when, to my dire annoyance and mortification, instead of seeing 50 or 60 dead and wounded, my priming, in spite of the greatest care, had got damp, and the gun flashed. Up, of course, flew the birds, like a roar of the sea, and the cursed powder kept hissing away, so that they had all flown far above the utmost level of the stanchion before the gun went off. Having been out all night, I then came in, breakfasted, and went out all day, but had no hope till the dusk of the evening, when occurred my chance for an enormous swarm of geese. Old Tom left the canoe for a few minutes, when she slipped her painter and drifted off to sea. Here I had to pay dearly for a four-oar boat and crew to go out after her, as it 'came on to blow' very hard, and my guns and everything were in her, and the whole concern was all but lost. Having luckily

got her in, I went out all night again; but the wind having shifted to the unfortunate south-west, I never saw or heard a single wild fowl, though incessantly working till five in the morning.

4th.—Out all day; but could not, as yet, get a chance even at inferior birds, except one shot with my smallest gun, with which, at a very great distance, I got 2 grey plover and 1 knot. Could not go out to-night, as it came on wet weather again, with a strong gale of wind. Thank God that such infamous luck has been only in trifling concerns, and not in matters of consequence.

6th.—Out all night, and never heard or saw but three wigeon.

7th.—2 brent geese.

8th.—Out best part of the night, and never saw or heard a single bird.

9th.—Crossed over to Poole on my way home, and this night reached Salisbury by the conveyance of my boat on wheels, in which I never travelled more pleasantly.

10th.—Rode on from Salisbury, and arrived to dinner at Longparish.

N.B.—The shooting at Poole this year is even worse than that of the last year, or even the preceding one, and, indeed, the sport has been worse this season than ever was remembered by the oldest gunner. I never before, too, owing to the gales of wind, lost so many wild fowl in proportion to the few I bagged; and although I was day and night at work for three weeks, I got but one shot with my swivel gun, and that was the famous one at which it missed fire. Previously to coming home I had plenty of sport at birds not worth noting, such as coots, divers, goosanders, grebes, &c.

18th.—Shrove Tuesday. Began fly fishing, and with a yellow dun and red palmer killed 16 brace of good trout in two hours.

Not only most of those killed to-day, but some which

I caught a week ago, dressed quite red, and proved in excellent season. This, of course, may be imputed to the extreme mildness of the winter.

20*th.*—Walked all down the river, with a large duck gun. Killed 1 snipe, which was all I saw, except 2 more snipes, which flew off very wild. Wet weather as usual.

21*st.*—Torrents of rain again. All of us being quite bilious for want of being able to get exercise, the never-ceasing wet weather obliged me to set up a full-sized billiard table, on which we played the first match on the 20th.

March 1*st.*—List of game &c. killed in the season: 308 partridges, 40 pheasants, 1 quail, 17 hares, 9 rabbits, 99 snipes, 6 ducks and mallards, 3 wigeon, 1 teal, 6 geese, 3 plover, 10 woodcocks. Total bagged, 503 head,[1] exclusive of all the young wild fowl and different birds with which I had excellent sport in the Norfolk Fens previously to September, and also exclusive of a variety of other birds, such as herons, coots, water rails, &c. The worst wild fowl season ever heard of, and the quantity that I lost in proportion to the very few I bagged, from having quartered on a weather shore in the tremendous gales of wind, is beyond all proportion. The wettest season since the memory of the oldest man.

June 11*th.*—Went over to Ponton's, where after two days' fishing I caught but 4 brace of trout; and so execrable is the Stockbridge fishing that this was literally called good sport. The fish are immensely large, but so flabby and soft as to be scarcely worth eating. We worked the real mayfly as well as the artificial.

25*th.*—Went to London for Norfolk.

28*th.*—Arrived with Mr. Rising at Horsey.

July 2*nd.*—Removed to Mr. Huntingdon's at Somerton House.

5*th.*—Left Norfolk.

[1] Gave away, as presents to my friends, 470 head.

6th.—Arrived at Longparish, 200 miles, without stopping, except to breakfast in town.

N.B.—While in Norfolk I had some excellent sport with perch, pike, and bream fishing; and I had the best of shooting at rabbits, flappers, shovellers, ruffs and reeves, and every kind of marsh bird. The order of the day was to sally forth with all sorts of netting, trolling, angling, and shooting tackle, so as to attack all the marshes both by land and water—as an invading enemy would march over a country—and bring in our punts laden with fish, flesh, and fowl.

August 23rd.—Longparish. The fishing has been so inferior this year that I have seldom gone out for a whole day; and, at last, I gave up keeping an account of what I caught, it being not worth it. In the whole season I killed about 50 brace of trout, which I have, in former years, often done in two days.

CHAPTER X

1817

September 1st.—Longparish. Birds greatly destroyed by an incessant rain, no barley cut, and even the greater part of the wheat standing. I tried to get the shooting deferred, but could not prevail on others to agree.

The few birds which were to be caught out of the corn were as wild as in November. I, however, did vastly well, considering all disadvantages, having bagged 20 partridges, 1 hare, 1 quail, and 1 landrail.

4th.—Mr. Sola came to us.

9th.—Killed 2 brace of trout with a fly for the amusemen of Mr. Sola.

10th.—Went out, with a double gun, which I had made up myself (barrels by Manton), and in sixteen shots killed 15 partridges and one bird lost; and Mr. Sola killed and bagged 1 partridge.

15th.—Out all day and got but seven shots. Killed 8 partridges—and another lost—and a rabbit. Mr. Sola left us for Southampton. Bad luck on the 15th, as well as poor sport. Had one of my only two dogs stuck with a scythe and severely wounded, broke my ramrod, and sprained my ankle.

20th.—My sprain being nearly well I went out on horseback, and after slaving from morning till evening I only bagged 7 partridges. Never since the memory of the oldest person here has there been such a deplorable scarcity of birds; for 1 partridge now we had 20 last year.

Game bagged in September 1817: 108 partridges, 2 hares, 3 rabbits, 3 snipes, 1 quail and 1 landrail. Total, 118 head.[1]

October 1st.—Had again to contend with many strong parties in the lawless part of Wherwell Wood, and manœuvred so that I beat them all put together with only 1 brace of pointers. Considering the very bad breed of pheasants, this was one of the best days I ever enjoyed; bagged 11 pheasants, 3 partridges, and 1 hare. Adding what Signor Vercellini shot, and two divided birds, we killed 16 pheasants, 6 partridges, and 2 hares, nearly all we saw.

N.B.—I could have killed more, but gave all the best shots up to the Signor, as he never shot before in England.

3rd.—Vercellini and I beat Wherwell Wood again, and never found anything but 1 hare and 1 pheasant, both of which we put in the bag.

20th. 3 partridges, 2 hares, and 1 teal; while a party from my house, consisting of five crack double-barrel shots, touched on Lord Portsmouth and bagged 11 brace of birds, 3 brace of hares, 1 pheasant, and 1 rabbit.

26th.—Received a detonating double gun (No. 8111), value 100 guineas, presented to me by Mr. Joseph Manton.

27th.—Went out with this elegant gun, and, notwithstanding an incessant pour of rain, I killed in fifteen shots: 9 snipes, 3 partridges, 1 spotted gallinule, and 1 water rail. The one shot that I missed was far beyond a fair distance.

November 4th.—Drove to Andover, walked from the town, down the river, and bagged 19 snipes; besides 2 shot and lost; making 10½ couple, without having missed a shot.

6th.—2 partridges and 4 snipes. Tried the effect of the detonating gun at birds which 'duck the flash,' and found it to answer admirably, by killing dabchicks swimming at a considerable distance.

[1] N.B.—Although a very poor September's shooting, yet I have every reason to be satisfied when I consider how extremely wild and scarce the game has been, and what wretched sport all other people have had here this season.

20*th.*—In consequence of the death of our lamented Princess Charlotte, I had laid aside my gun, and prohibited every kind of sport, till this day. Her mortal remains having been last night committed to the tomb, we may now, without indecency, endeavour to divert our minds from the universal affliction that has been produced by this severe calamity.

29*th.*—I have now killed 121 snipes, exclusive of those shot in the summer in Norfolk. For our river this is unusual sport before December.

December 2*nd.*—1 snipe, 1 jack snipe, and 3 pheasants (the first I had seen, or heard of, for a long time; I caught them feeding out of bounds, cut off their retreat, and put them all 3 in the bag in about 10 minutes).

8*th.*—Out all day, and bagged only 1 jack snipe.

10*th.*—Beat Wherwell Wood the whole day with three cries of dogs; found the game nearly extirpated; and never saw but 3 woodcocks, which were the first I had seen this season. Never saw 1 hare the whole day, and only moved 2 pheasants. I bagged 2 woodcocks.

22*nd.*—Beat the river for miles, to see if any snipes had arrived in my absence; only saw 3 snipes and 2 jack snipes, all of which I put in the bag on their first appearance.

29*th.*—2 jack snipes, 1 pheasant, and 1 mallard, the very first I have fired at this year, although up the river by day and night above thirty times.

30*th.*—2 hares, for which I paid pretty dearly. I went in my tandem, with four people, and dogs, to drive 16 miles, when the road was literally a sheet of ice, to one of the most deplorable deserts that ever disgraced a Christian country. I had to drive the tandem through the filthy village of Tidworth, when the waters were out 3 feet deep; and, with a broken spring and the cart tied up with a stirrup leather, had literally to traverse the ice, which was so thick that it bore up my horses (which were of course rough-shod) before it would burst to let them in. The rain came on the moment

we began shooting, and I had to drive Mr. Kalkbrenner down afterwards to Everley; the buggy was broken a second time, and in this state I had to proceed. The variety of our other dangers and mishaps would fill a romance.

1818

January 12th.—9 snipes, 2 jack snipes, and 1 bittern. I have now killed 132 snipes and 74 jack snipes. Total, 206.

14*th.*—I began fly fishing, and in about an hour caught as many trout as I could well carry, exceeding generally a pound each, and in such perfect season that most of them dressed as firm, and as red, as a salmon, and had on them a fine curd the same as in July. This may be perhaps attributed to the mildness of the winter.

17*th.*—Proceeded to Norwich.

18*th.*—Went over to Mr. Rising's at Horsey.

20*th.*—Went to Mr. Huntingdon's, at Somerton Hall, to stand godfather to his son and heir; and partook of his grand fête, at which I, as well as many others, played several characters, in, and out of, the masquerade, and which was kept up most brilliantly till the

22*nd.*—Returned to Horsey.

30*th.*—Went to Yarmouth, and in the evening left that place for London per mail.

N.B.—Although I took my guns for wild-fowl shooting, yet I was so unlucky that I never got a chance all the time I was in Norfolk, though out every day, and every evening, while at Horsey. I literally never saw but one snipe during the whole time, though a week only previous to my arrival 25 couple had been killed in a day, and the quantity of wild fowl was so immense that every common fellow on the mere boundary of where I, and only I, had the full liberty of shooting, was earning his pound a week by shooting. What occasioned my unprecedented essence of bad luck was the incessant

hurricane from the south-west, which blew every creature that had wings across to the Dutch coast, and where, in such a case, they usually stay till the pairing season.

I had some very fair game shooting, though with parties (as is the unpleasant custom of this county and Suffolk), I kept no account of what I killed, which I seldom do on such days. Though I have never yet been beat by anyone in any country that I have ever yet seen, still this style of shooting leads to a jealousy that I detest; and as I consider more than two guns a party for fun and society, and not a party for sport, I reckon all the game shot as much a general concern as a fox when killed by a pack of hounds, though I certainly killed far more than anyone else. I, one day in particular, got 4 brace of hares, 3 of partridges, wood pigeons, rabbits &c. in about two hours, and among my hares was a white one, the first of the kind ever killed there, and which had been before eagerly fired at and missed.

Among the trials of skill, I made some double shots at halfpence thrown up together, and finished by throwing away two halfpence with my right hand, and then shooting one with each barrel before they fell to the ground. The halfpence of my different double shots were kept as a curiosity.

February 1*st.*—Returned home to Longparish.

5*th.*—Worked the river all day, and saw but 2 jack snipes, both of which I put in the bag.

12*th.*—Went to Keyhaven to see about my cottage; drove down in my canoe on wheels, with my large gun. Got no chance there for wild fowl, the weather being far too mild, and the season too far gone; indeed, all I bagged was one brent goose. I had, however, capital sport with the coots, having got a great many almost every day. One night I killed 16 at a shot, at about 120 yards, with my stanchion gun.

19*th.*—When firing at some geese, my new stanchion gun, of 96 lb. weight, was literally blown to atoms from the breeching to near the end of the stock, and though the

lock and other appendages were dealing destruction in every quarter, and I was for a considerable time on fire (with a pound of gunpowder in my pocket), thank God, I sustained not the slightest injury further than the end of one of the oars being blown off. Nothing but the kind interference of Providence and my invention for fixing this gun could possibly have saved my life. The barrel, a Birmingham one, which was to all appearance clean, proved to be scarcely better than unbeat ore or granite stone. Let this be a caution to discard all barrels that are not twisted. After my happy escape I returned in a pour of rain.

21*st.*—Drove home in a vile road, with one incessant torrent of rain the whole way, and after the narrow escape from being killed by the fore part of the carriage breaking when going down a steep hill, I thank God arrived safe and sound at Longparish House.

23*rd.*—Having purchased the celebrated fishery of Mr. Widmore, I this day bought Mr. Sutton's lease, with which it was encumbered, and became possessed in fee simple of one of the first trout rivers in the world. Shot 1 hare and 3 jack snipes; afterwards went fly fishing on my newly purchased river, and when the snow was a foot deep, I caught a dish of fish for dinner in about half an hour, which proved in capital season. At night it thawed, and we had another attack from torrents of rain.

27*th.*—1 jack snipe, and another shot and lost, being the last two, to the best of my knowledge, left in the country. Afterwards fly-fished for half an hour, and killed 10 very large and very well-seasoned trout.

List of game &c. bagged in the season to March 1, 1818: 178 partridges, 20 pheasants, 12 hares (nearly extirpated here), 8 rabbits, 7 woodcocks (all I saw), 230 snipes, 1 quail (all seen), 1 landrail, 2 ducks, 2 teal, 1 goose (this year even worse than the last for fowl, which I had thought impossible), 1 bittern. Total, 463 head, exclusive of coots, water

rails, fieldfares &c. and also exclusive of what birds I shot in the marshes in Norfolk in the summer, and also of the game I killed there in the winter, which were not kept account of.

I gave away as presents to my friends 495 head.

March 2nd.—Went to London, and after studying harmony, musical composition &c. three months in the academy of Mr. Logier, I completed other business in town, and returned to Longparish on June 23.

June 28th.—M. and Madame Bertini came to us to study the harp and piano with Mrs. Hawker and myself.

July 10th.—In about an hour I killed with a fly before the house three large baskets of trout, which averaged 1¼ lb. each fish.

N.B.—As the whole fishery which goes through our premises was purchased by me of Mr. Widmore previous to this season, I never made a regular day's fishing, but merely went angling for a few hours before dinner, and seldom failed to kill a large dish of trout whenever we wanted them. I therefore have this year kept no account, though, were I to include nets and all, I should perhaps have to note down about a ton weight of trout, &c.; this is about the half of what the previous occupier took in a season by dragging.

CHAPTER XI

1818

September 1st. Longparish. Our country has been entirely clear of corn for nearly a fortnight, and never do we remember having been so long without rain; not a turnip to be seen; everything completely burnt up, and the fields as bare as in December, with the ground as hard as rocks.

Started about nine o'clock (a very stormy day, and the birds as wild as hawks), and bagged 30 partridges (besides a leash shot and lost), 3 hares, and 1 snipe, all to poor old Nero, who behaved most admirably. The scent, however, was so bad, that I owe a great deal to having markers. It was impossible to make any succession of shots, for I had to fire at random three times at least to every bird that I could get within fair distance.

17th.—1 wild duck, by moonlight, a little before midnight.

Game &c. killed to September 30: 112 partridges, 7 hares, 1 rabbit, 2 landrails, 10 snipes, 14 ducks and mallards. Total, 146 head.

Birds scarcer and wilder than ever, and my sport has been more than that of all the people round the country put together, though I had no dog to shoot to that was of the smallest assistance to me but poor old invaluable Nero.

October 1st.—The pheasants here being nearly extinct, I started this morning before four o'clock, and threw off in the great woods round Cold Henley, where the whole day I never saw but 4 pheasants. I bagged 2 pheasants at very long

distances, and both snap shots in the high covert, 1 hare, and 1 partridge. Shot also 3 more partridges, and, most extraordinary, lost them all, owing to their falling in high covert while it poured with rain. Mr. Vercellini killed 1 pheasant and the only one that escaped the bag was one that was travelling by as we passed a road. We drove home ducked and drenched to the skin, and had the satisfaction to learn no one had bagged a head of game but ourselves.

2nd.—Went fly fishing, and in a little more than half an hour killed 5 brace of the finest trout I had seen this year, highly in season, averaging 1½ lb. each, and the largest of them weighed 2 lb.; besides this, I threw in several more that were small.

18th.—Drove Mr. Sola (who came to us yesterday morning) in the tandem to Winchester.

N.B.—I left the parlour at twenty minutes before three, and was in it again before the clock struck five, having trotted the tandem to Winchester and back in two hours and twenty minutes, including nearly a quarter of an hour that I stopped there, and I never had occasion to use my whip the whole way, except once to punish the leader for vice.

20th.—Went to London to study music, &c.

November 28th.—Returned to Longparish.

December 26th.—Tom Fowler, my sailor, arrived from his mission to survey the wild-fowl shooting at St.-Valery, on the coast of France, of which place he gave an excellent account; and on the 28th he went off to survey Keyhaven.

31st.—Received my new stanchion gun, a first-rate high-finished piece, of, as near as possible, 1 cwt., from Mr. D. Egg, made on my own plan.

1819

January 6th.—Went down to my cottage at Keyhaven, having previously sent on my new stanchion gun &c. in order to take the opportunity of trying it.

15*th.* At last I discharged my gun, a long shot at some coots, two of which I got with the dog, but the cripples I dare not follow, as it blew too fresh on the tide. Nothing but a pour of rain, hurricanes, thunder, and lightning, ever since our arrival at Keyhaven, and although I 'weathered it' for the whole of several nights, I have, as yet, scarcely heard a wigeon, and not one to be seen in Lymington market for some weeks.

18*th.*—A wigeon at morning flight. The first that has been killed here for some weeks.

19*th.*—Tried my stanchion gun at two flying shots, in each of which the birds were about 30 yards high, and at least 200 distant, and knocked down 2 geese with the second shot.

21*st.*—Went to morning flight, the only chance; got one shot, knocked down 3 wigeon, and lost them all in the sea, which ran mountains high.

22*nd.* The rainy weather still continuing, I despaired of getting fowl, so attacked the coots with my large gun; they were, however, so wild that I could only get 2 very long random shots, the first of which stopped 5 and the second 11.

30*th.*—Sent away my piano which I hired, and began to prepare for leaving Keyhaven, as the scarcity and wildness of the birds, together with the wildness and almost incessant wetness of the weather, made it impossible for me or anyone else to get sport. With the coots, however, such things as they are, I had, most days, excellent diversion, by banging into them with the stanchion gun at about 100 yards, and, after setting ten or a dozen at a time sprawling on the mud, I amused myself by chasing the cripples with two Newfoundland dogs and a double gun. Save these, and a few wigeon that I shot in the windy weather, and dare not face the sea for, I had no sport or pleasure here of any description whatever. Even my sport with the coots was, at first, annihilated by fellows called 'head gunners,' who come up from eight miles off, and bully all the poor fellows here from getting a shot.

These fellows I soon made sick of coming, by hiring sailors with blank cartridges to drive them out of the harbour, and if they offered to shoot at them, to return the attack by coming to close quarters.

31*st.*—No sooner had we prepared for starting for Longparish than a little frost came.

February 1*st.*—Was induced to stay here for a day or two longer, in hopes a little white frost, which was pretty hard last night, might give me the chance of a shot this evening.

Towards night, we started with every prospect of a shot, and before the time of tide arrived, the wind shifted into its old eternal and infernal quarter, and we had to pull back against tide in a drenching pour of rain.

3*rd.*—Fired the great gun into the geese, with small balls, at about 300 yards flying; bagged 1 brent goose, and 2 more dropped out of the flock on the tide. At night fired a broadside into the coots, and beat down a dozen of them.

4*th.*—Left Keyhaven, and arrived at Longparish House.

March 9*th.*—Tried my largest shoulder duck gun with a detonating lock on the new plan; and with this gun, which weighs 17½ lb., I killed 2 snipes, 2 jack snipes, 1 rook, 1 moorhen, 1 dabchick, 1 fieldfare, 1 water-wagtail, and 1 pigeon, all flying, never missed but once, and then I broke the legs of one of these jack snipes, which I bagged the next shot.

List of game &c. killed in the season, to March 1819: 125 partridges, 3 pheasants (all I shot at, and, except one, all I saw the whole season), 2 landrails, 11 hares, 3 rabbits, 89 snipes, 16 ducks, 1 wigeon (but killed several more that were either lost or not bagged by myself), 1 brent goose, 2 teal. Total, 253 head.

I was in London during the best part of this shooting season, and the only good sport I had on the coast was with the coots, of which I kept no account.

18*th.*—After killing a wood pigeon out of a flock, I knocked down an immense goshawk, which I killed by means of lying

down in the young wood over which he had been hovering for several evenings.

24th. Lord Poulett (who came to us yesterday) and I went fishing, and, in about three hours, killed 12 brace of large trout between us, besides catching a great many that we threw in again.

25th.—12 trout.

26th.—12 trout.

27th.—12 trout in about two hours, averaging 1½ lb. each. I this day, instead of fly fishing, trolled with a minnow, to try Parson Hutchins's new 'poaching hook,' which beggars every other tackle in existence.

29th.—Lord Poulett left us. Killed 12 trout.

April 26th.—Left Longparish to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, in Stratford Place, London, on our way for France.

May 3rd.—Left the 'White Bear,' Piccadilly, at half-past seven this morning, and arrived at the 'London Hotel,' Dover, about half-past six; after getting an excellent dinner with a very moderate charge at the 'King's Head,' Canterbury, and, previously to going to bed, exchanged some bank notes for napoleons with Mr. Moses, who, although a Jew, is a very fair, honest-dealing man.

4th. Embarked in the 'Lark' packet; and, after being tossed without victuals, from morning till night, among a mass of vomiting cockneys, was forced to return to Dover and pass a second night among the myriads of sharpers by whom you are every instant imposed on at that place.

5th.—Reached Calais, till my going to bed in which place I never ceased having to distribute money for one fellow or other. Put up at the Hôtel Dessein (M. Quillac), which is first-rate, clean, and superbly furnished.

6th.—Left Calais, per diligence, at ten A.M., and reached Abbeville, 70 miles, about a quarter before twelve at night. Went to the Hôtel de l'Europe, a most capital house.

7th.—Took General Hawker by surprise, having entered his room while he was drawing, and tapped him on the shoulder; he was petrified with astonishment. Inspected the church, the outside of which is magnificent.

8th.—Went with the General in a cabriolet (a machine only fit for firewood) to Bouvancourt, a little hamlet on the banks of a stream under the great forest, about 20 miles from Abbeville. Here I was led to expect most extraordinary fly fishing; but a dead calm, with a burning sun from morning till night, so ruined our chances of sport that I only killed 5 brace of small trout, and the General never hooked a single fish. Had the weather been even tolerable, we might have done very well; but, after all, the fishing at this celebrated place appears far inferior to that of Longparish.

9th.—Went with the General to inspect St.-Valery, 4 leagues from Abbeville, at the mouth of the Somme.

10th.—Hired a coach and three horses, for 5 napoleons, to take us to Paris. Were driven 6 leagues to breakfast, at a small public-house, where we only stopped half an hour. Proceeded 7 leagues farther to Granvilliers, where we dined and put the horses up to be fed &c. for scarcely more than an hour; and, at night, reached Beauvais, thus making up 56 miles with only taking the horses once from the coach. And these horses, which had performed what would have half killed many English ones, were three poor miserable-looking animals apparently worth about 12*l.* apiece. Previously to going to bed we visited the magnificent church of Beauvais, which we were prevented from doing when last in France.

11th.—Left Beauvais at half-past four this morning, and with the same horses &c. continued our journey, and at about six in the evening arrived at Paris to dinner.

N.B.—When we were in this country some time ago (while Boney was in Elba) everything was considerably cheaper than in England, even on the great roads, where imposition is always practised on strangers. But now, since

the English have been in the habit of frequenting this part of the world, the charges are become so exorbitant that the travelling is scarcely to be endured; your hand nowadays in France is never out of your pocket, and you are, at almost every place, obliged to have a complete battle with the *aubergiste* to resist being literally cheated. We several times had charges in our bills so exorbitant as to provoke our remonstrance, on the making of which the people of the inn pretended that such charges were 'mistakes,' and had even the duplicity to assume an air of anger 'that the persons who were deputed to write the bill should have been so stupid.' The various attempts that were made to impose on us in the most shameful manner are too numerous, and too much beneath my notice, to be worth keeping a memorandum of; suffice it to say that from the instant you enter Dover till you have got safely clear of your hotel in Paris, you have to guard against one incessant attack of the grossest imposition. A hotel in Paris (up God knows how many flights of stairs was always a misery; but now it is become so bad, that Newgate is a paradise when compared to it. The charge to us for being consigned to this misery for one short night is 15 francs, exclusive of everything except the beds on which we are to sleep, as well as damp sheets, filth, noise, and a concatenation of stinks will admit of.

On our way to the precious town of Paris we were diverted with the attempts that are now made to drive four in hand in the diligence. An idea of the French coachmanship may be sufficiently formed when I observe that they have literally no reins at all for the wheel horses; and that some of the diligences in this state were driven curricle fashion by a baboon-looking fellow, seated almost on the pole and with two wheels only; twelve persons inside and four outside were driven full gallop down the steepest hills, and among crowds of carriages and waggons. Nothing but the extreme docility of the French horses could save the occurrence of

incessant accidents, which, to my utter astonishment, are here less frequent than in England.

13*th.*—Engaged (for a month at 200 francs) and entered a furnished lodging at No. 15 Rue de Provence. During our stay I took lessons of Mr. A. Bertini on the piano.

June 7th.—Having seen everything in Paris worth looking at, which I had not seen four years ago when there in the winter, such as Tivoli, some of the minor theatres, the *combats des animaux*,[1] the environs &c., I took the 'Malle Royale,' and started from Paris this evening at a quarter past four, and arrived at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in Abbeville, at half-past eleven on the morning of the 8th. The conveyance by this coach is decidedly the pleasantest and most respectable in France; and, for comfort and accommodation, greatly superior to even the stage coaches in England. The price no more than that of the diligence, and with the tenfold advantage of pursuing your journey and sleeping in a clean vehicle, instead of stopping to go to a damp bed in a filthy French inn.

I had intended to proceed from Paris to Milan, by way of Geneva, for which place my passport now stands good, but the intolerable stink, filth, and extravagance of that putrid furnace, Paris, in the summer, so injured my health, and lowered my stock of cash, that I found it necessary to fall back on Abbeville,[2] which is a cheap and healthy place, and where I could enjoy tolerable sport, and Mrs. Hawker

[1] Here I went out of curiosity, and with an idea of disgust; but the hunting of the wild boar, stag, deer, wolf &c. and the baiting of the bull and the bear were the best amphitheatrical exhibitions I ever saw; and without exception I never met with anything so well calculated to raise convulsions of laughter as the hunting the jackass with about a dozen dogs and with a monkey on his back. The ass has so much the advantage that if there be cruelty in the sport it is decidedly against the dogs. But the fun the most ridiculous is the incessant screams of the affrighted monkey, who, although the greatest coward when mounted, is obliged to keep his seat through fear of being thrown among the dogs.

[2] The people in and round Abbeville are worth all the rest of the nation put together; they are civil, loyal, reasonable, and have no particular dislike to the English, rather the reverse.

could be near her father, add to which the heat of the weather made it prudent for us to withhold going to Milan. We have now, for the present, got into a tolerably good inn, which is cheap and a model of cleanliness after the indescribable filth of Paris.

9th. Hired a rotten chariot and rotten harness, and after breaking down twice with each, arrived at Noyelle-sur-Mer, 8 leagues, and inspected the right bank of the Somme from that place to St.-Crotoi, attended by the chief gunners of the place, and directed by the mayor, Monsieur Meurice de Campy. A man named Frizez showed me all the gunning huts and straw decoy birds used on this coast, but their wild-fowl shooting is a perfect farce, they know nothing about it.

On our way back we stopped at 'Port,' where one Picarde, the 'innkeeper,' the landlord of a little *cabaret*, knew more than all the others put together. We crossed the Somme in his boat, about two leagues from Abbeville, and after gaining every information relative to the winter's *chasse*, returned to Abbeville just in time to save having the barriers shut against us, about half-past nine o'clock.

12th.— Hired the *berline* and three horses of Dalgrange, the man who drove us so well to Paris, and started this morning for Dieppe, I finding it necessary to go to England, and preferring to be there now, instead of at a time when I could perhaps have the wild-fowl shooting on the Somme. I accordingly left my servant and what sporting things I had with General Hawker, in the hope of being able to return in September. We took an early dinner at La Ville d'Eu, a little beyond halfway to Dieppe, where we inspected a fine church that was built by the English, amused ourselves on the organ, went all over the château of the Duchesse d'Orléans, which is close to the church, and then proceeded to Dieppe, where we arrived by five o'clock, and had the whole evening to inspect the town, &c.

The drivers call it fifteen leagues from Abbeville to

Dieppe, but the distance is, as near as possible, 39 English miles.

The road from Abbeville to Dieppe is most capital, and the inns here, not having been used by the English, are by no means expensive.

13*th.*—Embarked on board the 'Lord Wellington' packet, one of the finest sailing schooners I ever set eyes on (Captain Cheesman, master) at two o'clock. We were becalmed till near seven, and then it came to blow pretty fresh all night, and all the next morning directly in our teeth; but, notwithstanding, this excellent vessel lay so 'close to the wind,' that she 'fetched' but very little to leeward of her course; and at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th we landed,[1] in a gale of wind, after being well drenched by the breakers, and having literally fought with winds and tides all the way from Dieppe. The usual miseries and messes of sickness among our younger travellers were tenfold increased here by our having to lie so close to the wind, and by the length and roughness of the passage; but we were induced to be content, notwithstanding, because on this voyage and journey there are not those attempts at constant imposition as at Dover and Calais, and everything on both sides of the water is more reasonable, and, with a few exceptions, the civility much greater. After getting 'cleared off' at the custom house, where the duty is done in the most gentlemanly manner, and dining at the 'New Ship' inn, we took a chaise for Chichester at seven, and got there, to sleep, at eleven.

15*th.*—Left Chichester at half-past eight this morning, arrived safely at Longparish House just in time to sit down to dinner, and, thank God, found all well.

24*th.*—24 trout.

The fishing is now become very dull, owing to the trout being glutted with the mayfly.

[1] At Brighton, to which place the passage direct is 75 English miles; but the log generally runs to about 80.

July 1*st.*—Having received my new stanchion gun (after having it sent to Mr. Egg again, to be highly finished, after a winter's trial and approval of it in the rough state), I this day tried it again, at boards covered with paper, in the river. After thus trying it in the canoe, I then took the artillery carriage and mounted it on land, where I fired: 1st shot at a few straggling pigeons, and killed 1 at 120 yards; 2nd, at 12 swallows on a tree, and killed 8 of them; 3rd, at single swallows flying, and killed 2 out of 3, so nicely have I brought this machine to bear, though 88½ lb. in weight.

10*th.*—Paid the bill for my stanchion gun, as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Gun	115	10	0
Cases	6	6	0
2 ramrods	1	11	6
2 wadding punches	0	12	6
Shot pouch to fit gun	0	15	6
Carriage and packing	1	3	0
	£125	18	6

August 1*st.*—Mr. and Mrs. Logier with Mr. Donaldson and two of the pupils came to us this day, preparative to the exhibition of Messrs. Langstaff and D'Aubertin's academies, on the Logerian system of musical education, at Andover and Southampton. On the 3rd we drove to Andover, and on the 4th took a chariot and four freighted with young ladies to Southampton, at both of which places the public examinations went off admirably well.

CHAPTER XII

1819

September 1st.—I have now to record one of the most brilliant day's shooting I ever made in my life, when I consider the many disadvantages I had to encounter. I had but three dogs: poor old Nero, who was lame when he started; Red Hector, who was so fat and out of wind that he would scarcely hunt; and young Blucher, a puppy that never was in a field but three times before, and who till this day had never seen a shot fired. The country had been for some time clear of all corn, and the stubbles in general afforded but thin cover. The scent was so infamously bad, that at least two-thirds of the birds I killed were sprung without the dogs finding them. The wind blew quite fresh the whole day, and the coveys were wilder than ever I yet saw them in the first part of the season; and, what was unusual, in windy weather, I could scarcely get a bird into the hedges. I had four shooting parties round me, and the best half of my ground was beaten before I took the field, which I never do till after eight o'clock, because I have found, by experience, that dew is death to the dogs, and that a covey, if disturbed on the feed, is much more difficult to disperse than when left till the dew is off the ground. My list of killed and wounded was fairly and precisely as follows:

Misses: 4 very long shots, 2 of which were struck and feathered.

Kills: 45 partridges and 1 hare, bagged.

The constant succession of long shots that my favourite old Joe Manton barrels continued bringing down, surpassed anything I had before done, or seen, in my whole career of shooting.

3rd.—26 partridges and 1 hare.

4th.—Went out after dinner, and in three hours bagged 14 partridges, all I fired at. I made one extraordinary shot, viz.: a very wild pack (2 coveys) of strong birds got up and came towards me. I killed 2 at a shot with the first barrel, and 4 at a shot with the second, and among them were the 4 old birds.

7th.—Having bagged 101 birds in my first four days' shooting, to poor old Nero, who had been incurably lame in the shoulder for these ten months, I would not take him out to-day; and as I had no dog that would stir from my heel besides, I took two men with a rope about thirty yards long, and dragged the ground, being in want of birds, and I bagged 13 partridges, besides shooting 2 more which I lost.

28th. One shot that I made to-day I cannot account for, except by the shot having adhered together. I blew a bird's head from his body (so that I could never find the head) at seventy-two paces distant.

30th.—Started, agreeably to a pressing invitation, to my friend Jack Ponton, at Upton (22 miles), preparative, as I expected, to taking the first day's pheasant shooting; but he, despairing of my coming, and my letter having reached him a few hours too late, had gone off into Kent; and, not thinking it handsome to shoot in his absence, I returned home again by way of Southampton (28 miles), which I was obliged to do in order to avoid going a vile bad road by night, and I had thus 50 miles to drive bag and baggage for nothing; which, to me, was a less disappointment than if I had missed two fair shots.

Game &c. bagged by September 28th: 204 partridges, 9 hares, 1 rabbit, 4 landrails, 18 snipes, 7 wild ducks. Total, 243 head.

Though the country was barren and the weather almost always stormy, yet (with the exception of a young dog that did more harm than good) I literally killed all to poor old Nero, who was lame from the very first day till now. Including some days in which I was driven home by rain, I only took the field seventeen days during the month of September.

October 1st.—One of the finest mornings I ever saw for covert shooting; but my disappointment in having gone to Upton made it too late for me to accept many other invitations for the first day; and, literally, not having a single pheasant on my whole estate, I was obliged, of course, to give up the idea of getting one, consequently did not go out shooting.

7th.—Heard of a cock pheasant, which nowadays is like a wild beast on my property, and in half an hour came home with 2 fine old cock pheasants, I having found another with the one reported, and bagged them both.

11th.—Was called up this morning with information that my man, who had gone off with my duck punt on wheels, containing all my baggage, for Brighton, I having engaged his passage for France to-morrow night, had met with a severe accident the other side of Winchester. The horse took fright going down Movestead Hill, three miles from the town, ran away, broke the carriage and wheels to pieces, and most severely wounded the man. I had therefore, ill as I was, to drive off, to put several coachmaker's workmen to replace the wreck, get a cart to convey the wounded man to the county hospital, and make arrangements for hiring other horses in order that my sailor and my things might not lose their passage to France.

12th.—Left Longparish for London, on our way to France.

14th.—Submitted to and had accepted by Mr. Chappell my new-invented apparatus for running over the keys of a pianoforte in a mathematically true position.

15th.—Got to Dover.

16th.—Had so good a passage to Calais that we set foot

on both English and French ground within three hours and five minutes. After being, as usual, fleeced by innumerable scoundrels, we proceeded post (the most expensive, yet by far the worst mode of conveyance in France) and stopped for the night at Boulogne. Here, as a matter of course, we had to sit up till one in the morning airing wet sheets by a fire made of green wood.

17*th.*—I was to be called at six this morning; but at near seven no one was up, and I had to alarm the whole house before I could get a soul to move; when, at last, half a dozen fellows ran out, all inquiring what was the matter. In short, after crawling like a road waggon the whole day in a pour of rain, and in a machine that was worse than open, we reached Abbeville, where, to my great mystification, I found that my man, punt, guns &c. had been neither seen nor heard of, though I could see nothing to prevent their arrival five days ago. By way of comfort, too, I learnt that the river was full of wild fowl.

18*th.*—This day, I, in constant anxiety about my man, property, and the whole of my shooting apparatus, on which the winter's pleasure depended, offered a premium to the first beggar (Abbeville swarms with these poor wretches) who should announce the arrival of my flotilla &c., and at four this afternoon, to my great joy, an old woman in wooden shoes came, in as much ecstasy at receiving the money as I was in at finding my things (which it would take years to replace) had arrived, and very narrowly escaped shipwreck, which two other vessels had lately encountered, of which I had heard, and on one of which I had reason to fear all my things were on board. I then proceeded to my little villa at 'Port' on the banks of the Somme, where I was received in procession by the populace of the village, and presented with bouquets, as is the custom for what they call the 'grand seigneur' in this country.

19*th.*—After arranging all my things &c. I went to survey the water, and although it was so hot that the air swarmed

with butterflies, yet the wigeon, teal, and ducks were by hundreds and thousands on the Somme, but in some degree protected by the dreadfully dangerous currents that now run like a mill tail in spring tides all over this place; and in the evening [1] I went out for fowl (the birds, it appears, are only here by day till hard weather), but not a fowl remained in the river, for all the ducks &c. had dispersed to feed inland. I shot at some birds in the dark and stopped 9 or 10, and on sending out the dog he brought me 4 large curlews. I am delighted with my house and everything about the place, except the trouble of having always to guard against thieves.

20*th*.—A gale of wind from the south, and the Somme so frightfully dangerous with the spring tides that going out was impossible, and the birds were some leagues off on the opposite shore.

25*th*.—Mrs. Hawker and L—— this day started from Abbeville for Paris. From the 20th to this day no one could be more unpleasantly situated than I have been. Poor L——, was so ill that I expected every night he would breathe his last, and here was I, for five whole days, pacing the room with that anxiety of mind that I could enjoy, or apply to, nothing; while an incessant deluge of rain, with howling winds, was without intermission rattling against the windows of our cottage. The bad weather still continued, but, thank God, L—— was a little better, and therefore prudently struggled into a change of air, as the best possible remedy for his extreme illness. The Somme continued frightfully dangerous, and of this river some idea may be formed if I remark that when in calm weather you put your punt pole in the water, it is wrenched from your hand as if thrust into the wheel of a carriage when drawn full

[1] I never like to disturb fowl by day lest they should forsake the place; but here I suspect I shall be obliged to do so, as the river is dangerous and the fowl leave it to feed in peace and comfort.

gallop. Only at very few periods, therefore, dare we venture afloat.

20th.—After walking out with a French chasseur, and killing for him 1 snipe, 3 jack snipes, some water rails &c. I this night went off in a ship's boat belonging to a merchant. We were obliged to put into Crotoi very late at night, and then sleep in our clothes on some miserable straw and on a miserable floor, which would have been all delightful if we could have had sport; but owing to this gentleman, contrary to my advice, not taking my punt in tow, we could get at nothing to shoot, and, instead of having good sport the following day, we were imprisoned till the evening tide for want of water, while the weather and the birds were quite in favour of good sport with a proper outfit. The excursion ended, as I said it must, in getting little or nothing; and we were out six-and-twenty hours all to no purpose. We got home to 'Port' on the night of the 27th.

29th.—Being very uneasy about L——, I was resolved to follow him to Paris; and after going to Abbeville, and there waiting till two this morning, I entered a vehicle called the 'Swallow,' a hideous machine that carries tons of luggage and stows sixteen people like a freight of hogs, and goes on two wheels, in which, after being tortured worse than if in the stocks, I was dragged into Paris at ten on the night of the 30th, when, I thank God, I found L—— much recovered. I then, the next day, presented my pianoforte hand-moulds to Messrs. Ignace & Camille Pleyel, which they approved and accepted for their manufactory.

November 2nd.—L—— was taken very ill again.

6th.—We have once before taken, paid for, and forfeited the whole of the mail to Boulogne, and we even now again desired to suffer the same loss to-day; but poor L——, ill as he lay, was so crazy to escape the chance of dying in this detestable country, that he would insist on our all leaving Paris this evening, and, by the mercy of God, we brought

him to Abbeville, where we arrived about midday on the 7th, but such was his disgust at the smoky stye of starvation into which we were ushered that he implored us to let him be dragged on till he should either die or reach home in time to recover; and, what distracted me, he would not permit me to accompany him, and I had even to use persuasion to make him take a servant. Mrs. Hawker and I then left Abbeville and proceeded, just before dusk, in tears of anxiety and in torture of conveyance, to 'Port,' while the rain poured down ready to break the vile tumbeil in which we were dragged; here we remained in a state of agitation enough to destroy the nerves of a Hercules or to melt the heart of a savage, while praying to God that L—— may, by the extraordinary interference of Providence, be able to reach home in time to recover.

9th.—Went over to Abbeville, with my clothes and some money, determined to follow L—— if I heard nothing further to my satisfaction. On reaching the town I met my servant Charles, whom he had sent back, L—— having got rather better and embarked last evening on board the Dover packet; consequently I returned to 'Port' trusting to God that he would reach home in safety.

N.B.—Yesterday and to-day there were such chances for sport as I may not have again, without hard weather; the ducks and teal were close to 'Port,' but I was so uneasy about L—— that I could not have the heart to load my gun or launch my punt, and felt indifferent to everything but tidings from him.

15th.—After waiting for six days in such a miserable state of suspense about L——, that I was almost distracted, I this day had the consolation to receive a letter from him, dated the 10th inst., saying that he was rather better, and purposed starting from London for home the next day. My mind being now at ease in some degree, trusting to God that L—— was at home and in comfort, I could have wished to take out my gun

and boat, but, as ill luck would have it, my sailor was taken ill, and consequently I was still prevented from trying my sport.

17*th.*—Being half dead from anxiety and want of amusement, I this day crossed the Somme, and rode down to St.-Valery.

18*th.*—I rode over to Rue, where I inspected the beautiful ruins of a small church, and afterwards walked in the marshes, and killed 6 snipes, 6 jack snipes, and 1 teal, all I fired at. What with family sufferings, added to innumerable little grievances of a minor consideration, we never in our lives were so unlucky; but God send us a turn of fortune and a little comfort, after all we have endured in this abominable country. On the evening of the 19th we received a letter from L—— announcing his safe arrival at Longparish, and his amendment of health, as well as good accounts from our dear children, which gave us more ease of mind than we have for a long time experienced.

22*nd.*—Mrs. Hawker taken very seriously ill, and as the dirty scoundrel of whom I had hired a horse had just been here and taken him away, because I had then settled with him, and some one else had offered him a few pence more, I was obliged (late enough for the various gates to be open) to tramp through six miles of filthy mud on foot, and then hunt the town of Abbeville for the doctor. Luckily my old friend Dr. Radford (once of my regiment) was a practitioner there, otherwise God alone could have helped us. Not a horse to be got to-day in all Abbeville, and while Mrs. Hawker was suffering dreadfully for want of port wine and assistance, the doctor and I had to tramp through the mud on foot.

23*rd.*—Mrs. Hawker being still extremely unwell, I wished to get a little bird of some kind for her dinner; and after going a league, to Noilette, and there slaving in the marshes till my heels bled, I got one shot, and killed 1 snipe; a pretty specimen of the fine shooting in France!

25*th.*—While I was out to-day, Mrs. Hawker became so

dangerously ill that the servants were in the greatest alarm, thinking she could not live till I got home. Happily, however, she got better again by the evening; and we had also further satisfaction, viz. a letter from L—— saying he was so much recovered as to be able to walk, and that my dear children and all our friends at home were well.

26th.—Finding it prudent that Mrs. Hawker, who still was very ill, having again had a severe relapse, should leave 'Port,' I this day hired a coach, and removed her to the Hôtel de l'Europe, in Abbeville, for change of air.

27th.—Was taken very ill myself, but, with the assistance of Dr. Radford, I got much better by the morning of the 28th, when Mrs. Hawker and I hired the coach again, and drove to St.-Valery for an airing; and after I got back to Abbeville, I left Mrs. Hawker there, and returned once more to 'Port,' where all my shooting things were left in confusion. Charles, too, having been attacked a few days ago, and I yesterday, our whole family, dogs, cat and all (the cat died, and three of our family were in imminent danger), have been ill; and on inquiry we find that the country we are in, notwithstanding its healthy appearance, is in one of the most pestilential climates of France. Never since I was born have I been so fleeced of my money, and so bereft of all my comforts and happiness.

29th.—Still very unwell. I this day left 'Port' for the Hôtel de l'Europe at Abbeville, to escape the infernal contagion that was rapidly spreading throughout this filthy village.

30th.—Mrs. Hawker and I were both confined to our room, which, although one of the best in the very first hotel in France, is colder and more full of draughts than any English barn, a pretty situation for me with a dose of calomel in my inside; and during our illness we had to battle against the most villanous attempts at imposition relative to the disposal of our property, and settling for the occupation of the unlucky hovel at 'Port' to which we had most unfortunately transported ourselves for shooting.

December 1st. Having found myself extremely unwell all yesterday with a kind of shivering sensation and burning heats, which the French in Abbeville consider as their prevalent disease all round there, and call 'the fever,' I thought it madness to remain any longer in their vile department, and finding myself infinitely better last night, I decided on quitting this place for Boulogne; but, hearing that Peronne was a place better suited to me than any I could find, and being most anxious at all events to avoid repeatedly travelling the same road, I changed my route, and at six this morning drove off with a *voiturin* for the latter place, which is about sixty English miles from Abbeville, and which lies on the road from Paris to Brussels. We breakfasted at a village called Flixecourt, and were particularly well served for France. This place is halfway to Amiens. In order to arrive early at Péronne, we could only stop to bait at Amiens, and proceed four leagues beyond there to dine and sleep. We were told that at Vilaire we could be tolerably accommodated. The road after leaving Amiens became so vilely bad and in so miserable a wilderness that we could scarcely go a league an hour, and we reached Vilaire about six o'clock. I had then become so ill and exhausted I was determined to get to bed, and on the comforts I should receive depended whether the change of air should rid me of the illness, or whether I should get worse for want of the necessaries of life; but miserable, most miserable, was the vile hornet's nest into which we were ushered, and here I met the greatest scoundrel that I ever before encountered. I was thrown, trembling with cold, on a miserable dirty bed, while laughed at and insulted the whole night by a set of waggoners and assassin-looking fellows who called themselves officers, but who were dressed *à la bourgeois*; one in particular tried to pick a quarrel with me, and while eyeing me as I lay on the bed, put his hand on his sword, and looked at me with a most malicious grin, while the others kept laughing and quizzing. I left the bed, and lay for a time in the car-

riage, but was there so cold that I was forced to return to this damnable situation. Mrs. Hawker and her maid sat all the time (too frightened to sleep) in this *berline*. We would have given twenty guineas to have gone on, but our horses were dead tired, and the coachman was fearful of passing through the forest at night, as he could only go two miles an hour on the heavy road, and he said that, rare as it was in France, yet he suspected there were some *mauvais gens* (bad people) in the forest. This I did not mind, so as soon as the horses could slowly proceed we put them to, and called for the bill, which ought not to have exceeded ten sous, because all that we had, or could have, was literally one cup of bread and milk. The daughters of the house told me that for the bread and milk and for lying down I must pay ten francs, and at last they said they would take eight. I of course refused, and this alarmed the house; the father locked his doors on me, and swore I should not move till I had paid ten francs. I had, therefore, to unpack my trunk among all these villains to get more money, and let him take his demand. I then, ready to die, had to search for the mayor, but at last found a gendarme; and in short I could get no redress, because unless you make a bargain with a Frenchman he may charge you as he pleases. This was about two o'clock in the morning. We at six reached the village of Foufoucourt, where, at the sign of the 'Violin,' we met some very civil peasants, who kept this cabaret, and who gave us a very nice breakfast for fivepence each, and to whom I gave double for their honesty; at half-past ten we reached Péronne, and got such good beds at the 'Stag' inn that on the morning of the 3rd I was tolerably well. About twelve o'clock I wrapped myself up and went to inspect the lakes, but more like an old woman than a gunner, as I was stuck up in a chair instead of being seated down on straw, and equipped with an umbrella instead of a gun. The lakes of Péronne are certainly more calculated for a lover of comfort to shoot at his ease

than any place I ever saw ; the water is almost stagnant, and in every part about four or five feet deep, surrounded and intersected by innumerable islands and walls of rushes ; the places to keep your boat are all at the back of little cottages, and therefore under private protection ; and as for safety, I never saw a place more secure from dangers, even if it blew a hurricane, or came on the thickest fog ; certainly, therefore, the place itself is well calculated for my shooting, but unfortunately it happens to be rented in lots by about fifty watermen, who get their livelihood by the few wild fowl they kill, and who have innumerable shooting huts all over the lakes, so that if I went afloat I should have to pass the muzzles of perhaps a dozen guns every quarter of a mile, and if I spoiled the sport of these fellows, which I should in all probability do most effectually, I should stand a chance of getting *accidentally* wounded by some jealous fellow or other. The man who escorted me was one of the chief proprietors, and his huts were the very best I ever saw ; they were made, as the French huts usually are, ten times warmer than their houses, but much better concealed, and more commodious than any I had seen before. The hut (*la hutte*) is precisely like a tilted waggon inside, viz. hooped and covered ; at the back of it there is a hole to creep in at, and in front are from two to four loopholes to fire through. In this country they use 12 tame ducks for decoy birds, 4 drakes in the centre and 4 ducks at each side, tied in lines to pegs at about fifteen yards distance from their masked popgunnery (I will not say battery) ; but in other countries the French *huttiers* (hut shooters) generally use but 3 decoy ducks, 1 male and 2 females, and place them not more than seven or eight yards from the muzzles of their miserable guns. The quantity of fowl here is nothing equal to that in the English fens, and by day you seldom see a duck, although the French coast is more plentifully supplied with wild fowl than the coast of England.

By means of swallowing plenty of Madeira and tincture

HUT SHOOTING ON THE FRENCH SYSTEM.

of bark I contrived to quack myself sufficiently to try for the ducks this evening; and accordingly was conducted by Monsieur Desabes (a very civil and obliging man, the proprietor of the huts I saw to-day) to his best entrenchment, where he had twelve decoy ducks all in battle array, under the light of a most beautiful moon, and within the quarter of an English gunshot of a hut that was uncomfortably warm. Here I remained, more likely to be suffocated than chilled, with the patience of Job for goodness knows how many hours, but not a wild duck ever came, though the decoy birds kept chattering like the other bipeds of the French nation; and although the place, for a league, was resounding with the quacking of tame ducks in strings, and defended by the masters of them, yet I could not have the honour to say I had seen or heard the firing of a single shot.

4th.—Being anxious to lose no more time at Péronne I agreed with a fellow to take me across to Arras, where I could find conveyances to any part of the north-eastern coast. He was to bring a commodious voiture, and arrived by half-past ten at the door, in order that we might reach Arras before the barrier gates would be shut, which would be at six in the evening. The fellow never came till near twelve, and then he hurried us into the most abominable two-wheeled machine that ever I saw even in France, and in which we were literally crushed by each other and our baggage; he then shut the front part with the rudeness of a bear, and accidentally struck Mrs. Hawker, when she fell into hysterics, fainted away, and was carried back to the inn and put to bed. I had then of course to unload again, to get at the medicines necessary for her, but the scoundrel would not let me have any of my baggage till I paid him the whole fare to Arras, the same as if I had gone; nor did he even offer to change the day, though I voluntarily offered him a crown to get rid of him. Instead of being able to assist Mrs. Hawker, therefore, I was obliged to leave her with the maid, while I

took the villain before a justice of peace. Here he told a thousand lies as fast as he could chatter; but fortunately I met with a respectable gentleman, who, to the villain's dire mortification, awarded that I should pay 5 francs and the 4 francs duty for the posting, and be set at liberty with my baggage. I remained the rest of the day a prisoner in this town, with Mrs. Hawker of course very unwell.

5th.—We were obliged to get up an hour before daybreak in order to reach Arras (only 30 miles) before six o'clock in the evening, when the barriers are shut. We got under way about seven in a thing called a voiture, which was near tumbling to pieces and full of cobwebs, and driven by the master of it, who was the most lazy, sulky, stupid hound I ever saw. He did nothing but smoke and stuff himself the whole way, and when I begged of him to go in the light road instead of the heavy, he literally said that he preferred walking his horses through the mud, because there was 'a track, and he could enjoy his pipe and his victuals without the trouble of holding his reins;' and the villain being the only coachmaster in the place, except the scoundrel who tried to swindle us yesterday, I was forced to pay him 36 francs. We entered the barrier of Arras just in time to escape being shut out for the night, having gone 30 miles in eleven hours.

6th.—After having been well and reasonably served at the Hôtel de Messagerie in Arras, we at six o'clock this morning proceeded by the diligence for St.-Omer, and arrived there at seven in the evening, which, although but 50 miles in thirteen hours, was comparative flying after the torments of crawling that we had to endure yesterday. After we got clear of Péronne, and got into what is commonly called the Netherlands, we found ourselves less imposed upon in the bills, and more free from filth and humbug.

7th.—Proceeded at eight this morning by the relay diligence, and at three reached Calais, 30 miles. We here found out a place called the Brussels Hotel, where at last we

found some comfort, as nought but an English person or an English thing was in the house. We therefore decided on remaining a few days, on a kind of forlorn hope that a little sport might be found before I decided on ordering my men home again with the shooting apparatus and heavy baggage.

8th.—Went in every direction to survey the environs of Calais, with one of the hardest frosts that ever was remembered here. The shore being one flat sand (as it is all the way to the Netherlands on the one side, and to Boulogne on the other) was quite out of the question for shooting otherwise than at flight time, and particularly as the birds do not rest there at night. Their feeding places are in the marshes, which at this moment are in one region of ice. The few birds that are now killed here are shot by the 'hutters,' who break an open place in the frozen ponds, and there keep their decoy birds, to which the wild ones are called down from about three till eight in the morning. I remained a long time in a hut this night, but not a bird ever came, and I never fired a shot the whole day, except killing 1 jack snipe while reconnoitring in the morning, when I counted about 35 shooters out besides myself.

9th.—Hired a cabriolet and went to Guines (6 miles inland from Calais), where in like manner I found the whole country frozen, and where in a space of a mile the boy who conducted me said there were about 180 huts belonging to the night shooters, who among them all had killed but 2 ducks the whole of last night. The moment I got home and swallowed a hasty dinner, I drove off for the flight 3 miles from here, and never saw or heard but 3 birds.

10th.—Mrs. Hawker and I were laid up with illness, evidently owing to the everlasting thorough draughts we sit in, and the want of good nourishing food during this unprecedentedly severe weather. The snow is now two feet deep in the streets, and we are dying to get to our own country, but not a packet has been able to reach the harbour here for these

ten days. Here we are again in sickness, misery, and expense; for all the comforts of English things will not stop the thorough draughts that for ever blow through every creek and corner of a French house. God send us and our property once more in safety on the other side of the Channel.

This afternoon I was so ill that I was every moment near fainting from pain. Here am I laid on the bed, with the very frost and snow that I had been longing and watching after for these six years, in a place where not a warm corner is to be found, without medical assistance, and with a gale of wind directly foul for my emancipation from France; and, to vex me still more, I have an invitation from an Englishgentleman — Mr. Penton — to partake of his *hutt* and rented decoy to-morrow morning, where the flight is expected to be something very extraordinary. Mrs. Hawker, too, still very unwell; again and again do we pray that we could even be removed to the very worst house on the other side of the Channel.

11*th*.—Mrs. Hawker was taken so ill that we were forced to refuse our passage in the packet with a very fine wind, and poor I was in such pain as scarcely to be able to support myself. The hopes of a recovery to-morrow, and a second chance of a passage, somewhat cheered me up. But alas! what was my vexation to receive a letter from General Hawker to say that if I did not instantly return, through all the snow, to Abbeville, that all my property, guns and boats, was to be sold by auction to-morrow, by order of the police, because Mr. Terrier, the villain, the scoundrel, had entered a process against me 'for leaving his house at "Port" without paying the trifling remainder of the rent,' which I had by his own consent before a witness deputed General Hawker to do, and whose responsibility he accepted, and even shook hands with me on the occasion. I had, therefore, to crawl to the office, and book a place for Abbeville in to-night's mail. May the Lord support me and defend me through such cruel oppression, during my bodily afflictions and the distress I am in about my poor wife.

To add to this undeserved oppression and insult, I am under orders here to be detained from embarking by the police, had I chosen so to do.

At four o'clock Mrs. Hawker was almost lifeless from weakness and agitation about the cruel and unjust process against me, which, by getting the letter while I was seeing to her gruel below, she unfortunately heard of first. Instead of being able to attend her, I was forced to enter the mail at six o'clock, and be dragged through the deep snow at a foot pace to Abbeville. We did not reach Boulogne till near one, and here my poor aching stomach required something warm to relieve me from excruciating pain, for, in truth, I was so distracted that I took no thought about provision. A surly brute of a woman refused to warm me a little water, and I fainted on the earthen floor, at which all were callous and even laughed at me till I had just strength enough to offer a reward for something warm, and then the postillion was all mercy, and by means of procuring some coffee which literally stank, beat up with a stale egg and bad brandy, I was enabled to re-enter the mail. By this time, I had picked up a woman, and then a man, as fellow-travellers, and if ever there were brutes on earth here I met with them. They saw me trembling—ready to die—in the coldest snowy night that ever came from the heavens, and the brutes would have the windows open, and felt amused at my annoyance. I expected every moment to be frost bitten, and had no strength to rub my limbs. However, God protected me through all, and, after being in sheer starvation and torture for twenty hours, I reached Abbeville at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th, and got to bed at the Hôtel de l'Europe. I had scarcely got to bed, and found benefit from the medicine that Dr. Radford gave me, when I was obliged to receive my counsel for the trial to-morrow; and, after earnestly having to explain everything in *my* French, I was, of course, in more fever than ever. However, I got a tolerable night, and had sufficient strength to appear in court

on the morning of the 13th, when, after the usual anxieties and trouble that attend a trial, I had the fortune to get a verdict in my favour, with double costs &c. The whole of the 14th I was employed in being obliged to face that contagious place 'Port' once more; and, what with taking inventories, battling about broken things, disposing separately of every article I had in store &c. without a soul to assist me, I was driven about like a mad dog, and in such pain that I could hardly draw my breath.

15*th*. - Got up two hours before daylight, and left Abbeville in a *berline*, followed by my punt, servants, and all my rescued property, and travelled over a sheet of ice, with hail, snow, and rain for the whole day. After having occasional stoppages as usual to mend, patch up, and rectify the little accidents that commonly attend French travelling, and repeated falls of the horses on the ice &c. we reached Dieppe at night, where we supped and went to bed.

16*th*.—Embarked my things on board the 'Independence' packet, which was to sail to-night; but at present the terrific state of the lee shore here renders it very improbable we shall start. This afternoon the wind changed directly in our favour, and a most delightful evening it was: we accordingly prepared to sail at night, but, as if the devil always got in the way of all my movements on this most infernal trip to France, the vessel in which my property and baggage had been embarked was seized and detained in consequence of some smuggling transaction of the captain, and in spite of me and others battling like barristers till our mouths were parched with anxiety, and I was fit to burst with rage, we were obliged to return to our hotels, and hope that we might have liberty to be wafted from these most diabolical, detestable shores to-morrow.

17*th*.—A most tremendous hurricane all day, in which, although fair for us, it would be madness to venture out with a lee shore before us at night.

18*th*.—Though the gale was still continuing, and the sea running mountains high, our captain was determined to sail to-night, and in a pour of rain, with the night as dark as pitch, we got under way about eleven o'clock. The case was that our captain had got into a serious scrape, and while he spread a report that he was in England, he was concealed in his ship, and quite mad to be off, through fear of being taken to prison. My friend, Mr. Parrot, too, being so situated that he had difficulty in leaving the country, I had him under the disguise of my servant; and therefore what with having to humbug the police while they boarded us &c. I was in rather a nervous situation till clear of the bar. The sea was so tremendous and the night so awfully dark, that we dare only move under close-reefed sails. The sailors were but a sorry crew, and everything contributed to a rough and most violent passage. The captain miscalculated his distance, and the heavy and thick rain had so obscured the atmosphere that when morning came we were lost for several hours; at last, we found ourselves off Brighton, but not a vessel or boat dare venture from land to us, and therefore we were forced to beat up for Shoreham, where the captain had intended to go at first, but lost his course. We were now in a very serious difficulty, for if too late to have water over the bar into Shoreham harbour, nothing remained for us but to ride upon the billows for twenty-three hours longer, till the next day's tide should serve, at the risk of being wrecked on a lee shore, which we must have been before morning had the gale come on as strong as it regularly has done every night. At last we fetched the harbour, when to our disappointment the flags, which are always flying while there is ten foot of water, were no longer up, and besides a hot tide was running out against us; we had then to choose whether, or not, we would make all sail, and literally charge at the bar, while the pilots, who dare not come to our assistance, were anxiously holloaing and making signals from the pier; at last came the awful moment, when, after being bumped several

times with violence against the bar, we forced our way against the surge and sand, and in a few minutes set foot on our own dear English ground again. Everyone said that the chances were five to one against us, and that we must have all perished but for the mercy of God giving us the only spot where we could have forced our vessel through. All was for the best. The wind soon after became tremendous, and the shore was strewed with a wreck that had just taken place. After most extraordinary trouble with our things, owing to the custom house being four miles off, we could not get our clothes &c. to change till seven at night; we landed about two, and we were racing up and down the shingles in a pour of rain about our things, and without a morsel to eat till just before bedtime, when we got to the 'Ship' inn at Brighton.

19th. Having been so short of money that I was yesterday forced to take tea instead of dinner, and also to book a place outside the coach in very wet weather, I this morning got up to start, and was in great alarm about my friend, who had gone out, and, according to French custom, locked his door. The waiters all declared the street door had not been opened, and as all the noise we raised would not make him answer, the people of the house swore he must have either died or cut his throat, and when the blacksmith was just coming up to pick the lock and enter the room, my friend Mr. Parrot came upstairs, having gone off and let himself out to see the pavilion of Brighton before breakfast. We had just time left to swallow one cup of tea, and went up to town in a pour of rain.

21st.—After another wet journey on the rostrum of the Salisbury coach I once more arrived safe, and, thank God, found all well at Longparish House, after having passed seventy-one of the most unlucky, miserable, and expensive days in France I ever passed in my life, deprived of every comfort, and with the expenditure, in sheer waste, of 335*l.*

The Lord deliver me from such another excursion.

22nd.—My sailor Williams arrived on a horse to say that, after all my things had been ducked in the harbour by the ship's boat capsizing on coming ashore the other day, he was yet again in trouble, as the cart had broken down near Winchester. I had, therefore, to go off and bring home the wreck of my rescued property before another night should elapse without my having it safely housed; and at seven this evening the team drove up with the wreck and the remainder of all my property, and this night, therefore, we got clear of all difficulties attending this most detestable expedition, and I fully hope that here will end all our almost incredible coincidence of misfortunes.

29th.—Till this day I have been too ill, owing to the effects of my abominable trip to France, to get out with my gun. We have now a severe frost, with a moon, and gladly would I be strong enough for the coast at this moment. I killed to-day, just walking out, 3 snipes, 3 jack snipes, and 1 hare, and in the evening 1 wild duck.

N.B. I had made a French hut, on our river, with six call birds. This was the only duck that I saw or heard, and he pitched down with them directly, so that had we fowl at Longparish this system would no doubt answer here.

1820

January 15th.—The coldest day in the memory of any person I had met with. I got up this morning at three, crawled over a sheet of frozen snow to the turnpike in my cart with lamps, there got into the mail, and then proceeded from Salisbury, by coach, to Poole. The harbour was one solid plain of frozen snow, and the place so cold that my man Williams, the whale fisher, said it was quite equal to Greenland. Never was there here known so severe a frost; the birds were half starved. The gunners could scarcely venture out, and two men were this night frozen to death in their

punts. Dead rooks, small birds &c. were lying about in every direction, starved to death.

16*th.*—Having left my things at my old quarters at Southhaven, near Poole, ready to use when a thaw should come, I this day went over to Wareham with my double gun and one duck gun, in order to shoot at Hyde, where Mr. Knight has kindly given me leave to sport in his absence, and where I can walk out, which better suits my very poor state of health, than venturing just yet afloat in the night.

19*th.*—When I got up this morning the whole valley was inundated; almost every bridge and weir was washed away, and the valley was more like sea than land; all shooting was consequently put an end to. I went out with my favourite 18-lb. gun (old Joe), killed 1 hare and 2 rabbits, all I shot at, having no chance for fowl. About eleven o'clock the waters lowered a little, and on sallying forth for a few ducks that appeared, away went the great weir at the moment that my boy Joe was carrying my gun Joe across it. The boy was all but drowned, but at last I saved him and brought him to life. The whole day, to no effect, was absorbed in trying to recover my gun, which was washed away in the flood, twelve feet deep at least, and with more rapidity than any mill tail. Nets, weights, grapples, and the Lord knows what, were lost in the attempt to fish it up by their adhering to the part of the broken weir under water. Towards evening, however, my old friend Benjamin, the *ci-devant* keeper, arrived with a dung prong tied to a very long pole, and, by the most extraordinary luck, hooked the gun by the scroll guard and brought it up, to my greatest delight. I gave him a guinea in presence of the other lazy brute of a keeper, who never exerted himself in the least, and as the thaw now will make Poole harbour passable, I had no time to lose in repairing to Southhaven.

20*th.*—Left Hyde at daylight this morning, and, after stocking myself with provisions, I arrived at Southhaven, the

tide having served just in time for me to leave Poole when I was prepared to start; but on my arrival I found that the late thaw had inundated the place, and that the lower part of the house had been for two days six inches deep in water. This I could have easily encountered, as I did there the last flood, when I cooked my dinner in the parlour in water boots in a foot deep of water, but unfortunately half the chimneys were so damaged by the wind and weather, that there was not one room in the house but what smoked to that degree that, in five minutes after a fire was lighted, you could neither see nor breathe. I tried with bricks, baskets, and everything, on a ladder, to quack up one of them, but, all being of no avail, I was forced to return to Poole. In the meantime there came on a torrent of snow and sleet and a gale of wind, and I had a most deplorable passage across; but after getting a good dinner and a good fire at the 'Antelope' inn I got dry and warm. Here is the luxury of England over France; for without such comforts I might have caught my death.

21*st*.—After searching the town the whole day no one could find the landlord of Southhaven, and I was therefore obliged to send bricklayers over to attempt making his hole of a house habitable, while I this day remained a prisoner at the inn in Poole, the boat and bricklayer being this evening driven on the mud in a gale of wind, and from other detentions and troubles I could not reach Southhaven till the evening of the 22nd, where (in a quarter where no common sailor would stay if he possibly could avoid it) I began, *à la bivouac*, to make myself as comfortable as possible, under an idea that if under a hedge in a campaign I might be worse off for board and lodging. Here I had to weather the 23rd, being Sunday, when I walked over Studland heath, and went to an apology for a church.

24*th*.—It poured with rain so that I could do nothing all day except killing a cormorant; and I had no other amusement left than to remain within the walls of my hovel, which

the wind blew through so hard that the chair fell in the fire and burned my best shooting dress to pieces. Went out, with wind and occasional rain from seven this evening till three o'clock the next morning, with James Reade, whom I with great difficulty hired, and who kills more than all the gunners in the harbour put together. No man could work more beautifully than he did, but not a wigeon did we see the whole night, though he tried every inch of the harbour. Towards morning I killed on the mud a sheldrake; we saw a small lot of these under the moon, and fired by word of command (in a low voice, the Poole custom) each man at his bird, Reade's brother and we. The guns went all together, and the 3 sheldrakes were killed.

25th.—Another wet day; made attempts to get about, and only got wet for our pains.

26th.—Cruel weather again. Imprisoned by wind and rain, and half starved owing to mishaps in getting provisions from Poole.

27th.—Wind and rain again; no attempting anything.

28th.—Better weather; out from seven at night till seven the next morning (with Reade, who worked like a slave), but owing to the swarm of gunners, it was impossible to get a shot, and not one of them killed a bird the whole night. Never was I out in a more miserable trip, a keen northerly wind with a nipping white frost. A few more such nights, debarred as I was from the exercise of rowing or even moving, would knock me up.

February 1st.—Having at last got a fine night I went out at two this morning, and, after remaining afloat till daylight with a full moon, I never saw nor even heard a single wigeon, which is easily accounted for, as about fifteen fellows, who are just thrown out of employ in the clay trade, have all turned floating gunners, so that not a bird can enter this part of the harbour without being frightened away. Reade was obliged to leave me in consequence of having to attend his brother, who was this morning severely wounded

through carelessness with his gun, so that I decided on leaving Southhaven, and trying a day or two hard by at Poole, where, although near the town, the harbour is less infested with gunners than here. On my way there to-day I killed 7 coots under sail in the passage boat.

2nd.—Quitted the execrable hovel of Southhaven, and removed my things to a small lodging on the quay at Poole. Went out for the whole night with Richard Lock, the 'head gunner' of Poole, and never heard a bird.

3rd.—After lying down a few hours, was at it again all day, from dawn till eight at night, with no refreshment but a morsel of bread and cheese, and never got a shot. Not a gunner here has killed a bird for this week past; everything appears to be extirpated.

4th.—At it again, from before daylight till bedtime, with an infernal run of ill luck. Owing to the delay of my man, I was a few minutes too late where the most enormous swarm of geese I ever set eyes on came to feed every morning; but, as my usual bad luck would have it, though no gunner was out, yet a horrid fellow, on his way from Ham to Poole market, saw the birds, and went with his boat to them just as we were going up; he got within 60 yards of them longways, fired a popgun and never touched a feather. After slaving the whole day we fell in with this enormous phalanx again, but then another gunner got the start of us, and fired before us. I took a random shot, flying, at about 300 yards, with a pound of pistol balls in my stanchion, and knocked down 1 brent goose.

5th.—Was in full preparation to attack the geese again to-day, but it blew a hurricane and poured with rain from morning till night.

6th.—My sailor, Williams, whom I sent for a day to reconnoitre Keyhaven, returned this afternoon bringing me word that not a chance of sport remained there now, but that the shooting had been so good there this season that even

the Frenchman to whom my house was unfortunately let for the winter had killed a great deal of wild fowl with his popgun, and that had I been there this season I might have done wonders. How extraordinary is, invariably, my escape from all good luck in wild-fowl shooting! Williams was this night put to bed very ill. The wigeon have totally quitted Poole harbour, but the geese still remain though very wild.

7th. 1 brent goose; was tripped up by the dog and fell overboard 5 miles from home, ducked to the skin gun and all.

8th.—Wind and rain again; went out in a yawl boat and towed the punt astern. Got 2 brent geese, and hot and lost 2 more, as well as some wounded ones. It blows so fresh that you lose half your birds, as they are now so wild that nothing but pistol balls will reach them, and the winged birds are off at sea before you can row out to catch them.

9th.—The shooting having been so bad that I was literally the only person who killed a fowl in the whole town of Poole during the week I was there, I gave it up for this season, and returned this day to Longparish, after the worst winter's sport I ever had in my life.

11th.—3 snipes and 1 jack snipe.

N.B.—A man getting watercresses told me of these 4 snipes, and in half an hour I had them all in the bag. I then beat the rest of the day, but found nothing more whatever.

26th.—5 snipes. This evening poor old Nero died, having never recovered the French illness, with which we were all such sufferers. He was the best dog I ever had, ever saw, or ever heard of.[1]

[1] I killed during this extraordinary dog's service, and almost entirely to him, game &c. as follows:

Up to 1812, 356; 1813, 244; 1814, 402; 1815, 320; 1816, 378; 1817, 503; 1818, 463; 1819, 253; 1820, 344; to the day of his illness. Total, 3,263 head.

I almost always used him single-handed for every purpose, as he would of his

28th. I drove to Keyhaven, to arrange about my cottage &c., and having a strong easterly wind took my gun; but in six hours after I left home a westerly wind came and made this unnecessary. My presence, as if like a charm, changed from good to bad the shooting.

March 1st.—Having finished my business at Keyhaven and Lymington, and as nothing remained for me to shoot but a quantity of geese which were too wild for the only gun I had, I got to Southampton this evening, and on the 2nd drove home to Longparish.

List of game &c. killed in the season, to March 1820: 216 partridges, 10 hares, 2 pheasants, 3 rabbits, 4 landrails, 88 snipes, 15 wild ducks, 7 geese, 1 wigeon, 3 teal, 1 sheldrake. Total, 350 head.

N.B.—I lost one of the finest winters we have had for years, by my unfortunate excursion to, and illness in, France.

April 1st.—Killed 5 brace of trout. This is the first tolerable day I have had, though I have killed a few for dinner most days for some time; but now, as the river is my own, I never care about taking any but the best fish, which I kill only when I want them, and therefore do not take the trouble to keep any account of the great number that I catch.

June 7th.—Went up to London and was presented to the King at his Levee.

13th.—Mrs. Hawker remained in town, and I went to Manchester by the mail, which left the Post Office at eight

own accord 'down charge' and bring the game when told. At a hedge he would stand till I came, and then, if ordered, go all the way round and drive the game to my side; for a river, for a boat, for everything, he was a perfect wild-fowl dog, although a high-bred pointer, with a cross of foxhound. The game that I calculate has been killed to this dog, including that shot by my friends as well as myself, I estimate at about 5,000 head, but to be widely under the mark, I will say 4,000; supposing then we take each head of game one with another at two shillings apiece, which would be a low price among those who deal in such things, I may say that the poor old dog has earned me 400*l.* besides trifling wagers &c.

o'clock, and arrived in Manchester by half-past seven (186 miles in 23½ hours) on the evening of the 14th. A transportation to this place I can compare to nothing but a man going to sleep, never to wake again, and finding himself in the very Billingsgate or St. Giles's of the infernal regions. I went on a musical excursion, which, except a wild-fowl expedition, is the only event that would have brought me here.

My object in going to Manchester was to see Mr. Cudmore (my first master in music), and if the place agreed with me, to avail myself of his offer to spend the holidays with him at his house and study the whole time; and, if not, to leave the place after seeing it, and then make a little tour, which I had long wished, through Birmingham and Oxford. I had very soon such a sickening of this most brutal town that my decision for leaving it was almost immediate. The very evening that I arrived I was made so ill by the suffocating fumes of stench and smoke which I inhaled, that I was violently sick the whole night, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could pass the day of the 15th here, to inspect the manufactories and what few things were worth seeing in the town. At six o'clock on the morning of the 16th I left Manchester by the 'Eclipse' coach, and within 12 hours arrived at Birmingham, 86 miles, including the stoppage of half an hour to dine at Wolverhampton.

17th.—Ever since my arrival last evening, and the whole of this morning, I was busily employed by inspecting the beautiful and various manufactories of Birmingham, and to even the most superficial admirer of mechanics nothing could be a more delightful treat. The steam engines, the gun manufactories, the making of all hardwares &c. would require a volume to describe; and the extensive assortments of all sporting apparatus, at one-fourth the price charged by the shops, would really make it worth the while of a shooter or fisherman to come here on speculation. This afternoon I left Birmingham for Oxford. While the coach stayed to change

horses at Stratford-on-Avon, I had plenty of time to visit the house which gave birth to our immortal Shakespeare, as luckily it was within a gunshot of the public-house at which we halted. I was shown the chair in which he sat (and of course sat myself in it), his sword, the box which contained his will, and many other trifles that are exhibited and declared to have been in his possession. The place which was once the residence of this illustrious dramatist was never better than a poor man's house, and is now occupied by a butcher, and, in part, fitted up for his shop and slaughter house. About eleven at night we reached Oxford.

18*th*.—Was occupied from the time I got up this morning till three o'clock this afternoon, with visiting the University of Oxford and inspecting the different colleges. Of all the libraries, as a building and for architecture, I preferred the Ratcliffe Library, and of all the chapels, that of 'New College.' The theatre fell far short of what I had been led to expect, but the *tout ensemble* of the colleges far exceeded my expectations, and the town is by odds the most beautiful and the neatest I ever saw. As to the libraries I had not time, nor do I profess to have learning enough, to appreciate their value. At three this afternoon I hired a gig and retraced the steps which I had last night travelled in darkness, back again to Woodstock, 8 miles, in order to pass the rest of the day at Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough's. Little did I think there was such a palace in England. Were it in France, Italy, or even as far as Greece, everyone would be going to see it. The house, the park, the grounds, the everything, bids defiance to all the gentlemen's and noblemen's seats I have ever seen either at home or abroad. The park is 13 miles round, and all within a stone wall; the house is 1 mile round. Among the venerable and stately avenues of timber, we here see a whole army of trees planted in the exact positions of the armies of and against the great Duke of Marlborough, and, among them, a monument erected to his illustrious

memory, which in its style is little inferior to the Colonne de Vendome at Paris. The only disappointment I met with was not being able to see the valuable paintings, in consequence of the present degenerated duke being at home and at an early dinner with company. I this evening, after returning to Oxford, prepared for going home by the Southampton coach to-morrow.

N.B.—With the exceptions of Herefordshire and Shropshire, I have now been in every county in England.

19*th.*—Arrived again at Longparish House.

August.—Was detained in London this month on account of my new invention for playing the scales of a pianoforte by mechanical means.

CHAPTER XIII

1820

September.—I had agreed, for the purpose of attending to my musical invention and other more rational pursuits, to give up my shooting this year; but, unfortunately, from the unsettled state of the country, owing to the Queen's trial &c., I felt bound in honour to decline my leave from the militia in August, though I had even procured my passport for Brussels; and finding it unlikely that I could proceed just yet, I therefore, to avoid the expense and misery of being now in London, returned to Longparish House on September 3, but with little inclination for shooting, having prepared nothing, and having no dogs but two wild puppies. My 1st of September was rather a novelty for me, who for many seasons had been the champion; I broiling in the streets of London, and my poor old dog in his grave.

4th.—Went out, with two puppies, and bagged 24 partridges and 1 hare, without ever missing a shot, and having made six double shots. Notwithstanding I had resigned all pretensions to shooting this year, I have this day done the most that has been yet heard of in our line of country, although I was out only from ten till four, and surrounded by other shooters.

Game bagged in September: 94 partridges, 3 hares, 3 snipes. Total, 100 head.

Business and my intended absence abroad prevented me from being prepared for shooting this year. Except a quail,

the only one I saw, I killed this 100 head of game without missing one fair shot.

October 24th.—Went to remain at Winchester, to command the North Hants Regiment, and previously to the 30th, when we were again disembodied, the regiment, which on the day of assembling consisted almost wholly of lads from the plough, was able to manœuvre as well as the line, and march with its band almost equal to the Guards. So admirable was the conduct of officers and men that I made reports in their favour to the Secretary of State, Lord Lieutenant, and Colonel, and came home on the night of the 30th.

November 8th. Rode over to Winchester, to finally settle all the pay lists of my regiment, and with the chestnut horse returned to Longparish in forty minutes. I galloped nine miles on the downs in twenty-seven minutes.

11th. 7 snipes and 5 jack snipes (all I shot at), making in these last few days 20 snipes without missing a shot.

1821

January 8th.—Reached Southampton this evening, and arrived at Keyhaven on the afternoon of the 9th.

N.B.—The weather till the very day I had despatched my punts for the coast was unprecedentedly severe, but it then became as mild as April; my injured finger prevented me from being here during the most extraordinary week's shooting ever known! But *nil desperandum!* Let me hope some fowl may still be got. Out all the night of the 9th, but owing to fog and rain could not see 20 yards; fired the swivel gun by guess, and heard several birds beating on the sand, but before we could find them the tide flowed, and the fog defeated us.

11th. Contrived this afternoon to get out in the rain; fired a shot with the stanchion gun at between 200 and 300 yards; bagged 3 brent geese (flying) and knocked down 2 more, which I dare not follow. Out till two the next

morning, in a drizzling rain, very few wigeon, and too dark and too wet to get a chance.

12*th.*—Wet again ; out towards sunset, and was overtaken in the most tremendous gale of wind, and the most furious pour of rain I ever yet witnessed ; we set in the midst of it to a flock of geese ; but, to our astonishment, even this did not prevent their rising at 200 yards. I knocked down 6.

13*th.*—Killed 3 coots, before daylight, which I mistook for wigeon : got a flying shot with stanchion gun, and bagged 2 wigeon. Afterwards 6 brent geese at a shot.

16*th.*—I got but one shot all day and all night—I killed an old cock wigeon, under the moon, out of a small trip at which I fired the swivel gun, at about 120 yards. Mild weather, and birds so scarce that no gunners but myself would go out.

23*rd.*—At Lymington all day about my gun ; out all night, found a large flock of wigeon about three in the morning, and had not my boatman, over eager, prevailed on me to fire before my gun was clear enough of the mud, I should have made a great shot ; whereas I cut a lane of back feathers for three yards long, without touching the body of the birds, which were feeding (of course with their heads all down) in a hollow place, that in one more hour I could have fired into point blank.

24*th.*—Up again to-night, but the fog and rain would not let us get out, though we were on the watch all night. Weather so calm and mild, that day shooting is at an end.

25*th.*—Out all night, but weathter so damp and thick we could not get a clear interval to shoot ; came home at daylight ; on 26th went sailing, and got a brent goose, all I shot at.

27*th.*—My man Charles, whom I sent to Poole for the unrivalled James Reade, the Mozart of all the wild-fowl men, returned this evening with this illustrious gunner and his punt in my boat cart.

The 28th being Sunday, we started at three on the morning of the 29th, when, extraordinary as it may appear, the wigeon, as if by instinct, had almost disappeared. The only little trip we met we got at about daybreak and fired a long shot at, but in so bad a light that we both missed.

30*th.*—Two ducks, out of 4 knocked down. Afloat at daybreak; no wigeon. Out all night again in wet.

31*st.*—Went out in a fresh wind and rain to attack a flock of geese, which, in spite of the weather, would not let us come nearer than 300 yards; I got 1 brent goose by means of blowing off a pound of small bullets in the stanchion gun. Wet day and night.

February 1*st.*—Out all night, but owing, no doubt, to the mild weather and strong westerly wind, we literally never found one trip of wigeon.

5*th.*—There not having been one single wigeon heard along the coast for several nights, we planned an attack on a swarm of coots near the town of Lymington, and had to row six miles round; we started at seven this evening, and about two in the morning, when we were just looking forward to bagging at least fifty, a rascal shoved over the mud and put the birds so to the rout that we never could get two together afterwards. My man lost himself, and we were forced to trust to the mercy of the waves, by going all round the main Channel, between the Hampshire coast and the Isle of Wight, and got home about six in the morning, just in time to escape a strong wind that might have been fatal to us. I was thus eleven hours in a nipping white frost, with a kind of raw rime falling that kept gradually turning to rain.

8*th.*—Left Keyhaven, or rather 'Wigeon Cottage,' which I call my little gunning place, and arrived at Longparish House.

N.B.—Since my arrival on the coast, which, owing to my bad finger, was after all good shooting was at an end, I contrived to kill about 40 couple of birds, and to bring home

more than all the other gunners put together, little as the quantity I killed was in proportion to what anyone might have done during the frost.

So extremely wild were the birds, even by night, that, except one very long shot, I never killed a bird but with my swivel gun.

12*th.*—Left Longparish for London.

13*th.*—Proceeded to Norwich.

14*th.* Arrived, for a short visit, with my old friend Robert Rising, Esq., of Horsey.

15*th.* Out all day in pursuit of 3 eagles, but never could get them to pitch or fly where I had a chance. In the evening killed at a shot 2 tufted ducks, the only 2 birds I had seen in the marsh since my arrival, and which I got by lying in ambush at dusk, while Rogers drove them to me with his gunning punt.

16*th.*—Out before daylight for the eagles, but only saw them pass over half a mile high.

17*th.*—Went to Yarmouth.

18*th.* Returned this evening, and went to Mr. Huntingdon's at Somerton Hall.

21*st.*—Despatched Rogers to inspect the celebrated salt marshes at Blakeney and Salthouse, about 46 miles from hence.

22*nd.* Rogers was back this day by twelve o'clock, with extraordinary expedition, and brought word that this place, like all others on the public coast, was so infested with gunners, that there was no inducement to try it, and consequently I had the great satisfaction to prove that, in my own place at Keyhaven, I was as well off as in any other gunning port I could yet discover.

23*rd.*—Left Mr. Huntingdon's for Yarmouth, from whence I had hoped to take a trip through Holland to Brussels; but as no conveyance was likely to offer for some time, I took my place by the next morning's coach for London.

While at Mr. Huntingdon's we had various sport—coursing, fishing, &c.—but, except killing one day 1 hare and 1 rabbit, I made no attempt at shooting.

24th.—Left the 'Bear' (an excellent cheap inn, Yarmouth, at five this morning by the 'Star,' an admirable coach, and reached Mrs. Nelson's 'Bull' inn, Aldgate, at nine, 124 miles within sixteen hours, including ample stoppages for breakfast, dinner, and tea.

27th. Left London, after having exerted myself about my new invention, and ordered some repairs to my guns, and arrived again at Longparish House.

28th. My finger, which had precluded my practising music for six months, being now so far better that I can leave off the dressing, I this day was enabled to play a little.

Game &c. killed in the season up to March 1st, 1821, as below given (the two first days, and many more, lost by my absence in London, and all October cut up with my regiment at Winchester, and afterwards laid up with my hand in a sling, and during all the hard weather):

103 partridges (only 9 since September), 7 hares, 3 rabbits, 2 pheasants, and 69 snipes. Wild-fowl shooting: 5. Wild ducks: 6 curre, 2 tufted, 2 of a curious large morillon species, 1 teal, 6 wigeon, 26 brent geese. Total, 232 head.

Had my finger been well in the frost I should have had grand sport on the coast, and my only satisfaction was that of beating all the other gunners put together.

April 4th.—Embarked on board the 'Lady Cockburn,' Captain Blackmore (the best packet, and the most respectable captain I ever met with), and, after being twelve hours on board, we were landed at ten o'clock at night in a French shore boat, and all but capsized coming over the bar, owing to the dreadful awkwardness and incessant chattering of the detestable French (*soi-disant*) sailors, who, through greediness, had loaded their rotten boat like a coal barge, with passengers

stowed like a freight of hogs. We could get no refreshment ready till midnight, and consequently, save a small sandwich, had fasted seventeen hours.

5th.—Proceeded for Brussels, and left Calais at eleven o'clock in the day per diligence, by which everyone but a fool would travel in France for comfort,[1] expedition, and economy; and, after stopping half an hour halfway at Gravelines, reached Dunquerque at five. My fasting so long the previous day, and this day being served with some French messes at the latter place, I was ill all night.

6th.—At four o'clock I was hastened into the diligence to proceed. We stopped while I looked at, and the other passengers ate, a breakfast at Mount Cassel, where, being too sick to eat, I had the more time to admire the beauties which the view from this most beautiful mountain presents, and where you see about seven different provinces in a complete panorama, at the head of which stands the château of Marshal Kellerman. We arrived at Lille before one o'clock, having gone 19 leagues within nine hours, which, for France,[2] is flying. In short, the diligence for this particular division of the journey is the best I ever travelled in, and the reason of this is because it takes the letters from all places south of Dunquerque to Lille, and is tied to time. I had the whole evening to inspect the tremendous fortifications and pleasure grounds of this place, and with the advantage of a most gentlemanly Flemish *compagnon du voyage*, who explained to me everything which the place presented. At Lille

[1] If I hereafter note miseries, I still repeat the word 'comfort' because the provocation, imposition, insolence, and delay that I have always met with in French posting are such that the miseries of a diligence when compared to them are enormous. I believe most people will agree with me, except those who make a merit of necessity and pretend to admire everything in France, because they are obliged to admire it in order to avoid their debts and perhaps escape a gaol in England.

[2] From Paris to Rouen, in Normandy, however, I have met with light diligences that go almost as fast as our coaches, but these have occasionally accidents which are never put in the papers like ours.

our accommodations were cheap, and so they ought to be, for they were very bad, and the inn was very properly called the Hotel of Portugal, as its filth was strictly in unison with the country of which it bears the name.

7th. Was bundled out, bag and baggage, at four this morning, and after tramping down Lille like a gang of gipsies, we waited in the rain till various conversations—of course about nothing—were ended by the conductor and the postillion. We got this machine, like a granary on old wheels though most excellent inside, under way at a quarter past four, and at seven reached the Flemish frontiers. Here my heart was in my mouth, as I had three pair of my patent piano hand-moulds to smuggle, and the very look of the *douaniers* was enough to set an amateur smuggler into an ague, and I, ill to boot, looked as if I had been buried for a week and dug up again; however, I did them, and all ended well. We breakfasted at Tournay at eight o'clock, and at half past eleven we were halted for an hour to dine at the 'Swan' inn at Ath. Never was I more annoyed at having so ill-timed a division of meals. I, of course, could not eat, and of all the dinners I ever yet saw put on a table, here, to my fancy, was the very best; and the price, with a pint of excellent wine and beer enough to swim in, was but half a crown a head. For want of appetite there I was obliged to beg a quarter of an hour 4 leagues farther, at Enghien, where we had some stinking water, that onions had been boiled in, by way of broth, and a piece of cold veal which was nearer black than white; these we bolted with pepper to disguise the taste of them, and washed them down with beer like soap suds, and, by way of a wadding on the same, had some barbarous brandy. On leaving Enghien we passed a fine deer park belonging to the Duc d'Arenburg, and had a very gentlemanly French companion to explain the same, who being, like myself, shooting mad and music mad, suited me to a hair. In short, we, as usual, had a combination of pleasure and misery, and reached Brussels

by a quarter past eight this evening, where we entered the celebrated Hôtel de Belle Vue, and under apprehension that the figures in the bill might soon resemble a swarm of hornets, decided that we would get into lodgings as soon as we could.

8th.—On getting up to look out of our excellent suite of rooms, I found myself transplanted from a pigstye to a paradise. I compare my situation to the rising of Lazarus. Our view of the beautiful square at the back, and the delightful park, palace &c. to our front, make this place agreeable in the extreme, and far superior to any town I have been in abroad, and I may almost say in England, for a cheerful appearance.

9th.—Got a quarter in the most splendid part of Brussels, not for gaiety, but for the sake of the air, within two doors of the Royal Palace, and looking directly into the best part of the park. For this I pay 200 francs a month, exclusive of crockery &c., which in this place is usually hired. I this day entered my new abode, hired a piano, &c.

10th. Got delightfully settled in our new abode, and had my first lesson in music with Mr. Jerome Bertini, after having lost above six months' practice, owing to the accident to my finger.

11th. Went shopping, saw the Brussels lace made, &c., and was much delighted with the excellence and cheapness of everything in this charming town. The shops are the best on the Continent, and you may look into them while walking on a kind of pavement without the risk of being run over as in Paris.

15th.—Went with Radcliffe, in his barouche and four, to inspect the ever memorable field of Waterloo. After reaching the village of this name, which is about ten miles from Brussels, we proceeded in the carriage towards the farm of Gomont, falsely called 'Hugomont' in the despatches, which is about 4 miles beyond Waterloo; and, at a small hamlet, halfway or thereabouts between the two places, we called on

the celebrated peasant Jean Baptise de Coster, who was so notorious for having been the personal guide of Buonaparte during the whole of the battle. As I was coachman at the time, De Coster was seated for some time with me on the box of the barouche; and here, of course, I entered as eagerly into conversation concerning the ex-Emperor &c. as the incessant plague of having four blood horses to drive on a bad road full of Flemish coal carts would admit of. At Gomont we left our carriage and spent the morning in seeing and collecting all we could, under the able explanation of this celebrated pilot. Our carriage came for us in the afternoon at the farm of La Haye Sainte, where we were hospitably received by a worthy farmer during a heavy shower, after which we returned to Brussels in time for a late dinner.

23rd. Being Easter Monday, we this evening drove, in one of the hackney coaches which in Brussels are most magnificent, and 109 in number, to the Allée Verte, which is a delightful drive between two double avenues of trees, and by the side of a broad canal, extending for above a mile, and at about half a mile from the lower town. This may be considered the Hyde Park of Brussels, and Easter Monday being a very grand day there, we met the Royal Family in three carriages and six, and it is really a pleasure to see how happy and affable they appear to be. The very countenances of the King and Queen bespeak the excellent qualities for which they deserve to be upheld as a pattern to other crowned heads. Weather so sultry as to be quite oppressive, and so hot that the water in our room was as warm as we usually drink tea.

25th.—Started for a tour through Holland. Mrs. Hawker and I left Brussels at about eight o'clock this morning by the 'malle-poste,' a machine drawn by three horses abreast, and on grasshopper springs; but it having the roof covered with boards instead of leather, the noise of it is such as to distract the head most unmercifully, particularly as every part of the

road to Amsterdam is on pavement. The civility of Mr. Lefebre, the postmaster in chief, was excessive; he offered us coffee, and showed us his very handsome house &c. while the horses were putting to. When we got to Anvers, or, in the Dutch language, Antwerp, 8 leagues, Mrs. Hawker was so overcome with the heat and the shaking, that she felt so far faint as to have been running a risk of illness if she had proceeded, and luckily, Mr. Lefebre's nephew being there, I was enabled to send her back to Brussels under his care, by means of posting. I, of course, wished to attend her home myself, but she would insist on my proceeding. Our misery at this horrid hole Antwerp may be easily conceived when I state that Mrs. Hawker was ushered into a dirty long room, where fifty fellows were smoking, and could get nothing warm, except some pot liquor and chervil, which the people, or rather the pigs, here eat by way of soup; and then, again, the unpacking of the luggage under the shade of a door porch, while the conductor of the mail was every instant urging me to make haste under pain of his being obliged to leave me behind. After having gone 18 leagues from Antwerp, we entered the kingdom of Holland by a little landmark on the Belgian side of a toll turnpike gate. We arrived next at a beautifully fortified town, called Breda. We were then driven by a coachman instead of a postillion, and were no onger tormented with the monkey-like absurdity of whip cracking peculiar to France and Belgium, but had the way cleared by a bugle horn, which, of course, was more effective and by no means annoying to our ears. About eleven at night we reached a miserable pothouse, where we unloaded the mail, preparative to crossing the Waal, which here is joined by the river Meuse and becomes unusually large, and from about a quarter past eleven till a quarter past twelve we were on board a large boat making the passage, during which it was novel to see the quantities of Dutch fishermen casting their nets by the light of the half moon and lanthorns. We

landed at a very outlandish-looking place, called Gorcum, where, it being necessary to look very sharp after our baggage, we were, owing, to the want of better light, in some confusion.

Having no servant, I had to scramble up the quay with all my things at my back, and though laden like a jackass, not a soul offered to assist me or any other passenger; and, as not a word but of Dutch was spoken, I could not, at the moment, request any help. After being detained about an hour in a large melancholy room, where pipes were offered us, and where we got some excellent hollands, we proceeded in a different kind of voiture, like an English Jarvey, on most cruel grasshopper springs, and with our new conductor, who had passed the river Waal with us, but who spoke nothing but Dutch. In short, all was pantomime for me after landing in this new world, and the only interpretation I could get was from two of my fellow-passengers who spoke French, but so very so-so, and who were by no means obliging with what little they did know of that language. They both smoked, of course, all the journey. This mail, I should observe, shook so dreadfully that I was literally bruised all over, and the noise of it was in my ears for two days after leaving it.[1] The horses, however, were good, fine, spanking animals, sixteen hands high, and although we had only a pair, we went at the rate of seven miles an hour. The roads in Holland are most admirably good, being paved with hard white brickwork, and as level as a billiard table. At break of day we reached Vianen, where we were ferried over the Rhine, mail coach, horses, and all, on huge masses of floating timber, very different from what is commonly known as a ferry boat.[2] At daylight we got to Utrecht, and here the extraordinary change in the style of houses and country appeared as if we had awoke from a dream; and all the way from this place to within a short

[1] By such a shaking a gummy fellow would have been laid up for six weeks; but the foreigners invariably take a warm bath after it.

[2] In the course of the journey we passed in like manner all the large dykes, which were too broad for the drawbridges.

distance of Amsterdam was lined with gentlemen's country seats, than which nothing could be more novel to an Englishman, or more beautiful to an admirer of nature and art. Here every ditch was literally boiling and bubbling with the motion of the finest fish, and, for twenty miles, the fields and marshes were swarming with green plover and other marsh birds.

26th.—About nine o'clock in the morning we arrived in the most extraordinary-looking town of Amsterdam, where the mail took me and my baggage from the post office to the Doelen Inn, the best hotel in the place, kept by a Mr. Cottu, a Frenchman. The moment you enter Amsterdam your respiration is literally suppressed by the suffocating and putrid smell arising from the large, black, stagnant ditches which run through every street in the town, with trees on their banks. The town of Amsterdam is built on piles in the midst of a contagious morass, and is so unhealthy that, out of a population of 200,000, the deaths average 9,000 a year. Not wishing to have my carcase left here, I lost no time in seeing the curiosities of the place, and, instead of going to bed, hired a lacquey, who spoke good French, to whom I paid 2 florins a day, and a curricle, for which I paid 2 florins an hour, as the hackney coaches are, in the greater part, built like sledges and go without wheels. First I saw the King's palace, a magnificent building, though situated in the horrid town. The most striking object here was the large ball room, which is 160 feet long, 100 feet wide, and about 80 feet high, and which they told me was the 'largest *salle* in Europe.' This may, or may not, be the case, but certainly I never saw anything equal to it.

Next I saw the Felix Meritus, an institution to promote all the arts, which here are very laudably encouraged, and where there is a concert room considered the best in the world, I suppose for sound, as it was nothing extraordinary in size or splendour.

I then inspected the Nieuwe Kerk, where the cover or

rather canopy over the pulpit is the most magnificent piece of carving that can possibly be imagined; and then the old church, where there is some very fine glass painting, done in the year 1555.

The Exchange was my next object, and a very curious one; it is spacious and good in the extreme, built on arches over the bog and water, and of course well thronged, as there are no less than 30,000 Jews in Amsterdam. Would that I could have heard them in their synagogue, which a gentleman told me was scarcely to be distinguished from 10,000 cats, dogs and ducks in full concert. We then drove to the Pont Amoureux, the ramparts, the Plantage and other places of pleasure in this extraordinary place; and by the way I omitted to name the only spot in which I could find any comfort, or even breathe, and that was the top of the Palace, from whence I had, without exception, the most novel and the most beautiful panoramic view that I ever beheld.

After having seen everything that was worth seeing, and taken my dinner as I would a pinch of snuff, to save time, I got home quite exhausted about dusk, and just as I had got into a sweet sleep, I was obliged to get up to receive Mr. Fodor, the Clementi of Holland, about my hand-moulds for the piano. He was so delighted with them that his approbation was worth the journey to me; and Mr. Steup, the celebrated music seller, was to have seen them also, but was prevented, though he took a copy of my book on music, with a view, no doubt, of translating it into the Dutch language. So much for Amsterdam, which, miserable as existence in this town is, I would not have missed seeing for 100 guineas.

27th.—Up at daybreak, and having taken plenty of Madeira the previous night, and fortified myself with Huxham's tincture of bark this morning, I took the first packet for North Holland. We had a short passage across an arm of the sea, and were then towed by a horse and landed at the little village of Buiksloot. The first

thing when you arrive in Holland, you are offered a pipe gratis, but they make you pay pretty dear[1] for what, from necessity, you are obliged to drink with it: here, however, I played the old soldier, being armed with a fine ham given me by my friend Radcliffe at Brussels (and without which, by the way, I should have starved when at Gorcum), and a cold chicken. I instantly hired a curricle, for which the fixed price is ten florins, and proceeded for Broek in this still more extraordinary part of the world. The people here are the most cleanly known. (So neat was the inn at Broek that, on cutting my pencil, I, to avoid giving offence, carried the shavings out of doors to prevent dropping them about.) I proceeded in a curious-looking curricle, drawn by fine large high-spirited Gelderland horses, along a dangerously elevated bank by the side of dykes, and was requested not to put up my umbrella, which I wanted to shade me from the intense heat, being informed that I was 'liable to a penalty,' I suppose through danger of frightening the horses of the other vehicles. I inspected the noted village of Broek. Here the carriage is left at an inn, as this place is only accessible on foot. The village is built round the banks of a beautiful little lake, and the streets are cleaner than any English kitchen. The outsides of the houses are most of them ornamented with carving and gilding, and in short are as clean as the inside of an English drawing room. No one dare enter the inside of these houses. The inhabitants are a very rich and independent people, insomuch that I was informed, though I believe it to be a lie, that the Emperor of Austria was made to take off his boots before they would allow him to enter a cottage at Broek. The houses are most charming; never could the hackneyed phrase of 'earthly paradise' be better applied than to this heavenly little place. To name all I could describe

[1] Holland is by regulation the dearest country I ever was in next to England, but the Dutch do not impose on you so much as the French and Belgian innkeepers and tradesmen.

would take a quarto volume; but, among other remarkable things I noticed, the houses have one of their two doors which is never opened except for a marriage or a funeral. Instead of sparrows, the village is swarming with starlings, which, as the houses are very low, might be killed with a whip from every tree, every chimney, and every kind of perch that they can crowd upon. The storks also are equally tame, and build within a few yards of you on the low trees and chimneys. These birds are the arms of the Hague; and this is the reason that there is a heavy penalty for killing them or taking their eggs. Among the innumerable neat cuttings of box and other evergreens, here is a whole menagerie of birds and beasts with ships &c.; in short, I may go on for ever about Broek, but have no time: suffice it to say, that to see it is even worth a voyage of sea sickness for two days. The place is not the least like anything European, but more like China. We then drove back to Buiksloot for the other drive—to Saardam. Here the wall on which we drove was made delightful by a refreshing breeze from the Het (or T'ye) on the left, and on our right was an object not a little interesting to Peter Hawker, the *chasseur Anglais*—a marsh swarming with birds of every description: ducks, teal, curre, shovellers, spoonbills, snipes, storks, great snipes, plovers &c. within shot of the road and bidding defiance to me as I waved my hat at them. How my fingers itched for my Joe Manton, much more for my duck gun. At Saardam we could drive about, as the town was all bricked like the floor of an English kitchen, Here I entered the cottage inhabited by the great Czar Peter of Russia while he worked in disguise as a ship carpenter, and I also sat in his arm-chair.

At a quarter past one we reached L'huys, and crossed the narrow part of the salt water in a boat. Thus, by bribing the driver to go fast, and eating in the carriage, I was enabled to make this usual tour in North Holland, and with strict observation, in an unusually short space of time. Here, by the

way, as well as in the other parts of Holland, the waggons are curiously driven; there are so few hills, and those so trifling that they have neither pole nor shafts to the carriages, but the driver, if descending, puts one foot to the horses' hind quarters, in order to keep back the vehicle.

At half-past one I got back to Amsterdam, and at two started in a curricle for Haarlem to hear and play on the wonderful organ. By bribing the driver, I went the three and a half Belgic leagues in a little more than an hour; and hastened to the house of the organist, Mr. Schumann, who luckily was at home, but who never plays under the regulated price of twelve florins. He first played me the Hallelujah Chorus, which had a tremendous effect; next, an imitation of the human voice, which was wonderful; and last, an extempore storm, in which I defy the strictest observer to distinguish the thunder from that of nature, and in which the rain, and the storm birds singing before the tempest, with the solemn echo of the church, had an effect on the feelings which surpassed any sermon that even Mr. Pitman, Mr. Penfold, or Dr. Andrews could have preached. I then ascended the loft, and inspected the gigantic instrument, which the sexton told me has 5,300 pipes; played on it, in my miserable way, for some time; took the organist to the church porch, delighted him much with a sight of my hand-moulds for the piano, gave him a prospectus of them, shook hands with him and galloped off to a little Dutch house to save the Hague diligence. Here I was somewhat adrift, as the dictionary which my friend the Baron de Tuyll, Chamberlain to the King, had lent me, could not conveniently be got at in this hurried moment. I said 'Tea,' put my finger in my mouth, and showed the old woman of the house some eggs: she brought two raw. I turned all into the bowl together, bread, &c., swallowed my mess like a pig, held out a dollar for her to take payment, and jumped into the Hague diligence at half-past five. This machine (were it not that the Dutchmen all smoke inside) would have beat any con-

veyance in Europe for the combination of safety, comfort and expedition; it is like a parlour on wheels, though not very heavy considering, and carries nine people; the three centre seats are fine leather arm-chairs, and there are two large windows on each side, four spanking Gelderland horses, capital coachman, English harness; pace eight miles and a half an hour, roads all smooth brickwork; fare, five florins and fourteen francs. Coachman allowed no fee for himself, but paid by his proprietor (a good regulation). Reached the Hague, 30 miles, by nine o'clock, and quartered at the 'Maréchal de Turenne,' kept by Mr. Handel, a very civil man, whose waiters were most pleasant, civil fellows, and spoke French fluently, as well as himself. Here I was again *chez moi*; took a pill to set me at ease, and went to bed.

28th.— Intense heat; hard walking and pills being rather derogatory to the safety of my health in a strange land, and with not a soul who cared for anything belonging to Peter Hawker but his money, I sported a phaeton and a *valet de place*, and having cleaned and sweetened myself a little, I drove off quite a dandy to see the lions in and round this beautiful, lively and clean town. We proceeded for two miles (on a fine brick road) through a heavenly wood and double avenue of trees to Scheveningen, where the open sea and sands burst upon your view, after clearing the village, where the fishing boats were innumerable, and the Dutchmen all in a bustle landing their fish for the market, this (Saturday) being the grand day. The fish is drawn to the Hague, in small carts, by either two or three large dogs, and in many of these droll machines a boy sits up and drives like a coachman.

On the shore I met with a very intelligent Dutch fisherman named Maarten Vanzon, who had been in our navy for many years, and who spoke English perfectly well. This was the first time I had heard my own language since I left Brussels; and on no occasion could I have better had recourse to it,

as I was anxious to know about the wild-fowl shooting on the Dutch coast; it proves to be as I always suspected, that when the marshes are frozen the birds nearly all leave Holland, because the coast rarely affords mud for them to feed on, and consequently they all repair to England in quest of food, save and except those birds which may be kept in the private decoys.

The shooting in Holland is, in a word, then, magnificent in the extreme during the open weather, when your life is in constant danger of disease, and good for nothing in a hard frost, when the climate may be encountered with safety. At Scheveningen the fishing boys are a great plague, asking for halfpence; and when I gave a few to some of them, they had a battle royal in the style of Crib and Belcher, the pugilists, the sight of which was well worth what I had given.

After leaving this place, we drove to 'The House in the Wood,' the nominal residence of the King, who, by the way, when in Holland, generally goes off to the Grandes-Eaux, a place in Gelderland, I suppose to have good health. At the House in the Wood I was much gratified by the Salle d'Orange, an octagon room in which there were some magnificent Vandycks, Rubens's, &c.; but my pencil memorandums of the subjects having dropped from the carriage, I must say (like a blockhead) that 'the pictures were very fine,' without giving an artist-like description of them. There was a most elegant Chinese room, with a vulgar, citizen-looking glass chandelier, and a most inferior half-Chinese room with the handsomest china chandelier I ever saw. Were I chamberlain, I would advise the good King to change them. I recollect being very much struck with a composition of Rubens, on the subject of the assassination of William; and also his picture of coppersmiths at work. The triumph of the Prince of Orange, too (by Jordaens) is a most colossal picture, as it covers a whole panel of this splendid *salle*. We then went back to the Hague and saw the King's cabinet, where I was ten times better pleased

than in the Louvre at Paris, because all the pictures are good. What a feast for an artist! A man must be a brute who could not enjoy this exhibition. Here is a cattle painting by Paul Potter, that cost 100,000 florins, and is the best of its kind in the world; and the inside of Delft Church in two views by Hoeckgeest, that have an effect which beggars all the architectural pictures I ever set eyes on.

Next, the Palace. Here is all the comfort of old England instead of the splendid misery of France. The Dutch are proud to copy us in comfort, and therefore must become the next greatest nation to us. The French are above it, and will therefore stick in the mud all their lives through their cursed pride. Here we see English grates, carpets, and everything proper for a cold winter's day, and the rooms may be entitled to a word of which there very properly is no French translation—'comfortable.' The ballroom is chaste and grand, the family portraits good; and although a trifle, yet every man of feeling must admire the nursery, where the good Queen has taken such pains to place little objects for the amusement of the little Princess Mary Anne, who sleeps close to her bedroom.

Next, the bells at the Hague. I mounted the tower of St. James and remained half stunned though much delighted while they played; examined the barrel and machinery of wires by which they moved; gave the tiger a florin, and after viewing from on high Delft, Rotterdam, and all the other places round this fine green country, descended and proceeded to the fish market. Here four live storks are kept, as the arms of the town; and the stand of dog carts, and the stable or mews of harnessed dogs, are drolly interesting. Hastened home: exhibited, by appointment, my patent piano hand-moulds to Madame Van den Bergh, the female Clementi of the place. Left my sporting work, for the benefit of the Dutch, with Mr. Vandef; swallowed my dinner, and flew to the theatre. Here they play French and Dutch alternately; and, luckily

for me, French to-night, so that I could judge better of the acting. Here was a comedy of which I forget the name, and have not time to look for the bill; but, in a word, their comic acting is better than ours, though inferior to that of Paris; and, on the other hand, in serious strains they are superior to the French and inferior to the English. Theatre small, tolerably neat; two good pillars on each side of the stage; house badly lit up with eight pairs of poor oil lamps, suspended in a circle from a plain white ceiling. Three tiers of seats; pit very respectable, and when the act scene dropped, the whole of the people from thence adjourned to walk the streets and groves of trees, having each received a card to return, with merely the word 'sortie' printed on it. Orchestra pretty good and strong. People very well-behaved during the performance, no whistling or blackguard cries from the gallery like England, but all quiet and attentive like Paris. People extremely civil in directing one home at night, and, in short, very well disposed towards an Englishman without any flattery or humbug.

29th.—Sunday. Went to the Dutch church. Their ceremony, Protestant, is different from ours, as to the mere form. They have no bishops, so much the better, but are governed by a sort of commission appointed by the King. After the First Lesson was read, we had a most powerful crash of ill-tuned voices, with a very *very* fine organ; immediately after which about 300 people adjourned and sat down to a table, precisely like the one where the Eton boys sup at Surley Hall on June 4. Here were all the way down the table plates full of white bread, and in this form the Dutch, it appears, receive their sacrament, while the clergyman, who, by the way, has more energy than most of our sticks of parsons, prays for them. The doors being closed for this ceremony, I had a difficulty to make my escape, and the situation I was in would on any less solemn occasion have been a good subject for mirth.

30th.—After discharging my bill, which for Holland was very reasonable, at this comfortable inn, the 'Marechal du Turenne,' I entered the mail curricle cart, a branch from the Amsterdam mail, at eight o'clock this evening, and after going through Delft, halting for some time at Rotterdam, and passing across the rivers Yssel and Leek, reached Gorcum, 14 leagues, at five o'clock on the morning of the 30th, and here it is that the Hague mail and passengers are resigned to that of Amsterdam.

N.B.—In driving out of the Hague we went at the rate of near 14 miles an hour, with two fine spanking Gelderland horses, which never once broke out of a trot, and although we went to Delft at the average rate of 10 miles an hour, yet we were three-quarters of an hour before we reached this place, which, the courier of the mail informed me, was 'a league and a half only,' not quite halfway to Rotterdam, which they call 4 leagues; consequently I am convinced that the leagues in this country, where they call them '3 miles English,' must be very much underrated, particularly as I have been all my life in the habit of making pretty accurate judgments with regard to time in travelling.

We again, after waiting an hour to sort the letters &c., passed the great river Waal in a kind of small craft without a deck, and had an extraordinarily rapid passage of ten minutes. The Waal, I should observe, is passed with the baggage, mail bags and passengers, as follows: in a dead calm, by a large rowboat; in wind, by a kind of vessel; when half frozen, by a boat and people to beat away the ice; and when thoroughly frozen, so as to bear well, by a boat with skates to the keel, and in full sail on ice instead of water, provided there is wind enough to drive it over the ice. We landed at the little public-house on the opposite bank called 'Het Veerhuis,' where we embarked last Wednesday in the night, and here there was a great confusion owing to the bustle of landing an immense train of caravans, carriages,

and horses, belonging to the celebrated rope dancer, Madame Sachi, who was proceeding for Amsterdam, and whose mother interpreted to get some breakfast for the Spanish Consul (my fellow-passenger) and myself. My return from this tour was just in time, as last night the fine weather changed to rain and wind, which continued for the greater part of this day. The mail, by the bye, goes without even letting out the passengers, over every river and dyke except the Waal, which, having a conflux of the Rhine and other rivers, would sometimes be too dangerous. Madame Sachi's stupendous caravan, however, was this day shipped on it, horses and all, in a huge ferry boat.

Having entered our Belgian mail coach, we got under way in this part of Holland, and I was most fortunate in my companion, a consul and a marshal in the Spanish army. We fought over our battles in the Peninsula; and he being also so great an amateur musician as to have composed several operas, was not a little agreeable to me as a companion; and from his mania for the pianoforte I was induced to open the box, and explained to him my hand-moulds, with which he was the most elated of anyone to whom I had shown them. This most agreeable man and I were *tête-à-tête* to Antwerp, where we exchanged cards, shook hands, and took leave. His card was—

Le Chev^er^ de Béramendi,
Intendant des Armées d'Espagne ;
Consul-Général de S.M.C.
Au Royaume des Pays-Bas.

Having regaled myself with the remains of my cold ham and a chicken, with other refreshment, in the coach, which I advise everyone to do on this road, and partaken of some good things with my Spanish friend, I was, luckily, enabled to enjoy the time allowed for dinner (a miserable dinner) in Antwerp; took a hasty inspection of the cathedral, where there is some extremely fine carving, ancient architec-

ture, &c., and, above all, two remarkably fine Rubens' pictures of our Saviour on the cross; on the left the elevation to, and on the right the descent from, the cross; and there is likewise an excellent Morillo of St. Francis. The statues of St. Paul and St. Peter give a fine effect to the sortie from the aisle of this church.

Just in time for the mail, which I had all to myself to Brussels, where we arrived at the general post office at half-past eight, and by nine I was in my house, where I found Mrs. Hawker pretty well, and was not a little delighted at what I had seen, and at having got so safely and rapidly over.[1] My expenses, in all, were about 18 napoleons.

Distance		Leagues
From Brussels to Amsterdam		44
Amsterdam, by Haarlem, to the Hague		9
From the Hague to Gorcum	14	39
And Gorcum to Brussels	25	
Tour in North Holland, exclusive of water passages		8
		100

In all, at least 400 English miles, and saw all in six days.

May 7th. Having a leisure evening, I went to inspect the ancient cathedral of St. Gudule. It was not my intention to waste my time in compiling memorandums of a city so well known as Brussels, which, from its infinite superiority over every town on the Continent, and over some towns in England, for cleanliness, beauty, and I may also add the word unknown on the Continent, comfort, is too well acquainted with by all British travellers to require description.

The cathedral of St. Gudule, however, cannot be passed over with impunity. The Gothic architecture of this superb building is fine in the extreme. The old carving of the pulpit by Henry Verbruggen, of Antwerp, is, perhaps, of the kind, the finest in the world; it represents Adam and Eve driven

[1] Being thus safely lodged in my own house again, I, in order to counteract all risk of disease, fever, or bile that may be brought on by fatigue, took the doctor's curse, or, in other words, a dose of calomel, and went to bed, by which means I never was better in my life than the third day after my return.

out of Paradise, and Death appearing to them. The globe of the earth forms the body of the pulpit, and over the canopy is the Virgin and the infant Jesus bruising with the cross the head of a huge serpent, which curls round the tree that supports the pulpit, and raises its erected head to the canopy. The carvings of Christ, the Virgin, and the Twelve Apostles, are fine specimens of statuary, and the old painted glass is no less worthy of observation. Here are sixteen chapels, accessible from different parts of the aisle. In short, the architecture, sculpture, and carving, both in wood and iron, of this cathedral, are well worth a long journey, to any lover of art or antiquity.

9th.—This was the birthday of the little princess, and we had a grand parade of the 6th Hussars, a very prettily appointed Dutch regiment, and the first regiment of infantry. The trumpets of the former and the band of the latter were so admirably fine, that this parade was to me quite a musical as well as a martial treat. The cavalry were very steady while they were inspected, and their horses were well drilled in trotting past; but, unfortunately, the officer of the right division, being perhaps a better man for battle than for show, destroyed the whole order of the column by trotting too fast, and putting the rear in a gallop. The appointments of this regiment were extremely good, and so were the horses. I disliked the manner of carrying their swords, which, instead of sloping with the hand advanced, they bore nearly erect with the elbow squared. The infantry were not so steady under arms as the cavalry, one fellow scratching his ear, another putting his cap right, &c. They marched past much quicker than we do, and their ordinary time was nearly equal to our quick march; and I was at a loss to guess how the officers could salute in time with the foot. No one, however, but the commanding officer, who was mounted, saluted the general. The pioneers had saws as well as axes, and, on the whole, had a look fierce enough to frighten away everything but

an Englishman. I could not resist the foregoing trivial remarks, having been myself so long a dragoon, and now a jolly militiaman. In the evening I went to the Grand Theatre, or Opera House. The *salle* is, on the whole, good, but, like all others abroad, badly lit up, and the audience dressed more fit for the diligence than the boxes. As, however, only fools think about dress, I merely remark this because it detracts from the good effect which is produced by the more graceful appearance of a London audience. We had first a vile opera called 'Le Tresor Supposé,' and then Voltaire's tragedy of 'Mahomet,' in which Talma, whom I had before seen in Paris, performed. The plot of this tragedy is, to my mind, so horrid, and the ending so unsatisfactory,[1] that I could scarcely help reflecting that it was written by one who is probably gone to the devil himself; and in Talma's acting, however fascinating to Frenchmen, I could observe nothing particular, except that at the end of almost every sentence he concluded with a sort of twang not much unlike the bellowing of an old ram, and shook both his hands in the air like a man struck with the palsy.[2] There was, however, one scene really well acted, and the first in my life played by Frenchmen that ever made me shed a tear; but here it so happened that Talma had nothing to do.[3] The Prince and Princess of Orange were near to the

[1] Since making this remark, I have to apologise to Voltaire, having ascertained that he had, in this tragedy, a particular view in making vice triumphant; namely, the Pope had prohibited his works, and, out of spite, he wrote the tragedy of 'Mahomet,' as an indirect attack upon his Holiness, and thus he left Mahomet in full possession of all his empire, after the most outrageous acts of villany.

[2] In making this remark I reflect more on the French taste than Talma's acting, as I am informed that he is obliged to sacrifice his own talent to comply with their ideas of tragedy, for which the generality of the French have about as much natural disposition as they have for religion: none at all. Had Talma proper judges, or rather men of feeling, to play to, we might be led to hope he would perform very differently.

[3] The scene to which I allude was the one between Seide, played by Bouchez, a Brussels man that I had never before heard of, and Palmire, by Madame Petipa. The former was really good through the whole piece, but his acting in this scene, just before he is compelled to murder his father, really does credit to his talent.

Ambassador's box, where Baron Tuyll's party and we sat; the audience, on the entrance of each of these personages, rose, and gave a short round of applause.

13*th.*—Hired an excellent coach (for 6½ francs), and went with Mrs. Hawker to pay a visit, and pass the forenoon with the Countess of Bentinc (the governess to the Princess Mary Ann) at the heavenly palace of Laeken, which is about 4 miles from the suburbs of Brussels. Lady Antoinette (her daughter) was so kind as to show us the beauties of this charming place, among which we were most attracted by the magnificent hall and dome. The views from the hill on which Laeken stands are charming, as you look down on the most delightful pleasure grounds, with a lake and a yacht on it, and have the city of Brussels and other picturesque objects in the background. The orangery here is particularly fine, and has in its collection several trees that (Lady Bentinc told me) have been there since the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, which must be 200 years ago. When in Paris, however, or rather at Versailles, I saw some orange trees which, I think, were 300 years old.

14*th.*—Previously to this day, I had taken a place in the mail to accompany Baron Tuyll to Namur, with a view of proceeding from thence to Liège in a curricle. We were to stop at his château on the banks of the Meuse (between these two places, which is the most beautiful part of Belgium), and then to go and see the famous Mr. Berleur's manufactory of cheap guns &c. at Liège. After having done this I should have gone on to Aix-la-Chapelle, to pass my hand-moulds and publications into the Prussian frontier before returning to England. I was so unwell all this morning, however, that I felt but little disposed for a journey on bad roads of 230 miles, which this (going and returning) would have been. I nevertheless rallied as well as I could, and at two got into the mail; but the shaking of the wooden roof made my head so bad, that when we got to Waterloo, I found it would have

been madness to proceed, and luckily there was at the inn there a butter merchant for whom a very fair cabriolet was waiting at the door. He readily agreed to give me a seat back, but would accept of nothing till I insisted on his letting me treat him to a bottle of hock (which was here very good for 3 francs), and I of course had the consideration to remain patiently in durance vile till he and his friend had finished it, while I sipped at a glass and pretended to drink also. He drove me home to my own door, and nothing could exceed his good nature and civility. I was, however, an hour and a half remaining on the staircase of my hotel, as Mrs. Hawker, who (from illness) had gone out to take an airing, had taken with her the keys of the rooms, as is always customary on the Continent.

15*th*. Having last night taken a little magnesia and gone to bed quietly, I was this day very well; whereas if I had proceeded I might have been dragged in this constant wet weather just far enough to be accommodated with a sick bed, where I had no servant, and where, being in Prussia, I might scarcely have made myself understood.

18*th*. Having now most satisfactorily settled my business abroad (with a view to circulating my patent, publications &c. at Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, &c.), I have no longer any business on the Continent, and as Mrs. Hawker has never been well while at Brussels, I, of course, could not think of staying here for pleasure. I have therefore this day packed up everything preparative to quitting to-morrow.

19*th*.—Hired a pretty good chariot, and at eight o'clock this morning started post from Brussels for Ghent, which is 7 postes (about 39 long English miles), and where we arrived (by means of paying the postillions well) at two o'clock. We put up at a magnificent house called Hôtel de la Poste. We had three horses; the postillion rode on the near wheeler and drove the others, and we went very fast. Here we could

get on by means of paying well, but the few times that I posted in France I found that nothing could put the brutal baboons out of their jog-trot. If you have four people in the carriage you pay for one horse more than is actually taken, whether you have three or four. We paid 6 francs a post, and 3 francs (double the regulation) to the drivers, and the barriers or toll gates averaged one franc per post. In short, to bring the matter to a calculation that may be easily recollected, I should say that every ten miles (to do the business handsomely and comfortably) cost a trifle within a napoleon.

Having refreshed ourselves while in the carriage with cold tongue, chicken and Madeira, we lost no time in seeing the chief objects in this fine town, which is the capital of Flanders. The first thing to which we directed our attention was a collection of some of the finest original pictures in Europe, a great part of which has been considerably more than a century in the possession of the proprietor, who, as well as his forefathers, has always been one of the greatest amateurs of the age. The enjoyment of the treat which this admirable cabinet affords can only be obtained by favour, as the collection is all the private property of this gentleman, whose name is Schamp. The servant, however, on having it explained to him that I was a British officer, made no hesitation in letting me and Mrs. Hawker in, and as soon as he saw that I just knew enough of pictures to be fond of looking at them, he withdrew, and was joined by his master, who was most kind in his attention and who seemed delighted with our admiration. Instead of an hour we required at least a day ; suffice it therefore to say that he has about eighteen very fine Rubens' pictures, one of them in imitation of Teniers, which being quite different from his usual style is deemed a valuable relic. He has also a landscape by Rembrandt, which is another novelty rarely, I believe, to be met with. He has the best Teniers, and one of the best Ruysdaels I

ever saw. Here is, in my humble opinion, the finest painting of fruit that can possibly be conceived, which he told me was done by Heem Jean David. To speak of the Vandycks, the Murillos, the Rembrandts &c. would absorb my whole evening; suffice it therefore to say that Mr. Schamp had in his collection some of the best pictures of almost every master I have ever heard of, and of many that were never before named to me. Of course we here saw the Flemish school to great advantage, and though I have no pretensions to judgment, yet I was highly delighted.

We next explored the celebrated cathedral of St. Bavon. The first grand object is the pulpit, which I have observed, with scarcely any exception, are, in the churches throughout the Netherlands and Holland, magnificent in the extreme, both for excellence of design and superior carving. This one, done by Laurens Delvaux, in 1745, is a combination of wood and the finest marble, exquisitely carved, and represents an aged man, to whom an angel, trampling on the globe of the earth, opens the book of life. At the head of the church, or chief altar, we have a splendid carving of St. Bavon, and the choir on each side of the aisle is formed of pure marble with such matchless carvings on the tombs of seventeen bishops, which have been interred, that I am only surprised at not having heard them more publicly spoken of. Among the finest, I was particularly struck with that of the third bishop of Ghent, in alabaster; and the seventh bishop with a mosaic portrait over the tomb. The choir of this cathedral is surrounded with numerous chapels, which, of course, have each a fine altar, and old paintings, among which is one very fine by Honthorst, done in 1733; and another, which the Flemish sexton told me was 'the very first picture that ever was painted in oils,' and that it was above 400 years old. The correctness of this as to dates and truth I leave to others to discover, as I merely write at the moment from what local information I can collect. The huge massive brass doors of the chapels are quite a

novelty, no less for their stupendous weight than the pains it must have cost to carve them. The two gigantic candlesticks, sent from Charles the First of England, are moulded in enormous masses of bronze, and I should guess about eight feet high. I omitted, among the paintings, to name one of the Paschal Lamb, by Van Eyck, done in the year 1415, which painting is in the Venetian school and still retains its brilliant colour; and also the Resurrection of Lazarus, by Van Veen, the master of Rubens. The church of St. Michael, too, has some paintings worthy of a short observation, and, of course, a beautiful pulpit.

We then saw the botanic garden, the fine public library, and the ancient building which is used as the Hôtel de Ville. We strolled afterwards about the town with our guide, who spoke very good English, and had been in Spain in the same action with myself and in our service. He showed us a piece of lumber called a cannon, left ages ago by the Spaniards, which was about two feet in calibre, and would have required a small tea table for a wadding. We then listened to some very fine bells at the town belfry, which is a tower adjoining the prison, that is remarkable as having been the place of confinement for starvation of the old man who was kept alive by being suckled by his own daughter, and who was consequently pardoned. I observed all the dogs were muzzled in the town, and on inquiry I learnt that such is the dread of mad dogs in Flemish towns, that the police have orders to destroy every dog which they see loose without a muzzle. For the purpose they are provided with balls of poison, and there they lie about in every direction, as much for the sake of getting the dogs' skins, as for any other reason. The streets of Ghent are cleaner and superior to the old town of Brussels; but just after seeing the new and upper town of Brussels, one views almost every place abroad with discontent.

20th.—At half-past eight this morning we started for

Bruges, in one of the celebrated Ghent barges, which in the Dutch and Flemish languages is called a *trackschuyt*, and which may be considered almost as a floating cook's shop. During the whole passage nothing but eating and drinking was the order of the day. We paid 5½ francs each for ourselves, 3½ francs each for our servants, and 1½ franc for our baggage, and had a most sumptuous dinner into the bargain. At a little before one o'clock we sat down to some of the best-dressed dishes that I ever saw put on a table: two sorts of fish, meat, poultry, made dishes, &c. We had two regular courses, besides a third, which included the dessert. After witnessing the superior performance of the cook in a Ghent barge, I was not so much surprised to hear that gourmands often make this excursion expressly to satisfy their gluttonous appetites, and that one idle man whose chief resource was, like many other foreigners, that of chattering and stuffing himself, actually lived in the Ghent barge for six of the summer months, by way of a cheap residence, where he could gratify the fancies of his little mind and great appetite.

At a quarter before three o'clock we stepped on shore at the quay in Bruges, which from Ghent is 8 leagues by water, and 9 by the paved coach road. After walking through the streets, which were very clean though very dull, and taking a hasty peep into a fine church, we went on board a barge, which goes to Ostend, and to which all our things were wheeled in a barrow for the regulated price of 15 pence. The captain had collected about a hundred passengers, whose chatter resembled a pack of hounds in full cry, and to this he added an obbligato accompaniment of a large hand bell, with which he summoned them on board. We started at four, and by half-past six got on shore at Ostend, having been towed by four horses, with the aid of a sail, four leagues, in two hours and a half. Ostend from Bruges by the pavé or coach road is 6 leagues. On stepping ashore at Ostend, nearly all the commissioners who were sent to beat up recruits for the inn-

keepers were Englishmen, which made the place appear to us like the landing on a British shore ; and when we got to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, kept by a Mr. Nicholson, there was not a foreign article or a foreign person to be seen about the premises. It was literally an England in Belgium. I spent the evening in viewing the very fine fortifications, the harbour, and the beautiful sands which distinguish the shore at this place, and then retired, much in want of rest, to a good honest English four-post bed.

21st.—Having now got safe to Ostend, we had to make our choice of two inconveniences : either that of a long passage to England, or to have another filthy French journey of about 60 miles to Calais in order to shorten and have less hazard in our passage. With a lady there would be no hesitation in favour of the latter, particularly as we have no reason to expect that any packet will sail before the day after to-morrow (Wednesdays and Saturdays being the only days), were it not for the following unpleasant circumstance, viz. all those travellers who enter France from Belgium are so tormented at the French frontier custom house, by Dunquerque, that the conduct of these *douaniers* is the talk of everyone. They have literally taken the handkerchiefs from gentlemen's necks, and are so greedy to get possession of everything which they can make an excuse to seize, that they may rather be considered as a banditti than officers of a lawful king ; and, according to report, they are insolent in the extreme. Having at present excellent quarters, with beautiful weather and a fair wind from Ostend, we therefore decided that we would, at all events, wait here a day or two longer. After taking a comfortable English breakfast, Mrs. Hawker and I went out for the whole morning with an English commissioner, who explained to us every trifle in the town. The fortifications, the barracks, the sluices, the new works &c. are worth a morning's inspection, and the breeze from the sea is so delightful after the marshy air of Belgium

that its salubrious effect on us was like magic. Having in case of accidents provided myself with a letter from Mr. Messel, the banker, of Brussels, to his correspondent, Mr. Herrewyn, of Ostend, I called on this gentleman, who, among other acts of the greatest politeness, took me up to his observatory, from whence I had a fine view of the sea and town. Ostend has so delightful a sea breeze, and the streets are so free from the offensive smells with which you are annoyed in most foreign towns, that were I to be exiled through disgrace, debt, poverty or extravagance, I should certainly choose this as my head quarters, notwithstanding there is here some trouble in getting supplied with good fresh water.

22nd. Had I not been detained this day I should have lost a sight of what I think the best worth looking at of anything in Ostend, and which never was named to me—it is the Fort Napoléon, a wooden lighthouse at the mouth of the harbour, to which you have access by an immensely long range of planks, and where the depth of water (which is from 14 to 20 feet) is ascertained in the night by a kind of sunk pendulum that rings a little bell, and from this an old man, who is appointed to the station, makes by different lights his various signals to the captains of vessels who may wish to enter.

With the hope of being able to start by the packet of to-morrow, I this day discharged my bill at Mr. Nicholson's hotel; and it is but justice to observe that for comfort, accommodation, civility and cheapness, I never in my life was in such an admirable inn. We had everything in abundance of the very best kind, and our expenses were literally cheaper than if we had bought the articles in the market. Every traveller is bound in justice to proclaim Mr. Nicholson and the 'Rose' inn or Hôtel d'Angleterre of Ostend.

23rd.—Embarked this morning at five o'clock on board the 'Prince of Waterloo' packet with Captain Page, a very honest, obliging man. We got under way at a quarter past

five, and at half-past twelve dropped anchor alongside the quay at Ramsgate, having sailed from harbour to harbour, considerably above 60 miles, in about seven hours. We might have eaten an eight o'clock dinner in London had it not been for the custom-house officers, who at this port, although civil, are more troublesome and more strict than at any place I ever entered. We had a gale of wind with showers and squalls for the last two-thirds of our passage. The passengers on landing at Ramsgate are summoned to the custom house to be personally searched ; and but for a few masterly manœuvres I should have lost all my little bagatelles. It is only by a miracle that I contrived to save anything I had ; never did I meet such a set of devils to outwit as the custom-house officers of Ramsgate. I believe I was the only one but what had something taken away from his or her effects. But reverting to the officers of Ostend, they are altogether as lenient, and particularly in leaving the country ; for here, instead of giving, as is usual, a search (though of course less rigid than on landing), they gave no search at all, but merely delivered a permit for the embarkation of our baggage, by which we had not even to unstrap a single portmanteau. After passing two hours at the office of these infernal Ramsgate sharks, with my wits as much on the stretch as if I had been pleading at the bar, I got into a small inn (for the convenience of the morning coach) called the Royal Oak, where I had good accommodation, with most excellent fish, a very reasonable bill, and much more civility than if I had gone, as a mere dirty traveller, to one of those kinds of hornet's nests where you are fleeced with powdered waiters and wax candles, such as Wright's Hotel at Dover &c., and where you pay 50 per cent. extra.

24th.—Left Ramsgate at seven this morning, and at four arrived at Hatchett's Hotel, where we were driven up to the Dover Street door by a coachman who was not only civil but who had more gentlemanly manners than half the people

I have met at the Court of St. James's. I suspect this man had seen better days.

26th. On this day (by the way, it snowed and was as cold as in January) I returned by the Salisbury coach to Longparish, where I, thank God, found all my family well. During all our travels we never lost or broke a single article, because we had everything numbered and classed for its place, which plan I should always recommend, and particularly to young travellers.

The foregoing memorandums were hastily scribbled at such hurried moments, and in such awkward places, that to put them into language sufficiently good for a common letter would require a revision of the whole; but as I am now very busy on concerns of more importance, and as they were compiled merely to amuse a few of my particular friends, who would rather seek for my information than my faults, I shall not waste my time on any corrections. If, therefore, this elegant piece of syntax should fall into the hands of a word-catcher, I can only say that I will correct literary errors as fast as he may find them, conditionally that he gives me a bottle of wine for each; and if he meets with any such mistake subsequent to my revision, I will, as a punishment for my ignorance, give him a dozen of wine, and if a dandy a new pair of stays. By saying this, far be it from me to presume where I have not the slightest pretensions, but merely act on the defensive against some of those half-educated machines who are so fond of saying, 'This fellow cannot write English,' and who seek for the leaves on the tree rather than the effect of the landscape; in short, people who look at their words as a lady would examine a piece of Brussels lace before they either write or speak, and who, if probed, are generally found to possess about as much genius as a donkey.

June 1st.—As of late years I have not fished regularly, but merely taken my rod as a recreation, when friends were at Longparish, or when I wanted trout, I have discontinued

keeping any account of my own performances; but the number of fish brought in to our house during this month has been exactly 212 brace, of which nine-tenths, of course, were given, or sent, to our friends.

July 4th.—Went to London, relative to my hand-moulds; transfer of some stock to the French funds; to see about fresh boring and breeching my swivel gun; to try about getting a patent for the cure of smoky chimneys; and to hear the celebrated pianoforte player Moscheles, &c.

8th.—Having executed all business to my satisfaction, and had the delightful treat of hearing Moscheles, I this day returned to Longparish House.

August 6th.—Went to London concerning a purchase in the French funds, my patent &c., and to inspect the new breeching and boring of my single stanchion gun, of which I saw the means of improving. The plague that I had to superintend this latter work, Mr. Joseph Manton being unfit for business from an accident, was more troublesome than a suit in Chancery. After journeys to Fullerd's, in Clerkenwell, constant attendance at a forge during the hottest time I ever felt in London, we got the gun so far forward that I was promised it by Saturday morning, and took my place per coach for home. Delays, however, occurred; and I, determined to carry my point, as it is my rule, waited at Manton's till near twelve at night on the Friday; when the huge furnace that was required to harden the stupendous breeching, set Joe's chimney on fire, and we had a grand uproar with a row, engines, &c.: nevertheless, I carried my point; for we got the fire out, finished the gun, and I brought it off in triumph, per Salisbury coach, on Saturday, the 11th inst., when I arrived with it at Longparish House.

Weight of gun since reboring: Barrel and breech, 58 lb.; stock, lock &c. 20 lb.; swivel, 5 lb. Total, 83 lb.

CHAPTER XIV

1821

September 1st.—The corn being so much in the way this season, I had made every attempt to postpone the shooting, but to no effect; and no sooner was it daylight than old Payne and his son, two vagabonds under the toleration of Mr. Widmore, were popping away before my house. I, therefore, turned savage and sallied forth to follow the birds, and I did wonders considering the dreadfully bad behaviour of the young dogs I had to shoot with. I bagged 38 partridges, and shot and lost in the barley, while the dogs were running off wild, 8 partridges, and also 2 snipes, which these dogs mauled to pieces in the reeds, but would not bring to me. Making in all, knocked down, 23 brace of birds and 2 snipes.

3rd.—30 partridges and 1 wood pigeon, with only missing one long shot, as I was, this day, not tormented with wild young dogs.

17th.—Had an extraordinary day, under all circumstances. I went out at ten and was home by two. In consequence of domestic misfortune I was so unwell as to be forced to take bitters for the nervous state I was in. I had young dogs that behaved most infamously, and literally obliged me to race, in order to save the few shots they would let me get. The day was windy, and the birds wild; notwithstanding all, I bagged 20 partridges, besides 3 shot dead and lost, without missing a single time, with killing 4 double shots, and making good some very long snap shots. I made one singular shot with the

rapidity of lightning, viz. 5 birds rose at about 40 yards; I cut down and bagged 4 just as they were in line together) at a shot with the first barrel, and knocked down the fifth bird in most handsome style with the second barrel, making in all 23 birds in 20 shots.

Game killed in September 1821: 152 partridges, 1 hare, 5 snipes. Total, 158 head.

October 1st.—Lord and Lady Poulett left me, after our passing together two most agreeable days and musical evenings. Not a pheasant on my estate, so no more covert shooting, unless I choose to go for it to the many friends who have invited me, but whose invitations I am neither in health nor spirits to accept.

3rd.—Went to Sir Thomas Baring's at Stratton Park. Killed, in about five hours, 12 partridges, 12 hares, and 1 pheasant, the only one I shot at, besides 4 birds winged and lost. This was merely my own share of the day's bag, though it happened to be the best share.

4th.—Returned to Longparish.

6th.—Joined the North Hants Regiment, which this day assembled at Winchester Barracks for twenty-one days' training.

The Lieutenant-Colonel having resigned, I was strongly recommended by Lord Rodney for the command, but the Duke of Wellington, although he admitted I had the 'best military claims in the county,' would not allow me the promotion in the event of being able to find a man of higher rank; and, therefore, I have been in suspense ever since the middle of August, for the mere hazard of this eligible step, which always before was quite certain to be mine as soon as the Colonel recommended. What with this and family misfortunes, I could only support myself for duty and the mess by constant stimuli, and the state I have been in would have even gained me the pity of my greatest enemy.

26th.—The regiment was broken up again, and the flatter-

ing manner in which my brother officers, without one dissenting voice, expressed a wish (and even wanted to memorial) for my promotion, was most grateful to my feelings.

27th.—Returned to Longparish, after a farewell dinner the previous day.

November 2nd.—Went to Winchester, to wait in durance vile while the Duke of Wellington was passing the final sentence about my promotion, which, luckily, his Grace decided in my favour; and I then, with my mind greatly relieved on this subject, proceeded to Lord Rodney's, at Alresford, where I took my dinner and a bed.

7th.—Went again to Lord Rodney's, for the express purpose of showing his bailiff and keepers the proper plans for getting the wild fowl on his most admirably fine pond after the plan of a decoy hut, as I had seen in France).

Waited at the pond from five this evening till seven the next morning; but the bailiff having persisted, contrary to my advice, in choosing a very ill-judged position for the decoy hut, we never got a shot all night; whereas if he had complied with my suggestions, we should have had most excellent sport.

8th.—Killed 2 teal and 1 snipe, and at night waited about six hours more in a new hut. Owing to the rough weather, perhaps, the fowl would not leave the water meadows, and only one duck came to the pond, and this immediately pitched before the spot I had now chosen, and was killed by the bailiff, who relieved me in the duty of sentry there, by which he was convinced of the goodness of my plan, as well as my choice of the place.

9th.—Walked in the water meadows from half-past nine till five, till my feet (with the water boots) were literally raw. I killed 2 mallards, 2 wild ducks, 4 teal, 2 jack snipes, and 1 snipe, with coots, moorhens, &c., in short, returned with a bag *omnium gatherum*, besides having lost several excellent chances hrough downright bad luck. Just before dusk I finished with

storming the armies of starlings that roost every night in the reeds on Alresford Pond. The first shot I fired nearly half a pound of small shot with a shoulder duck gun into about an acre square of these birds, and how many I killed I know not; but I can swear to having shot 105 at a shot, because we picked up 96, and counted 9 lying on the pond; and these, I expect, were not near the half of what must have fallen to the gun. We kept up the attack till above a bushel and a half were bagged, and how many more may be found by daylight will remain to be proved.

10*th.*—Having put Lord Rodney's people in the proper method for everything concerning the management of his pond and decoy hut, I this morning, after having passed my time most agreeably, returned to Longparish House.

14*th.*—Having previously sent forward all my canoes, punts, baggage &c. I this day left Longparish for Keyhaven Cottage, where I was met by my gunner, James Reade, from the Isle of Purbeck.

15*th.*—A very good show of wigeon, considering the mild wet weather. The tremendous hurricane and rain would only admit of my going afloat for a few hours this evening.

19*th.*—16 wigeon. I got a shot at about 50, but the night was so dark, and the tide falling so fast, that I got none but what we killed quite dead. This is the first time I have fired at birds with the stanchion since it was fresh bored and breeched by Joe Manton.

21*st.*—Went to Poole to superintend the building of my large boat, and take out the licence for her under the name of the 'Wellington.'

22*nd.*—Arrived back again at Keyhaven this evening.

23*rd.*—1 brent goose, and another, that fell on the tide, lost. The first geese seen off Keyhaven this year. I bore down on them in a gale of wind, and fired the stanchion at about 150 yards, flying. Owing to the bad weather, this is

the first shot I have fired since killing the 16 wigeon on the 19th.

24th and 25th.—A constant series of wet, windy days, and every bird driven away to the leeward part of the coast.

26th.—I this day received from the Duke of Wellington my Lieutenant-Colonel's commission, which was dated the 15th instant.

27th to 30th.—Incessant hurricanes from the westward, and not a bird left on this part of the coast, as nothing can live to windward.

December 5th. Availed myself of the still dreadful weather to superintend the finishing of my boat, the 'Wellington,' and receive my licence for her from the London custom house; and accordingly this day went to Poole.

6th. Had great plague with my gun and boat, in consequence of the workmen having deviated from my plans. I was obliged to remain all this day, all the 7th, and all the 8th at the hotel in Poole, to be at the elbows of the boat builders. I had everything pulled to pieces and changed to my own plan, and then, as I expected, it answered admirably. The uproar of about 100 men and boys dragging the boat to the water, and the christening of her, was a laughable scene. I returned to Keyhaven (in my punt on wheels) with post horses, by moonlight, on the night of the 8th.

8th.—On returning from Poole at night I heard of a few fowl, and, instead of going to bed or sitting down to rest, I drove my canoe to the shore, took her off the carriage, launched her in the rain, and got (just before midnight) 3 wigeon.

N.B.—This chance at a few birds is the first that Keyhaven has afforded to anyone since my shot on the 19th ultimo.

11th.—After a succession of 22 days' terrible weather, we had this day the pleasure to have one fine morning, and got 2 brent geese and 4 wigeon.

21st.—After eight days more of the most dreadful weather

that ever wind and torrents of rain could produce, I being almost sick from confinement to the house, drove, for a change of air, to pass a couple of days with Mr. Bertie Mathew at Lyndhurst, and returned on the evening of the 23rd, when the whole county was inundated; people in many parts dying like rotten sheep; doctors flying in all directions; and, in short, no enjoyment for any creature but doctors, undertakers, and other human reptiles that fatten on the misfortunes of others. Thank God, however, except a slight sickness through the whole house from which scarcely anyone has escaped, we have been, on the whole, as yet, extremely fortunate.

28*th*—The weather, which has, day after day and week after week, been most hideously abominable, this day came to such a tremendous hurricane that the whole valley could be compared to nothing but the very rage of battle. Keyhaven is no longer a village, but a sea. The tide is so tremendous that the breakers literally rage and foam against the houses, while the incessant rain is pouring in torrents, and the whole population here are driven to their attics; no communication from house to house except by boats, which can scarcely live in the sea that washes our doors; and the breakers which are bursting at us, as if threatening to swallow our very houses, present a scene most awfully grand. But the distress of the poor people is more calculated to excite our feelings than the inconvenience to ourselves. Thank God we are somewhat less inundated than our neighbours, having as yet saved all our boats and property. We have our punts floating at our door in the street ready to rescue our family in case of danger. What a scene! Shutters, doors, and pails afloat; birds killed while diving and washed up by the tide; and, in short, the best representation I have yet seen of a second deluge. My dear children, instead of being alarmed or ill, were amused with the scramble; and I by way of aping Nero (who fiddled while Rome was burning) sat at my old

humstrum, and boggled through a given number of Bach's fugues.

29th.—Before this evening the waters had entirely abated, and we found that we had the good fortune not to have sustained the slightest loss or damage in the deluge, though some of our neighbours have suffered severely. No prospect yet of weather in which we can even attempt to shoot.

30th and 31st.—Most deplorable wind and rain from the westward. Never, never can we see a prospect of even tolerable weather. The oldest inhabitants, and the greatest judges here, consider this everlasting wet wind as a phenomenon that baffles all their judgment. Let us hope, not only for our sport, but for the farmers and the poor, and reasons of more consequence, that 1822 will give us a more cheerful prospect of weather.

1822

January 9th.—Having taken calomel, and suffered severely all yesterday, I was this day considerably better; and we have now the pleasure to see fine weather.

10th.—Got pretty well. Fine weather, but more like May than January. At last had the pleasure of discharging a gun again, and killed 1 brent goose.

11th and 12th.—As hot as May-day, and not a bird to be seen or heard either day or night.

February 8th.—It being now twenty-eight days since I have heard, seen, or even heard of a wigeon, I this day had my guns cleaned up, and discharged my account with Reade.

Game &c. killed up to 11th of February, 1822: 164 partridges (shot but one day since September), 13 hares, 8 snipes, 1 pheasant, 4 wild ducks, 6 teal, 44 wigeon, 9 brent geese. Total, 249 head.

The worst wild-fowl year ever remembered by the oldest man on our coast. The most unpleasant season I ever shot

in, and the most unhappy period of my life and affairs in general that ever I experienced.

March 5th.—Returned to Longparish from Keyhaven.

May 9th.—Unwell as I was, I mustered resolution to go to London to attend Cramer's concert, where I heard such an exquisite duet as may rarely be given during a man's life, between J. B. Cramer and Moscheles, on two pianofortes.

June 2nd.—Removed to Longparish, of course with considerable pain from my late illness. Met Lord and Lady Poulett, and their little son, Viscount Hinton, on my arrival. I was all the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th in torture day and night with the gout, and on the latter day, while I had Colonel Hay and other friends, besides Lord and Lady Poulett, with me.

August 19th.—2 teal and 1 wild duck, also another wild duck that the dog let go from his mouth, that I never recovered.

Teal here, in summer, are very rare. I marked them down while fishing; there were 3 in number, and I bagged 2 at a shot, flying, although a long way off, and with a very small gun. The ducks I killed in front of the house. Four pitched down, and by means of going on my stomach, all the way to them, I got so near that if they had sat one instant longer, I must have stopped all four of them, notwithstanding I had no ambush whatever but the mere ground that I crawled on.

26th.—Started about five this morning, with my own horses, and from Andover took four post horses, in order to have the whole day's inspection of the hitherto inaccessible mansion of Mr. Beckford at Fonthill, which is now open to the public by guinea tickets, under the plea of an intended sale by auction. The uproar which the admission to this Abbey has made all over the country led me to expect more than, perhaps, any place in existence could have afforded, and consequently I was rather disappointed in finding that the *tout ensemble* was by no means superior to some other places

that I had seen. To enter into particulars would be needless, when I have Rutter's flowery description, and also a specific catalogue of every article; but I shall make a few remarks. The western entrance to the Abbey, by the Gothic doors, the baronial hall, and the library, with every costly cabinet that unlimited expense and incessant research could produce, surpassed (as a *coup d'œil*) for neatness, elegance, and classical arrangement, all that I had ever seen. Nothing could be more tastefully displayed than the various cabinets of the most ancient china, which were no less in variety than the costly gems and exquisite workmanship with which the other innumerable ornaments were composed.

I found the view from the tower to be one of the finest and most extensive panoramic views that I could conceive, and the Gothic architecture of the building is exquisitely magnificent, but here must end all that need be especially remarked in approbation of Fonthill, and on the whole I should say that its chief ornaments were more calculated to adorn the boudoir, or dressing-room, of a princess than to give imposing grandeur to the mansion of a wealthy Englishman. The paintings were very fine, but the collection did not appear to me to be so 'far beyond comparison' as was reported by the Gullivers and Baron Munchausens for which the town of Andover is so celebrated. The most striking ones to me were, the 'Entombment of a Cardinal,' by Van Eyck, and 'Christ in the Garden,' by A. Mantegna; the latter, particularly, is very justly styled in the catalogue 'a very surprising and valuable early specimen.'

The grounds are most extensive, insomuch that the guide informed me there was one walk of sixteen miles. Rutter, however, calls it the nine-mile walk, and I should rather trust to his authority. But nothing can be more monotonous than the objects which are here in view: one endless tract of neatly mown grass walks, or rides, all thickly wooded and without a single cascade, fountain, grotto, figure, or obelisk, and with no other view of water than a long lake which is almost ob-

secured, instead of being heightened in beauty, by the sequestered valley in which it lies.

The gardens, and, in short, the whole domain, I presume, remain unfinished, when I see the contrast between them and the Abbey itself, which was well worth the drive, although the distance altogether, including about ten miles that we drove and walked in the grounds, was about ninety miles. I got home to Longparish House by nine o'clock at night, having travelled most furiously and made about seven hours' very diligent inspection of the place.

CHAPTER XV

1822

September.—Having been for a long time so unwell with a nervous complaint, that I have had neither strength nor spirits to enjoy anything, I have made no provision for shooting, having only two moderate dogs. Never did I look forward to sport with so much indifference, and were it not for the pleasure of supplying my friends with a little game, I would gladly have laid aside my gun.

1*st.*—This being Sunday, shooting began next day.

2*nd.*—Never do I remember the first day of shooting so very unfavourable for filling the bag. No turnips, no good clover; the stubbles as much beaten down and as thin as in November. A strong wind all day with drizzling rain at intervals. The very worst scenting day I ever was out in, and the birds quite as wild as in December. Annoyed by greedy shooters in every direction, who made the birds even wilder than they otherwise would have been, by disturbing every covey on the feed, blazing after them at random, and scouring the whole country from daybreak, so that I, weak and unwell as I was, had enough to do to bag even 24 partridges, which is far more than were killed by the other parties.

3*rd.*—18 partridges by incessant perseverance, while so unwell that I could scarcely hold my gun. Had I been able to shoot as usual, I should have done about as well as yesterday.

5*th.*—The country had been so driven by shooters, and the

wind was so high, that scarcely a bird was to be got at ; after fagging all day and till I almost dropped down with weakness, I at last got one shot and killed 1 partridge, and then being too unwell to continue shooting I came home.

7th.—Having pretty well cleared the country of unqualified pothunters, I got this day a quiet beat, and bagged 16 partridges and 1 snipe, without missing a single shot, and making several very long shots.

11th.—It being folly to attempt shooting in such a time of hurricanes, and the ground as dry as sand, I this day went fishing, and had some good sport in a very short time ; my largest trout was a very little under 2 lb. weight.

17th.—I, seeing the impossibility of sport, did not go out, but Captain Capel and Mr. Richards, with good dogs, and both old sportsmen and steady shots, started, and, after beating our very best country, never got but one random shot, and they literally came home with an empty bag on a fine sunshiny day.

18th.—The difficulty of killing birds put me on my metal, and my friends, defying me to get even 3 or 4 brace, made me desperate. I therefore quacked myself up with tincture of bark, sal volatile, and spirits of lavender, to give me artificial strength for a grand field day, and, aided by markers of cavalry and infantry, I attacked the birds in right earnest (and when I do this I have never yet failed), and in spite of an execrably bad scent, and a gale of wind from the east, I bagged 15 partridges (and another shot dead and lost) and 1 hare without missing a shot. Though I shook like an old man of seventy, I never shot more brilliantly. I of course suffered no other gun to interfere with me, and therefore went alone, so that I could follow up the game at speed when the markers gave the signal, and do as I please, whereas if I have friends, I always lose two-thirds of my shooting by wishing to accommodate them with the cream of the sport.

21st.—Being sadly in want of game, and seeing everyone

beat by the birds, I quacked myself up again with sal volatile, bark, and lavender, and, aided by the same good markers, I bagged 12 partridges, 2 snipes, and 1 jack snipe, without missing a shot.

In the last two days I shot with my beautiful new detonating gun, and I have killed with it 28 partridges, 3 snipes, and 1 hare, without missing a shot.

26th.—Was prevented going out or doing anything till this day through illness in the house, and being also unwell myself. I went out merely to try for a brace of birds for the doctor, who had been a repeated attendant, and in an hour and three-quarters brought home 6 partridges, 3 snipes, and 2 jack snipes.

Game &c. killed up to the end of September 1822: 108 partridges, 3 hares, 1 rabbit, 11 snipes, 2 wild ducks, 2 teal. Total, 127 head.

October.—The pheasants here are annihilated; consequently I made no attempt at October shooting.

23rd. Having heard that 3 pheasants had by the high winds been blown on my estate, I assembled a levy *en masse*, headed by the ratcatcher and some field-marshal poachers, as if to attack a tiger, and before night I had all three in the larder, after their giving me and my banditti a chase that was far superior to an average fox hunt.

28th.—At night took some decoy birds and waited at the river for some hours, and though a beautiful moonlight and a white frost, I never saw or heard but one duck, which the call birds brought round several times, but too high to shoot at. Our duck shooting (like our pheasant shooting) is nearly annihilated, owing to the breaking up for water meadows of Lord Portsmouth's bogs, called the Parkses.

November 15th.—A grand bustle through the house in consequence of a man having run in with information of a woodcock. I marched against him, followed by a rabble, and in a few minutes flushed him and bagged him.

25*th.* Having previously sent on my baggage &c. I this day left Longparish for Keyhaven, but more with the view of changing the air for my health than any prospect of sport, as the westerly winds are, as usual at this season, annihilating all chance of getting either fishing, fowling, or sailing.

December 2nd.—After all shooting had been precluded by several weeks' continual westerly winds and rain, we had this day the pleasure to see better weather, and took a sail in the 'Wellington' with the stanchion gun and large mould shot, and got 1 brent goose, I believe the first killed this season by anyone in this country. Went afloat at night, and towards morning bagged 2 wigeon, 5 being all we saw, and the first that I had seen or heard of since my arrival; I killed them under the moon with the stanchion gun, so we have now made a little beginning.

3*rd.* —Out again the whole night and never saw a bird, and the same complaint all along our coast.

6*th.* —Every day west winds, and no fowl. I had this day the mortification to have blown off and then sunk in the creek the most beautiful detonating lock, that I was so proud of contriving, and such a long time getting Manton to make. I used every kind of drag to no purpose, and the last hope will be the next spring tide.

12*th.*—Having now an easterly wind, I, with my crew, sailed in my large boat the 'Wellington' at five o'clock in the morning, and beat all the way up to the mouth of the Beaulieu river, having twice stood out to the Isle of Wight in a heavy sea before we could fetch our point; we then sailed down, and saw an immense flock of geese, but no wigeon.

On our return about three in the afternoon we renewed by every possible means and invention our search for the gun lock, accompanied by a man named Thomas Mallard, who said he dreamt last night that the lock was found about a yard from the post, and in a line for the 'Duke's Head'

public-house, where he eagerly kept probing with a long eel spear, to no purpose for some time; and, as the tide fell a little lower, we shovelled under the water as well as we could, till all hope of finding it was at an end. Mallard then, still inspired with a kind of presentiment by his dream, went to his old spot again, although we felt confident the lock was far above that place, and, most extraordinary, he suddenly struck something hard; down he ducked and up he brought the lock, to my great satisfaction and still greater astonishment.

18*th.*—The weather has been variable till this day, when it is again north-east but without cold or frost; we have since the 2nd got 5 wigeon, 5 curlews, 2 teal, and 3 godwits, which, little as it is for our hard labour, is the best, by far, that has been done here. In the evening, killed 2 godwits, and at night tried the new system of shoving the swivel gun and punt over the mud, and firing by guess. We had but a poor chance, the birds were so thin and scattered, but we got 1 wigeon, and, by the spattering on the mud, suppose I must have stopped some more.

22*nd.*—Up to this day we have got but 5 more wigeon. The weather is now frosty, and plenty of birds are, at last, to be seen; but, as we expect, about three gunners for every flock of birds. The excellent shots that we have had spoiled by vagabonds, who kill nothing themselves, is really provoking.

28*th.*—To this day, 3 wigeon, 2 brent geese and 1 mallard. A fair show of birds; but at no one hour of the day or night can we have time to paddle to a flock before some infernal Christmas popgun is discharged, and the wigeon are sprung by the flash on the shore. This night, we were within half a minute of firing into about 200 wigeon, close to us, when a rascal discharged some popgun on the shore, and sprang them.

Up to the 31*st.*—9 wigeon and 1 brent goose.

1823

January 1st.—Launched a little punt on my own plan, to carry nothing but the swivel gun, in order to shove it along on the mud, and fire with a string to the trigger. While chiselling down the bow to fit the gun, a golden plover pitched on the mud, and, after shoving a little towards him, I fired the gun, and killed him at exactly 100 yards; got, with my hand gun, also a mallard, after a race, as usual, against a gang of shore shooters.

2nd.—5 brent geese at one shot; at night fired with my little canoe by guess on the mud, heard several birds flutter, but it being quite dark, and I having no dog, got none of them at the time.

3rd.—Killed, at about 200 yards, 4 brent geese and 2 wigeon, besides a towered bird that fell at sea.

N.B.—The scoundrels, on the shore, make a practice of discharging some powder and then claiming the dead birds that float in to them from my shots, while I am getting the outside ones.

6th.—4 brent geese.

7th.—1 brent goose.

8th.—4 brent geese.

N.B.—Was coming home from Lymington, in almost a calm, with my children, on board the large yawl the 'Wellington,' saw 16 geese, and, to my astonishment, they let us get within about 180 yards of them, while shoving with the oars, and a boatful of people. As soon as I saw them stretch their necks to fly, I drew the trigger of the swivel gun, and, to my no less astonishment, down came 4 of them, although they were so thin that I had scarcely the breadth of more than 4 to shoot at.

9th.—6 geese[1] and 3 wigeon, after, as usual, a proper

[1] As brent geese are almost the only ones here, I shall, in future, put down merely the word 'geese.'

scramble against other boats, which we outmanœuvred most gloriously.

10*th.*—Killed, at a shot, with the stanchion gun, at about 150 yards, 2 pintails and 3 wigeon, all dead; also a mallard of a singular plumage, which I believe to be a Dutch fowl.

11*th.*—Had 3 beautiful shots spoiled by the other gunners, and got only 1 wigeon.

13*th.*—11 geese, killed 6 at the first shot, and 3 ducks, and lost, of course, several more that were picked up by the shore sharks, who lounge about with guns for that purpose.

14*th.*—7 geese and 1 wigeon.

15*th.* 7 wigeon, 2 mallards and 1 duck. Killed one of the mallards and the duck at the same shot with the wigeon, and while paddling up to the fowl, two small birds pitched on the barrel of my swivel gun. So severe was the frost and snow that they were, I suppose, benumbed in crossing the Channel.

16*th.*—14 wigeon and 18 geese, the latter in 3 shots, 8 the best shot. Gunners out of number afloat and ashore, and only one bird killed among them except mine.

17*th.*—My sport yesterday made the people so shooting mad that a flock of birds had hardly time to pitch before they were popped at by some boat or other, and among them all but one goose was killed. I therefore let them have their frolic out, till the afternoon; and when the water no longer served, I made Reade shove the canoe over the mud, and by our being dressed in white nightcaps and shirts, we suited the snow so well that we, in a short time, came in with 10 more geese.[1]

18*th.*—11 geese, which, in proportion to the very few I saw,

[1] N.B.—Killed this week: 57 geese, 25 wigeon, 4 ducks and mallards, and 2 curre ducks, making about 88 head, about ten times as much as has been killed by all the Keyhaven harbour shooters put together.

was the best day's work I have made. Out all night again, and my clothes stiff with frost, and when just going to bang into a flock of wigeon, a jealous villain on shore fired in the air purposely to spoil my shot.

20th.—We had only time to get 1 duck and 2 geese, as I was all day in Lymington, getting my lock mended, the cock of it being broken.

21st.—4 wigeon and 5 geese.

22nd.—5 wigeon and 5 geese at the same shot.

23rd.—8 geese, 1 wigeon, 2 mallards, 2 ducks, and 1 pintail. (The latter I killed at the same shot with the ducks.)

24th. It blew such a tremendous hurricane all day that no boat could have lived, and froze so hard that in one night the whole harbour was like Greenland, and several wild swans passed by. I found a duck frozen to death, and they could not exist anywhere but in little ditches and other well-sheltered places. Reade scrambled over the ice in my little gunning punt, and had the great luck to succeed in shooting a wild swan that flew over him, and we got also 7 geese, 3 mallards, 1 duck, and 2 wigeon.

25th.—Everything frozen up, and I could not get out for the snow. Reade contrived to scramble across the ice in my little punt, and, by getting himself in a most miserable condition, brought in 2 geese, 3 wigeon, and 1 duck.

27th.—A sudden and general thaw, with a strong wind and an incessant pour of heavy rain. Nothing could be more novel or beautiful than the appearance of the harbour, which was one solid region of ice, with pyramids formed by the drifted snow, and frozen like glass; and on the thaw setting in the whole harbour appeared like a huge floating island as it was carried off by the fall of a high spring tide; and to see this huge movable body in motion with 14 wild swans sitting upon it, as it receded, and looking as if formed by nature for the only inhabitants of such a wild region, gave one more the idea of a voyage in the arctic circle than anything belonging to the shore

of a habitable country. Under an idea that every vagabond would eagerly seize the first day's shooting after the thaw, I, to be well to windward of the butterfly shooters, weathered the torrent of rain all day, and, by capital locks and good management, contrived to keep my gun dry for the five shots which I got. The geese were scattered in every direction, so that I could not bag more than 5 at a shot, and so drenching wet was the day that after the first half-hour not a dry stitch could be found to wipe out the pan of my gun, except the tail of my shirt, and while paddling to birds I had three inches of water under my stomach. I fairly brought home 17 geese. I took one very long shot at 8 swans, heard the shot strike them, and afterwards saw one leave the company and drop on the sea, where I dare not venture (about two miles to leeward), consequently had not the good fortune to bring one home. Wet all the evening, a west wind, and as mild as May.

28th. My swan that I shot yesterday having died and been picked up, there remained 7 of these magnificent birds, and they were seen off Keyhaven sitting among what little ice was left, about nine o'clock in the morning, and every corner of the creeks or on shore contained a gunner anxiously hoping that they might possibly swim or fly near enough for a random shot. Having to contend with all this impediment, and the wildest birds in existence to cope with, I had recourse to a manœuvre which struck me as the only chance. I dressed myself and Reade in a clean white shirt, white neck-cloth, and clean white nightcap, and in my white punt went all the way round to windward through a pretty heavy sea; and after getting to where the hill called 'Mount' became a background to the view, in which we appeared, we, dressed thus in milk white with a very white punt, drifted among the floating pieces of white ice till we got within about 180 yards of these monstrous fowls, when I let drive at their necks and knocked down and brought home 2 wild swans or

hoopers. I had to finish one of them with an old musket, or he might probably have escaped; and I wounded a third severely,[1] as three were fairly laid in the water, to the discharge of my swivel gun. As this attack was in full view of the village, I had several people anxiously looking on, and among them my children and all the house with their hearts in their mouths, and in a gale of wind and rain, eagerly watching our proceedings.

Towards the afternoon I was not a little surprised to see 16 more swans. They were, however, very far off, and near to a dangerous sea, and therefore, determined of course to run no risk, I dare only venture to within 220 yards of them; I consequently fired at this distance, and fairly laid 5 of them down on the water, till the others had flown above a gunshot; and notwithstanding this they all recovered, and, I suppose, joined the company.

The 2 that I killed were of equal weight (18 lb. each), one milk-white, the other of a dusky colour; the latter the largest; got also this day 10 geese and 5 wigeon.

The birds here being so incessantly popped at, I am always obliged to use large mould shot (called 'SSG') by day. Of this my gun carries 1 lb. with an equal measure of treble strong, coarse-grained powder, made on purpose, as a common gun or common shot afloat here would rarely if ever hit a bird so as to kill him.

As usual, gunners afloat all day out of number, and nothing done; and, I dare to say, not a little jealous of our invariable success.

29th.—A tremendous gale of wind all the morning, and the whole country armed with popping vagrants, who kept every flock of birds in constant jeopardy with their contemptible noise, and the whistling of slugs, which they kept discharging at everything they saw. The reptiles spoiled me

[1] One was afterwards picked up in the direction he went, so I may safely say I killed three swans at a shot.

another magnificent shot at the remaining swans, one of which, in spite of all, came over my head, and my hand gun, that I was then obliged to use, missed fire. I got but one poor shot, and killed 2 geese, and afterwards a dun-curre duck from a flock of these birds, at which I before refused an excellent shot, supposing from their white noses that they were coots, and, having the sun on them, I could not see clearly till too late; at night 4 wigeon.

30th.—In Lymington about my new punt; out in the evening; got 3 geese, the finest I ever saw, and almost white in the breast, the only shot I got, and that a random one flying instead of a magnificent one sitting, owing to a stupid ass trying to out-row me with a huge black boat. About twelve at night got a beautiful shot at about 100 wigeon on the water, but, owing to the experiment of a night sight that was rather too thick, I shot infamously bad, and my whole charge went among the first of the birds, and in the water below them; so that, instead of 20 or 30, I only stopped 8.

31st.—A wet day, and as no jackanapes could get his gun off in the rain it was my only chance; I therefore sallied out for one huge swan that had been the target of the coast, and had become so wild that he could scarcely be looked at: on my way out I fired a long shot and got 4 geese; soon after, as I expected, we saw this huge bird, floating about in a rough sea, and in a pour of rain; I had two punts to manœuvre on one side of him, while Reade and I drifted down on the other; he sprung at about four hundred yards, came luckily across my punt at about 75 yards, and down I fetched him, like a cock pheasant, with the swivel gun. His fall was more like the parachute of an air balloon than a bird; he was shot quite dead; he weighed 21 lb., and measured 7 feet 8 inches from wing to wing, being the largest, by far, of any I had killed; therefore my misfortune of last night was balanced by getting another wild swan.

February 1st.—An incessant pour of rain from morning till night; and I therefore was at Lymington nearly all day, superintending my new punt. A few geese pitched off near the quay in the evening, but rose an immense long shot. I fired at random, killed 1 goose, and came in again, or I should have been drenched to the skin.

3rd.—It scarcely ceased raining for one half-hour ever since the morning of the 31st ultimo. I went out in a pour of rain, fired one long shot, got 3 geese, and then went, for the day, to Lymington about my punt, and to get some little repairs to my gun.

5th.—Took a sail, but there were no geese near the Channel's edge. Was out at night, but it was so dark that I could not see my gun or the birds; I fired to the sound of some wigeon feeding, but made a wrong guess and missed.

6th.—A tremendous gale of wind, with snow, sleet, and rain; and not being able to exist afloat, I chose this as a favourable opportunity to be again in Lymington, and direct the workmen as to the completing of my new punt.

7th.—Wind and rain nearly all day. Killed 2 geese. Owing to the wet, mild weather, the geese were nearly as wild as hoopers.

10th.—Incessant gales of wind and rain. Though I weathered it all, I got but one shot and bagged 4 geese.

11th.—After having been out all night, and done nothing with the wigeon, owing to the wet, dark weather, I was out again all to-day, but never could get a chance to fire a gun. Except the tremendous flood last year I never saw more sea in the harbour, insomuch that we were occasionally obliged to go ashore and empty out our punt, which was repeatedly half filled; it never ceased raining the whole day. We should have had a few tolerable shots at geese had they not been spoiled by the detestable shore lubbers, who were, as usual, in armies, and who, of course, never killed, or even wounded, one bird among them all.

12*th.*—4 geese, by means of sailing in the 'Wellington,' and firing a pound of balls as they crossed.

I had this day a providential escape from being shot by Joe Wearns, the sailor. He had his gun on board, not having time to take it home, before he came to help 'man' my boat, and in putting on an old stocking that he had for a lock cover, he let the gun go off. The whole contents went within a few inches of my right side, and, as God's mercy further prevailed, instead of blowing a hole through the boat and sending us all to the bottom, the charge was half lodged in the stem post, and the other half stopped by the anchor, which happened to be down in the bottom of the boat. No one has ever been more careful of what persons and what guns they suffer to come on board than myself; and this shows what may happen from the slightest neglect of such a necessary caution, though, as it most mercifully happened, not one farthing's worth of mischief was done to either ourselves or the boat.

13*th.*—Sailed to Lymington to bring home my new punt, called the 'Fox,' and, on my way, fired off the swivel gun at 9 birds rapidly crossing, at about 120 yards, and knocked down 1.

The punt, built by a man of great celebrity, Mr. Thomas Inman, appears to be the neatest and best I ever had. It is somewhat singular that I was yesterday within two inches of being shot by Wearns, and this day within half an inch of having my right eye knocked out by Reade, with an oar; but most fortunately the blow just passed the ball of my eye, and took the upper lid, which, of course, is as black as if I had been fighting. It was a miracle for Reade, as he is the most active, the most careful, and the handiest man I ever saw in a boat, without any single exception.

15*th.*—Went out for the first time in my new-planned punt, the 'Fox,' and nothing could answer better than she, as yet, proves to do in every respect. I may say she is the first punt I ever yet saw that was really free from defect. I

contrived to get 2 geese, which, with any boat that I before had, would, to-day, have been impossible.

19*th.*—Detained from going afloat all the morning by having to stand over the blacksmith while I showed him how to alter the swivel, which he had made wrong, though with a pattern before his eyes. In the evening I got a goose, and the musket missed fire at another that I had wounded so as to get close to. This gun, with a detonating apparatus by old Egg, served me this so many times, that I took off the apparatus and threw it into the sea, in order never to be made to swear any more. Out (as I almost always am) at night for several hours, and though I crawled in my mud punt for more than a mile, I could find but a few straggling wigeon, not worth notice.

20*th.*—Fine weather, like spring; but the late westerly hurricanes have nearly finished the prospect of sport. Out all day and saw but a few geese, flying in the air, at a distance. Out all night and never found a wigeon.

21*st.*—A westerly hurricane with a pour of rain all day. A few geese were off in the harbour; weathered it to them, and then dropped down towards them; but, though almost out of sight, could not get within 300 yards. Killed nothing. At night the weather was beautiful. Out, of course, as usual; but not a living bird was to be heard, even in, or out of, the harbour.

22*nd.*—Wet by day and fine by night. Out both; not a goose to be approached within bullet shot, nor a wigeon to be seen or heard. All the sport here appears to be completely over for this season.

Reade went, this day, to Poole, to see if there were any birds there worth my going for.

24*th.*—Reade having returned with a fair account of the birds at Poole, I this evening sent on my punt for a few finishing days at my old quarters at Southhaven, as all sport at Keyhaven is now decidedly at an end.

25th.—Got to Poole and then over to Southhaven, after a most abominable journey both by sea and land, the rain falling in torrents, and the wind blowing a perfect hurricane. On arrival at the little hovel called Southhaven Inn, the place was destitute of everything, owing to a dispute with the former landlord, who would not give up the licence to the new one, who had just arrived, but consequently would not unpack his things. There were two rooms, the one solid blue with smoke, and the other with the masons putting up a chimney. This might have done quite well enough, as we meant to be twenty hours out of the twenty-four afloat; but as luck would have it, the wind and rain made us prisoners all the afternoon, all night, and part of the next day. At last matters were settled, and the old landlord walked off, and the other, with his family, began to make things look less miserable, and no people could be more civil, more reasonable, or more anxious to oblige. An immense number of geese in Poole harbour, as well as burrough ducks, curre, &c.; but the very wind which we had to weather had fairly cleared the harbour of wigeon, so that we were out all three nights without hearing a bird. Could get nothing but a few day shots, and consequently killed but 7 geese and 1 curre duck, added to some coots &c. that I shot, for mere pastime, with my shoulder gun.

March 1st.—Having done some business which I had at Poole, I then drove back again to Keyhaven.

The enormous mob of gunners that crowded round to exclaim at my shooting apparatus on the quay at Poole, I could compare to nothing but a Westminster election; and, previously to leaving the town, I rowed over to Ham to see the field marshal of the eastern gunners, who had come there, to the terror of all the Poole men. His name is Sam Singer; I was delighted with him, and we were two hours eagerly conversing with each other; the pleasure of this interview well repaid me for going to Poole, and reminded me of Wellington and Blucher meeting after the battle of Waterloo; and what

made the matter pleasanter still, I have killed more geese than he has.

4*th.*—Quitted the coast for the season, and returned with my family to Longparish House.

Game and wild fowl up to March 1823:

Popgun work inland—132 partridges, 1 quail, 6 hares, 3 rabbits, 4 pheasants, 43 snipes. Total, 189.

Grand gunning work—18 ducks and mallards, 5 curre ducks, 5 teal, 3 pintails, 97 wigeon, 180 brent geese, 4 wild swans or hoopers. Total, 312. Land sport, bagged, 189; sea sport, 312. Grand total, 501; regular wild fowl, exclusive of coots, curlews, godwits, plover, ox-birds, and various other shore birds.

N.B.—The winter was most beautifully severe, but the wind, tides, and moon, particularly unfavourable in their times for serving us. The magnificent shots that I had spoiled by the shore-popping rabble, I can scarcely reflect on with common patience, and the wigeon shooting at Keyhaven was more disturbed and injured by the beggarly army of flight poppers than on any other part of our, or, I may safely say, any other, coast.

6*th.*—Longparish. Walked quietly out for the chance of a few snipes, and killed 8 snipes, 10 jack snipes, and 1 teal, without missing a single shot. Killed 2 jacks, a double shot; and at another time put up 3 snipes together; bagged two from the first barrel, and the third from the second; had I been prepared with two guns, and gone out in earnest, I should, perhaps, have rivalled all my other days' sniping at Longparish. I shot like a fiend, but the dogs behaved cruelly bad, or I should have made up a dozen couple.

8*th.*—Some snow and a little frost, consequently no snipe shooting. I got, however, 2 snipes, 2 jack snipes, and 1 woodcock (that had defied everyone here), after a hard chase of nearly two hours, and I finished by making a double shot, off my horse, with snipe shot, at 2 magpies.

11*th.*—Went to spend a few days with Lord Rodney at

his delightful place near Alresford, and took over my punt and swivel gun and other apparatus for shooting.

12*th.*—Up several hours before daylight, with the hope that some few birds might yet be left on his famous pond; got a shot at a small flock, and picked up 3 tufted ducks, 2 golden-eyes, and 2 dunbirds, at a shot. Then walked in the meadows after breakfast, and killed 10 snipes, 1 duck, 1 mallard, and 1 teal, besides several coots.

13*th.*—A grand battue at the coots, with about twenty guns; 125 were bagged, my share of which was 43; by means of having my punt I killed also 2 wild ducks and 1 mallard at daylight. Had also some fishing with a casting net and trimmers.

15*th.*—Returned home to Longparish.

N.B.—The sensation which my shooting punts and guns made in the town of Alresford was not a little diverting; and the publican, at whose house it stood, never sold more beer than on this occasion; and my man, who acted as the showman, got more pots than his head could well stand, for the trouble of explaining to the multitude the manner of using my large gun and other apparatus.

29*th.*—2 hares, and 1 woodcock (that weighed 1 lb.). I had given up shooting for the season, but was told of this cock, and after a *grande chasse*, with all the rabble I could collect, I found and bagged him, a very long shot.

Appendix since March 6th: 2 hares, 2 woodcocks, 47 snipes, 8 ducks and mallards, 5 tufted ducks, 2 golden-eyes, 2 dunbirds, 2 teal, making 70 head, besides a quantity of coots, 43 of which I killed one morning to my own share at Lord Rodney's, where 125 were killed, making in all 571 head this season, or, including coots &c., about 700 head.

April 19*th.*—Went to London for the Levee, and a multiplicity of other business.

21*st.*—Was presented by my Colonel and Lord Rodney

on my promotion as Lieutenant-Colonel of the North Hants Regiment.

May 7th.—Went to Hamble from Southampton, sailed to inspect Mr. Delme's duck marsh at Tichfield haven (Hill Head), and returned.

28th.—Went to Cowes from Southampton and back in the 'Medina' steam packet, and nothing could be more delightful. We went full ten miles an hour, and so free from any kind of motion that, being on board, with the noise of the engine, was precisely like being in a mill.

June 28th.—Longparish. For these several years past I have never cared about fishing further than to supply my friends, and then lay aside my rod whenever I made up my basket; but finding that it now becomes a kind of trumpery theme for reputation to kill so many fish, in order to chatter about the performance, I availed myself of about five hours' fine weather this day and honestly bagged 46 killable trout, besides a great many thrown in; my first 35 were all particularly fine fish, the largest 1¾ lb., which is the very best size our river is now likely to produce. I suppose some of the cockneys would have posted to York for such a day.

July 2nd.—Mr. and Mrs. Griesbach came to us, and left on the 21st. During the stay, I had some good sport trolling, particularly one day when I caught 5 fish, about 1 lb. each, in six throws, the largest about 2¼ lb. Mr. Griesbach, as a maiden trout fisher, killed 4 brace one day, and my little son Peter, without anyone to attend or show him the way, killed his 12 good trout, with a worm, in a few hours. I made a ridiculously good double shot this evening at a bat and a stag beetle.

CHAPTER XVI

1823

September 1st. 41 partridges and 1 quail, which, considering the nervous state of myself from recent illness, the want of good dogs and the annoyance of standing corn, is one of the best days I ever made. I made 8 double shots and missed nothing.

3rd. 30 partridges, and 6 more shot and lost. The only beat I had was where there were four other parties, and although so weak I could hardly walk, I am quite sure that I bagged twice as much as all of them put together.

6th. 20 partridges and 1 hare, having made 8 double shots; 4 brace out of which were at pairs of old birds, such has, this year, been the havoc among the nests, on our best side of the country, owing to the early mowing of the clover.

20th. 14 partridges and 1 snipe. Scent bad and birds extremely wild, everyone complaining that not even a brace could be got. I killed all my birds by means of walking the ground with both barrels cocked, and blazing, as quick as lightning, just as the birds topped the stubble.

23rd.—While everyone was complaining that not a bird could be got, I went out for scarcely more than two hours previously to going to Andover, and brought home 10 partridges, with missing only one long second-barrel shot. This shows what manœuvring will do.

29*th.* A beautiful day, and the birds lay very fairly for the time of year and for our light country. I bagged 16 partridges and 1 jack snipe, and missed nothing.

Game &c. killed up to September 30th, 1823: 206 partridges, 2 hares, 1 quail, 2 snipes, 4 wild ducks. Except killing 4 brace to try a duck gun, I took but twelve days' shooting; which, as I was in indifferent health, badly off for dogs, and had such a multiplicity of business that interfered with my shooting, I consider most admirable sport; and I have no doubt more than was killed by all those put together who were here at it every day. I shot with a detonating gun which never missed fire but once, and made a great many double shots almost every day I went out; the most in one day was eight.

October 1*st.*—Out the whole morning in one incessant pour of heavy rain with a continual hurricane, and only discharged my gun three times, and all very long shots. I bagged 2 hares, and shot and lost the only pheasant I sprung; he was a fine old cock, and fell in the most handsome manner. A pheasant in my beat is a very rare bird to meet with, we having had none for years. My detonator went as well, in spite of all the rain, as if it had been used on a sunshiny day.

4*th.*—Slaved all day to no purpose trying to find a pheasant, and came home with nothing but 1 partridge and 1 jack snipe, all I shot at.

15*th.*—Got one long shot and at last bagged an old cock pheasant, which is now become quite a *rara avis* in this place.

23*rd.*—Left Longparish at two this morning; got into the Isle of Purbeck about two in the afternoon. Brought Reade over to Poole to have the bone of his bad finger (poisoned by a fish) cut off by the surgeon, and took away my new bitch, brought from Newfoundland. Slept at Poole.

24*th.*—Got to Keyhaven, and proceeded to Lymington to inspect two new punts building for me by Inman.

27th.—Sent my boat cart to Southampton, and had over the famous east countryman Elijah Buckle, with his celebrated gun and punt, to try experiments, &c.

28th.—Had a grand trial of stanchion guns before a mob of spectators, and found my gun as good as (if not superior to) Buckle's.

November 3rd.—Returned to Keyhaven to renew my experiments and preparations.

N.B.—Scarcely any birds on the coast. I killed only a wigeon. Among the few birds that I shot to try my gun, I got 2 knots and 1 turnstone. Buckle got a little shot one wet day and picked up 4 wigeon, which with mine were the only fowl killed on our coast while we were there.

15th.—Longparish. Had a *grande chasse*, to scour the whole country, wood, fields, and river; and so destitute of sport did we find all our beat, that I bagged only 3 rabbits, 2 snipes, and 1 jack snipe, which were all I fired at.

16th.—Received from France 15 decoy ducks of a wild species trained for *la chasse à la hutte.*

18th.—Having this day completed the hut &c. after the style I learnt in France, we tried our birds; they behaved magnificently and brought down the only two ducks that flew close to me; but my young dog spoiled the shot before I could catch the wild birds clear of the others.

20th.—2 jack snipes and 1 partridge, all I shot at.

First tried all my beat for snipes, then the uplands for game; and passed the night in my new hut for ducks; but no sport whatever to be got. This place seems at present to be completely barren of all game whatever.

December 4th.—I launched the new punt which I ordered to be painted and 'got ready' for sea, and named her the 'Owl,' being a white night bird and the emblem of sagacity or wisdom, on the helmet of Minerva.

15th.—Having sent on my new punt, the 'Owl,' to be

kept on the coast, I this day drove down to Keyhaven, to see if there were any birds.

16*th.*—Scarcely anything to be seen this morning. I got 1 brent goose and 2 grey plover, and was much pleased in every respect with the new punt.

17*th.*—Reade got 3 wigeon a little before daybreak, when it came on an incessant pour of rain, and a tremendous gale of wind, which lasted all day and all night.

18*th.*—Got 1 brent goose; and afterwards (owing to the impossibility of managing my gun in so short and so rough a sea) I overshot a trip of geese, that, had not the lop of the sea canted my gun, I have no doubt I should have stopped half a score of.

19*th.*—Out all day and never saw but 5 geese; got nothing but 2 coots, a long random shot; out all night and never heard nor saw a single wigeon.

20*th.*—A most tremendous day again. Weathered, for a few hours, expressly to try the new punt in a sea. She answered beautifully; but as for a shot, we did not get a chance.

23*rd.*—Having nothing but incessant wind and rain, I this day drove over to Longparish, with a view of passing Christmas, and with the hope that the weather might change in the meantime.

30*th.*—1 partridge, which I wanted and had some difficulty to get.

1824

January 6th.—Returned to Keyhaven for the pleasure of a little seaside recreation, but, for want of hard weather, with no prospect of good shooting.

7*th.*—Up by daylight; out sailing and exploring till five in the afternoon, having been nearly to Cowes, saw nothing but a few very wild geese, and getting a shot was to-day out of the question. Out for the night directly I had refreshed

myself, and never heard but 1 wigeon, notwithstanding the wind had changed to the east. I impute the destruction of Keyhaven to those rascally launchers shoving their punts over the mud every night before the birds have had any feeding.

8th. At it all day and night: not a bird to be seen. Wind in its old filthy quarter again, south-west.

11th. As there is no shooting whatever here, I took a drive to Poole in order to see Sam Singer's new 14½-lb. gun and punt; and in the afternoon drove to Uddens House, to see my old friend Jack Ponton, but he was in town, so I drove back and supped at Poole.

12th.—Drove back to Keyhaven. A little frost, but as yet white and therefore uncertain.

13th to 16th.—Not a wigeon to be seen in harbour, either by day or night, though both Reade and I never ceased to persevere. In spite of fair frosty weather and a full moon, not one gunner have we even heard fire a shot, so completely is this place clear of birds; my whole week's sport, and at it every day and all the nights, was 2 grey plover.

17th.—Reade went home, and on the 18th returned bringing me word that the unprecedented bad sport with wild fowl was, if possible, worse at Poole than at this place.

18th to 23rd.—Not a wigeon to be seen or heard.

24th.—Gave up, and left Keyhaven.

N.B.—All the gunners are reduced to beggary by this phenomenon of a scarcity.

26th.—Longparish. The whole country here I find has been in arms after three Egyptian geese, which I suppose must have deserted from some gentleman's pond, or they never would have stood the immense number of shots that a rabble of bunglers have been popping at them; one, by better luck than skill, was stopped by the sixth round of Will Blake, my man, and I have sent it to be stuffed. I rode out all the morning;

but the other two geese, no wonder, have not been seen since. This evening my man Charles arrived with the two grand potentates of all the gunners, Reade and Elijah Buckle, with whom I am trying various experiments and still further improvements in my punts.

27*th.*—Was instructed by Buckle in the knack of firing the large gun from the shoulder, instead of from a swivel, by which a punt of one-third the usual weight is equally safe. I had, of course, but a small charge, though I was astonished to find how much less was the recoil than I expected. Powder is tremendous for the first inch or two of recoil; but afterwards it is much less powerful than I could have supposed, if received by anything the least elastic.

30*th.*—Reade and Buckle left me, after we had worked hard every day at the punts and learned Buckle's system.

February 9*th.*—Having received 10 more decoy ducks and mallards from France, I tried them this evening, and the only 2 birds that came near my hut they brought well in shot.

11*th.*—Went to Lord Rodney's to instruct his man in the use of some French ducks, that I took him, &c. Even here the scarcity of wild fowl has been such that not a bird had been brought to table. I continued, however, to get a few by means of getting up some hours before daylight, letting myself out of the house and getting over the park pales to the pond, where I had the luck to kill all I shot at.

March 1*st.*—Left Longparish to look at a manor in Norfolk and inspect the lakes and coast.

3*rd.*—Arrived at Yarmouth and received the greatest civility and hospitality from C. Girdlestone, Esq., who, being an excellent sportsman, proved to be a capital pilot and guide for every information.

5*th.*—Went to Horsey to stay a few days at my old quarters with Mr. Rising, where I had a good day's fishing, and in the course of one of my walks killed 2 teal and 1 snipe.

9*th.*—Left Horsey for Yarmouth early in the morning,

and made a thorough inspection of the Breyden flats, which appeared in every respect to be the finest gunning ground I ever saw. Having taken Buckle, the admiral of the swivel gunners, by way of a servant, I had also an able engineer to judge of the place. In short I found the impediment to shooting on the waters so little, and all the gunning ground so good, that I proved it quite unnecessary to be troubled with the care and expense of a manor, and left Yarmouth fully satisfied with my pleasant excursion and the many little things I had seen and discovered.

N.B. The gunners on this coast, although equipped with huge guns, were about thirty years behindhand in their art; but so near is Yarmouth to Holland, that the people here have the maiden shots at the fowl before they become wild, as they always are before they reach our coast. Left by the 'Dart' coach at five in the evening, and slept at Norwich.

10*th*. Left Norwich at a quarter past six, and at a quarter past seven reached London by the 'Times' coach. Had a capital *déjeuner à la fourchette* at Bury St. Edmunds for two shillings each passenger. And the same coachman drives the whole 114 miles every day in the week, not even Sunday does he rest; and one of the coachmen, the famous Mr. Thoroughgood, has in addition to this to walk about thirty miles a week.

11*th*. From morning till night with gunmakers, book publishers and other people on various business, and got through about thirty long commissions and a few calls.

12*th*.—Returned to Longparish, and found all well.

Game &c. killed in the season:

Popgun work—216 partridges, 7 hares, 1 quail, 3 rabbits, 2 pheasants, 46 snipes.

Duck gun work—2 geese, 8 ducks and mallards, 1 wigeon 3 curres, 4 teal. In all but 293 head.

N.B.—The vilest wild-fowl season in the annals of history, a summer instead of a winter, and half the gunners starving,

and on the parish books for relief. Universally bad all over England, and even the decoy men in distress for subsistence.

April 1st.—Got up early, did business at—below Kensington, Hanover Square, Pall Mall, Thames Street, Ely Place, Clerkenwell, Soho Square, Long Acre, Marlborough and Poland Streets, Princes Street, Dover Street, St. James's Street, Fleet Street, Regent Street, called on three friends, found everybody at home, did several commissions to boot, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 2nd left town, and got home to Longparish about half-past twelve o'clock.

28th.—Killed 20 brace of trout, besides small ones thrown in, in three hours and three-quarters.

N.B.—I name this merely as good sport; though I have long left off keeping accounts, because I have killed so much in my life, that I now only take fish when wanted, and not for amusement.

May 12th.—Went to town about my works, my large double gun, and various other matters of business. Had, one evening, an interview with Rossini, the god of Italian music; found him a very pleasant man, and was afterwards much gratified by going to his concert, to which nothing but knowing him could have got me admittance at so short a notice, not being a subscriber. Saw the boat that performed 118 miles in fifteen hours and three-quarters. She is of one-quarter inch oak plank, forty feet long, very sharp forward, tolerable bearings, and apparently crank.

28th.—Went to town in order to bring out the third edition of 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen.' In a few days after, lodged at Mr. Currie's, 20 Regent Street, the best billet I ever had in my life.

June 20th.—Superintended the rebuilding of the middle part of Longparish House.

July 12th.—London. Saw the remains of our unrivalled and immortal bard, Lord Byron, removed into the hearse, and moved off in procession for interment.

August 3rd.—Brought out the third edition of my 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen,' after two months' incessant labour and anxiety with artists, printers, &c. I, of course, sent copies to his Majesty, and other great persons, as well as to some particular friends, and the artists who were engaged for the work.

31*st.* After quite as much trouble with getting forward my large double gun as I had in bringing out my book, I left town this day, and arrived at Longparish House, which I found still in such a miserable mess, with brick and mortar, that I directly wished myself away again.

CHAPTER XVII

1824

September 1st.—Partridges all in the high standing corn Weather so intensely hot and dry that scarcely a dog would hunt, not a breath of scent, and the birds wild and running all day, and, as far as I could judge, a bad breed of birds. In short, the worst 1st of September I ever was out in at Longparish, for, though I shot as well as ever I have done, yet I could only bag 20 partridges and 1 rabbit.

2nd.—So intensely hot that every person is complaining. Went out between four and five this evening, and even then was almost broiled.

7th.—I got 11 partridges. Missed a bird in shot, which is the first time I have done so this season. I, however, killed him with the second barrel, so I lost nothing by my bungling.

14*th.*—Out for four hours, and literally never discharged my gun, except at a quail, which I killed. Finding shooting out of the question to-day, I took half an hour's trolling, and got 4 brace of very large trout.

16*th.*—27 partridges, and, what is somewhat singular, I lost 7 more than I shot. This is an extraordinary contrast with the day before yesterday, when I beat the same ground, with very little in addition, and never got a shot at a partridge. It shows the extreme difference between a good and a bad scenting day. Although this is by far the greatest day I have had this bad season, yet it was by no means a

satisfactory one. First, I lost 7 birds that I shot in covert, &c.; second, I had six fair shots spoiled by my horses and men being in the way; and third, I missed three birds within shot, which has been always a rare thing for me to do, and was as sad a catastrophe as losing my purse or my watch; and fourthly, I burnt my fingers by once firing in haste with my hand near the gas-hole of the detonator.

22nd.—8 partridges and 1 hare, and 4 more birds lost. Never did I lose so many birds as I have done since I used detonating guns; as they have always with me proved to hit the birds so weak at long distances, that they get a field or two off and tower before they fall, instead of coming down handsome as they usually did when I used a flint lock.

Game killed in September 1824: 146 partridges, 4 hares, 1 rabbit, 1 landrail, 1 quail, 2 snipes. Total, 155 head.

N.B.—A universal complaint everywhere that this has been the worst and scarcest season ever known, insomuch that I have beat everyone here, and even done wonders by getting the little game above entered.

October 4th. Decidedly proved that the flint gun shot superior, both for strength and closeness, to the detonator. But, on taking the flint into the field, I killed only 1 partridge and 1 landrail, having from lately used a detonator fired behind four other shots at birds that I ought to have killed. This is a caution to those who have shot well with a flint to 'leave well enough alone.'

9th.—10 partridges, 2 jack snipes, and 1 hare. Was unwell, and nervous as a cat, or I should have killed a leash more birds; as it was, I lost a brace more that towered. Two curious occurrences to-day: killed 2 birds at a shot, and stepped over a hare sitting, when running to pick them up, and then killed hare. Sprung an old cock bird out of Hunter's pigstye in the village when riding home; went in search of him again; found him in the plantation before the windows, and bagged him a very long shot, which happened to be the

longest distance of any shot I ever recollect making with a detonator.

16*th.*—1 pheasant. The first I have seen or heard of since the season commenced. I was walking up our wood without a gun; sprung the bird, and then raced home; raised a hue and cry, and after a little search found the pheasant again and put him in the bag.

November 4*th.*—London. Seriously ill. I crawled from seeing Sir Everard Home to the chemist with the greatest difficulty, and, while almost fainting in the shop, the first salutation I had was that Chambers, my banker, had just failed for 260,000*l.*, and with all my money, 931*l.*, in his hands. I was ordered to go home and be put to bed, but this affair obliged me to get driven to the City to be satisfied as to the safety of my funded property; but, after all, I was too late, and Friday being a holiday, I had to wait, with Christian patience, till Saturday.

5*th.*—Lay on my back with violent pain and inflammation the whole day. I dare swallow nothing but tea and gruel, and lost the means of getting fomented by my servant not having arrived, agreeably to a letter despatched. This is like a second edition of my suffering in Spain and Portugal, with an attack on my finances as well as my health.

15*th.*—Ill ever since, and ill still. More miseries. Pinnock (the man who has my patent) smashed, and to avoid bankruptcy, resigned, all in confusion, to trustees.

19*th to* 21*st.*—Worse again. Intermitting fever, gums all in boils, teeth loose; in the essence of misery. To-day received information that my house at Keyhaven was inundated by another tremendous flood; the chimney fallen through the roof by the late tremendous gale; the house and everything round completely inundated and seriously damaged.

December 9*th.*—After being bored to death with the consummate ignorance, impertinence, and obstinacy of old Egg, who pretended to undertake my large double gun, and, after all,

threw the whole burthen of directions on my shoulders, and then wanted to take all the credit himself, I was this day well enough to drive to below Vauxhall Bridge, where we tried the gun; and, in short, the two barrels together (on my plan) answered even better than I expected, whereas if Egg had done it his way, the whole concern would have been spoiled.

14*th.*—Returned to Longparish House, under the idea that change of air would expedite my recovery.

16*th.*—Buckle arrived, and we began building a punt.

22*nd.*—What with the wet weather, abominable damp mortar, and the sad state the house is now left in from the alterations, almost everyone in the house has taken a cold. I had a severe relapse yesterday and to-day, and my eyes were so bad also that I could hardly see across the room.

24*th to* 28*th.*—A pretty Christmas. Myself much worse, a close prisoner, and till now, and now with great difficulty, I could not see to write. Scarce touched a morsel for three whole days, and as weak as a rat. The cook so bad with the rheumatism she could not spit the meat or do anything without help, and in great pain. The kitchen-maid bled, and laid up in the drawing room among the lumber of the mutilated centre of the house, which is deposited there. Poor Charles, my right-hand man and useful attendant in all my illness, was the worst of us all; alarmingly ill, with two doctors, and hourly apprehensions of typhus fever. Hornsby touched sharply with ophthalmia, and bad in his stomach. Kitt the carpenter so poorly he can hardly go on with his work. The plasterer gone off, and laid up with his eyes in a dangerous state, owing to an accident with the lime. Long, the gunmaker, laid up in his bed at Andover and unable to come to me, and the man he sent in his stead very poorly. With the exception of Long, this is all a house illness; though such has been the wet weather that it must be admitted there never was so much general illness here before. This is a glorious salvo for the architect,

who will probably swear that his damp walls, wet mortar, and thorough draughts have nothing to do with our invalided family.

29*th.*—Reade came up to see and trim the new punt &c.

30*th.*—I was so far better as to be just able to crawl out and see the punt afloat. All our household a little mended, and Charles this night pronounced by the doctors as likely to live.

1825

January 14*th.*—Buckle, who came to me to assist in punt building, went out after a large flock of teal that dropped in our moors; 15 came by him all in a cluster, and he knocked down 6 at a shot, which, on my property here, is the best shot I ever remember being made. I continued not well enough to go out.

25*th and* 26*th.*—Myself still on the sick list, though constantly employed in building my punt in the new drawing room.

February 16*th.*—Had a grand trial of my new double stanchion gun, assisted by Buckle (the king of the stanchion gunners), and nothing could be more satisfactory than all my inventions proved, insomuch that I may venture to pronounce this gun the champion of England. We were from morning till night firing, and half the night writing down the calculations and experiments.

17*th.*—Had not killed a bird since October 16th, owing to long illness. This day discharged a duck gun at a jack snipe and bagged him.

28*th.*—Although still an invalid, I went to stay a few days with Lord Rodney, to try my new gun and punt on his lake at Alresford; though what few fowl had been there this year had nearly all disappeared.

March 6*th.*—Longparish. Laid my boat up inshore, covered her over with reeds, got the snipes driven to where they

always were seen to pitch, raked the reeds with the big gun at random, and bagged 12 snipes at one shot, all dead. I waited half an hour for the flock to come down again, which they were in the act of doing, when my dog swam across to me and drove them off.

Game &c. killed to March 5th, 1825: 160 partridges, 6 hares, 1 pheasant, 1 rabbit, 2 landrails, 1 quail, 38 snipes, 4 wild ducks, 1 tufted drake, 9 teal. Total, 224 head, exclusive, of course, of coots, &c.

N.B.—Lost all the shooting in October, November, December, January, and February, owing to illness brought on entirely by vexation and trouble. Luckily for me, however, the season was the worst ever known both for game and fowl.

17th.—London. Suffered much from illness, and was dreadfully inconvenienced by having got into a house in London without a warm corner in it. Had much vexation again with that old rascal Egg; and, after much trouble with my solicitor, and Joe Manton for a mediator, got off for 200*l.* for my gun, and it will take 20*l.* more to replace the bad work therein. Old Egg made an indirect appeal for 300*l.* for the gun, and 25*l.* for his time; and then mitigated this into a demand for immediate payment of 200*l.* for the gun, 10*l.* for his time, and 4*l.* 11*s.* for a loading rod and a deal box. After giving me immense trouble, he proposed to toss up for the 4*l.* 11*s.*, and it was pretty evident he knew how to throw tails; so I cried 'Tails,' caught him in his own trap, got his receipt in full of all demands, witnessed by Joe Manton, and on a 10*s.* stamp, and at a great sacrifice washed my hands of one of the most aggravating and ungrateful fellows that ever disgraced the name of a tradesman.

April 11th.—After being four weeks in the very essence of misery with being stewed in hot water, physicked, leeched, and butchered, I, this day, went with Macilwain to consult the most extraordinary old bear that ever appeared in a civilised country, the celebrated Dr. Abernethy.

12*th.*—Consulted, on my case, with Sir Henry Halford, the prince and the Lord Chesterfield of all the medical practitioners.

25*th.*—After having undergone two more infernal operations, that did me more harm than good, I this day withdrew myself from the attendance of Macilwain, and went again to Sir Everard Home, having been now just six weeks under severe treatment to no purpose. Lord send me a speedy delivery from illness and doctors. Here have I been a sufferer more or less, without any one permanent step to amendment, since the 1st of November.

June 23*rd.*—Saw Graham ascend in his balloon, after first having a long conversation with him. Favourable weather, and the sight most beautiful.

30*th.*—After being very busy, in order to leave the fourth edition of 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen' in the press, I this day returned to Longparish.

July 19*th.*—4 snipes, and should have killed 4 more had I not taken up an old flint gun, which put me out, after the detonators.

N.B.—The hottest weather known since the memory of the oldest man here, was this day, and several days previous to it. It was for this novelty that I went after these snipes that I had heard of.

August 10*th.*—Launched my fourth edition of the 'Instructions to Sportsmen.'

12*th.*—London. Met Tom Moore, the poet, and some other scientific men at Longmans' dinner.

13*th.*—Saw the living skeleton in Pall Mall.

23*rd.*—Left London for Longparish.

24*th.*—Proceeded to Mr. Ponton's at Uddens House, Dorset, for what little black-game shooting England affords.

Particulars of the greatest day's west country poult shooting on record:

25*th.*—9 heath poults or black game, having discharged

my gun but nine times; and, on one occasion, as Ponton was a long way behind me, we all felt confident that 2 birds fell to one barrel of my gun; if so, I bagged 5 brace; but at all events $4\frac{1}{2}$, which is, in this country, a miracle, being far more than was ever done before, insomuch that 2 brace of black game in a day is here considered most brilliant sport. I made two doublets and five single shots, some very long ones. Ponton also shot as well as possible, and, as almost a matter of course with him, never missed. He killed 3 brace, exclusive of the doubtful bird before named. In short, our day was 8 brace of strong, full-grown black game, the greatest sport here on record, the talk of all the country, and an article for the public papers. This was my maiden day at English black-game shooting, and a most glorious one it was. We found but 11 brace the whole day, and this was considered a wonderful show of these birds, except in winter, when they all flock together, and can never be shot by fair means. In a word, this was, taking it 'for all in all,' the most satisfactory day's sport I ever had in my life.

28*th.*—Sunday. Went to morning church at Ham Preston, and to afternoon service at Stape Hill Convent, where, by a lucky accident, I got a good view of all the nuns. This is a poor though wild and romantic little place, established by Lord Arundel, on the heath just outside of Ponton's Park.

30*th.*—Left Uddens Park, and in the evening arrived again at Longparish House.

CHAPTER XVIII

1825

September 1st.—I never knew the scent so bad, or the birds so wild, on the 1st, as on this day; notwithstanding which I bagged, with only my two old bitches, neither of which are extraordinary, 42 partridges, besides 6 more shot dead and lost, 2 hares, 2 quails, all I saw, 1 landrail and 1 wood pigeon.

2nd.—Rested, as I always do after the first day, for many just reasons.

3rd.—31 partridges, 1 hare, and 1 snipe, entirely through having shot most brilliantly, as the birds were so extremely wild that many sportsmen could not even get a brace.

5th.[1]—40 partridges, making, exclusive of a wood pigeon not game, 120 head of game in three days; or, putting it on the average, 20 brace a day for three successive days. Though the ground is, notwithstanding the heavy rain in August, so dry, and the birds so wild, that everyone complains of getting but little sport, yet by means of able manœuvring, rapid attacks, and rapid shooting, I have been doing wonders, considering the country I shot in.

7th.—21 partridges, 1 landrail, and 1 wood pigeon, which, considering how very windy it was, and how very wild the

[1] This is the first day in my life that I could in our wild lawless country have what I call my 'butcher's halloo,' after the first day. This means the three cheers that I and my army give whenever the number of twenty brace in one day is made up.

birds were, is quite equal to the preceding day's sport. I made seven doublets, and missed nothing in reach. Indeed, I have not missed a fair shot this season.

10*th.*—An incessant hurricane all day. After my bagging 8 partridges, besides 2 more killed and lost, and 2 snipes, there came on such a thick, drizzling rain, that I gave up shooting, galloped home, and sallied forth with my rod, and had a most wonderful day's fishing. Colonel Halton and I, including what we threw in, caught 40 brace of trout. I remember at one time killing 5 good fish in seven throws of the rod.

12*th.*—A wet, drizzling morning; went with a casting net to get bait; then attended Mr. Painter to give him a few finishing lessons in fishing, at which he had excellent sport. Caught two very large trout myself, and several smaller ones; and, in short, was occupied till about twelve, when the rain blew off. I then went home, took a snack, and gave the birds another and a farewell attack for the present. I bagged 24 partridges, 2 hares, 1 landrail, and 1 snipe, by dint of good generalship, with my army of markers, and shooting with a rapidity and accuracy that after my long illness I despaired of ever recovering. Long, the gunmaker, was among the spectators; and much pleased he was, as he had bored one of the guns on which I played such a glorious concerto. Here ends my shooting for this trip to the country. A most glorious beginning, with a splendid finale.

Grand sport. I here give a list of game &c. killed up to September 12th.

Out altogether but five whole mornings and two half mornings. Some unprecedented sport trout fishing; and 9 heath poults (all in one day and in nine shots), to which add 166 partridges, 7 hares, 2 wood pigeons, 3 landrails, 2 quails, 8 snipes; besides 10 more partridges shot dead and lost, which would bring the list to 207; reckoning fairly, however, as to what I bagged, the total is 197 head.

13*th.*—Drove over to Lord Rodney's to see him relative to our regiment meeting, to play at soldiers and swallow sloe juice on the 28th of this month.

26*th.*—Having received orders for twenty-eight days' training of the North Hants Regiment, I this day left town and arrived at Longparish, in order to prepare for playing at soldiers and swallowing sloe juice.

27*th.*—Went out to get some birds for the Duke of Clarence, despairing of success as no one had been able to do anything. I persevered, however, and killed 16 partridges; and the next day, the 28th, I joined the regiment at Winchester.

October 1*st.*—Too busy soldiering to think of pheasant shooting, though I had some very tempting invitations with promises of extraordinary sport.

12*th.*—Having got a few days' emancipation from sloe juice and pipe clay, I this morning mounted the rostrum of the 'Telegraph,' and arrived, on some business, in the far more agreeable town of London.

15*th.* Returned per mail (*alias* the paper cart) to our Bacchanalian servitude in Winchester.

25*th.*—Our training, thanks to my stars, is this day at an end; and so should I have been also, had I been obliged to weather another such a month. What with sitting till midnight over sloe juice, occasional suppers &c. (kept up till morning), plays, balls, grand singing, dinners, &c., in short, one incessant round of company, I was almost worn out, as this to me is the very devil. The little duty which I had to do was the only mental recreation which this sink of dissipation would afford. This evening we all went over to Alresford House, where Lord Rodney gave a grand dinner, and beds to the whole regiment; and we sat up till two at music.

26*th.*—Tried some experiments on the lake (accompanied by Reade, who came to me on purpose) for the amusement of the officers and a large concourse of spectators assembled

from all parts, and astonished my lookers-on by some excellent shots at coots, the only fowl then on the pond. Previously to this, by the bye, I turned out at five in the morning—after being up till near three—in order to storm an enormous army of starlings, into which I blew off the great double gun with 30 ounces of small shot, just before sunrise. What I killed it is impossible to say, but, from the appearance of the huge hole blown through the phalanx of birds, my spectators guessed at least 500, though I could get but a mere share of those which fell, as nearly all of them dropped in the reeds and on quagmires. What I bagged at the time, however, was 243 starlings at one shot.[1] The feathers which the wind blew towards and over us, after the shot, I could compare to nothing but a heavy fall of black snow.

28th.—The first quiet day I have passed for some weeks. The transition was like the stopping of a noisy mill.

December 13*th.*—Returned to Longparish.

17*th.*—After passing the morning at Andover, I this day, though suffering with a severe headache, went out at a quarter past two, and was home again before four o'clock with 5 snipes, 5 jack snipes, and 1 teal, which I killed without missing a bird.

19*th.*—1 snipe and 2 jack snipes, and was then driven home by rain, which was no loss, as, by what little I could see, I had nearly cleared off all the snipes here on Saturday.

1826

January 2nd.—Sent Reade and Charles to remove my new gunning flotilla, for a trial on the sea, to Keyhaven.

[1] P.S.—*December 27th.* My man Charles came home from a mission to Alresford, and brought back word that, since I was there, the reeds were cut, and the workmen found between 200 and 300 more starlings. If so I was right in guessing that I killed 500 at a shot, and they say that all this army of starlings evacuated their garrison the day after I besieged them.

3*rd.*—They and I arrived safe at Keyhaven.

4*th.*—Employed all day in getting our apparatus in order.

5*th.*—Though it blew a tremendous gale, from east by south, my sailors and I were anxious to try our new punt, the 'Lion' to-day, it being Thursday, which we superstitiously fancy a lucky day. We began working up to windward, at daylight, in order to drop down on what few geese were arrived. But it so happened that the first birds we fell in with were about 60 wigeon. My punt was so invisible, that we got well in shot of them; but, being loaded only with mould shot, and having to fire through a tremendous surf, which took the charge from the object, I got but one old cock wigeon, though we had the satisfaction to find that everything answered remarkably well. All sport at an end by ten o'clock A.M., as the water had then left the mud; and nothing could live outside, as it poured with hail, sleet, snow, and rain, and blew ready to tear the very trees up.

6*th.*—A gale of wind all night and all day, with a tremendous pour of rain; fired one shot, a long one, and got but 1 wigeon; and was then, as yesterday, imprisoned by the weather from ten in the morning till night.

9*th.*—A frost and fine weather. Reade went out to reconnoitre the creeks in my old Poole punt, and merely took my old forty-shilling shoulder gun a few hours before daylight. He happened to fall in with a newly migrated bunch of fowl, all in a heap, and got close to them, and at one shot with this gun killed and got 5 ducks and mallards, 12 wigeon, 2 pintails, and 1 grey plover.

10*th.*—Calm weather, scarcely a bird in harbour; did fairly, for the little chance there was. Got 1 pintail, 1 scaup drake, 1 wigeon, and 3 grey plover.

12*th.*—A butterfly day; every jackass afloat with a blunderbuss or a swivel gun; all the fowl driven out to sea, and there enjoying a dead calm. I killed 4 coots, and then came in, and went to bed after dinner. Turned out again at

midnight, and on the morning of the 13th, about half-past two, got 13 wigeon, by starlight. Every one quite dead.

14th. Out from after midnight till seven this morning. Foggy weather, and wigeon, as they always are then, too restless to be done anything with. Out from two till night; not a bird in harbour, and I killed nothing all day, except a jack snipe, that I discharged my musket at. I this day heard that, notwithstanding the very cold weather and hard frost, there was scarcely a bird to be seen in Lymington market, or even to be got from any of the gunners, so unaccountably scarce have they as yet been. Not a goose to be seen or heard of; a bird that this coast has generally afforded in all weathers. Sent Reade to crawl in the mud sledge about eight, I being afraid, after my late illness, to crawl on the mud this season. He got 4 wigeon, but found the birds very 'ticklish.'

16th.—Out at four; few birds, and no tide to get at them: got but 1 wigeon and 2 coots. I then went to Longparish, and providentially arrived just before a dreadful fire took place in the village; by which means I had the pleasure of being somewhat useful to the poor sufferers, by starting a subscription &c. on the morning of the 17th, just before the engines had subdued the flames. Three houses, Morrant's, Mersham's, and Siney's, were burnt to the ground, and not a vestige of property was saved.

18th.—Ahresford (Lord Rodney's). 9 dunbirds, 7 tufted ducks, 1 golden-eye, 1 morillon, 1 teal, 4 snipes, 8 jack snipes, and several coots, that got shot with the other birds. I missed only one shot, and that at a snipe, far out of reach. My best shot, with the duck gun, was 9 mixed fowl. But the whole country was, and is now for ever likely to be, ruined by the preserve of Mr. Alexander Baring, of the Grange Park, who feeds and monopolises, merely to ornament his water, and tickle his fancy, half the fowl in Hampshire. I drove there, expressly to see his collection, and I am confident

I saw not less than 8,000 fowl on the water before his house.

21*st.*—A mild, foggy day, and no chance for sport. Took a cruise all the way down Channel, as far as off Newtown in the Isle of Wight, in the gunning punt, and though out from five in the morning till two in the afternoon, never got a shot.

Out again at night from seven till eleven; heard a few wigeon, but the tide was not high enough to get at them.

23*rd.* No chance by day, and the only one we had, at night, spoiled by some rascally shore popper.

24*th.*—Out by day and night again. Very foggy, and consequently no chance with the wigeon.

25*th.*—4 wigeon. Out all day and all night, with but very poor chances.

26*th.*—Out all day and all night; no chance till about one in the morning.

27*th.*—Got 9 wigeon; only found one little trip of about 16, and caught them under the moon. Some more were picked up, so I guess I did vastly well with them. In the evening was unlucky, at the only shot at geese I have had this year. I got within 150 yards of about 300, and owing to a trifling derangement of my swivel gun, I shot a yard under them. Again, after midnight, I was unlucky. I had been lying for three hours alongside a fine trip of wigeon; at last I got close in to them, and when in the very act of raising my gun to blow a double lane through them, at about two in the morning, an infernal custom-house boat opened the point, and put them up.

30*th.*—11 wigeon and 1 brent goose. Nothing but a few small trips were in at night. About three I shot at 6, and stopped them all. A gale of wind and rain in the afternoon, but I hurried back from Lymington, where I went on some law business, and saved my tide for the geese. I knocked down 3, but I was forced to come home, owing to the heavy sea. This was the only shot I got after working hard till dusk.

31*st.*—Took our tide at half-past two this morning; out till daylight; tremendous rough weather, and not above 20 wigeon in harbour, and we came in with a wet gun without having fired a shot. Took the evening tide, but never found a bird. Westerly gales and all appearance of what little sport there is being nearly at an end for the season.

February 1*st.*—Out three hours before daylight; no wigeon in harbour; got a wild duck and a godwit while sailing in to breakfast. It then set in a warm wet day; out from two in the afternoon till seven; no birds on the tide, and a fog at night.

2*nd.*—Out before five this morning being determined to persevere; no chance for a shot, and there was too much wind and hazy weather to attempt anything in the evening; consequently, the lot of every gunner was a blank day.

4*th.*—Arrived in London.

Nothing particular occurred in town, except the bankruptcy of Joe Manton and the sale of his effects.

13*th.*—Keyhaven. We were prepared to turn out at half-past one this morning, but it came on hazy and wet, with a westerly wind; so all chance was at an end, though when I left London only the day before yesterday we had a fine east wind with a pretty hard frost. Thus we were, as usual, made 'gaol birds' of again. In the afternoon we took a sail and landed on the shingles of the Needles, where all the dunlins and curlews go at high water, and defy the gunners. I popped away at the dunlins, and knocked down a couple of dozen, and also shot a cormorant, or, to use the slang term, 'lowered a parson,' but we should have buried a cask, and tied a cat to a peg, to have done well. Then we might have had good sport. We went out, four hands on board, or this expedition might have been dangerous, as we had quite as much sea 'as we knew what to do with.' On our return, about six in the evening, Buckle had arrived to pass the evening here, and try some experiments with me to-morrow.

15*th.*—Wind and rain morning, noon, and night, and not a bird to be seen or heard. Keyhaven more like a cell in Newgate than a place for recreation, during such cruel weather as we have hitherto had to undergo.

16*th.*—Wind and rain all night till daylight this morning, when at last it was tolerably dry overhead, though a strong westerly wind. We were this day very anxious to try the new elevation of the gun, as we had evidently been shooting under before. The only shot I got was at dunbirds, into which I fired both barrels, and a most satisfactory little shot I made. I picked up 58, nearly all dead, which was two-thirds of what I had to shoot through. Thus far, everything appears to answer extremely well. No fowl about to-day; out again about sunset; wind very fresh, but no water over the mud.

N.B.—The discovery of this improved elevation for the gun has tenfold repaid me for running down here again. Had it not been for this, I should have repented my journey, as the wild fowl have now almost all disappeared, and I dare say may have already migrated to their breeding country.

17*th.*—Wind from the westward ready to blow the house about our ears, and a deluge of rain; not a bird to be seen or heard, and the whole country apparently cleared off by this unfavourable wind. Not the most distant prospect of having anything more to shoot at.

Reade ran out in the rain and 'lowered a parson' (shot a cormorant). This bird made some fun for us. He had thirty shot through his skin; three flat fish and an eel were taken out of him, and three shot through the flat fish, also through undigested stuff like meat. So that Reade had shot fish, flesh, and fowl flying; and in spite of this blow the nine-lived glutton led us a chase for twenty minutes before he got sick enough to be caught, although shot at, within 40 yards. by a shoulder duck gun. He was disposed of as follows: the skin to make a dandy collar for a coat; the feathers to

make me drawing pens ; and his carcase begged by my boatman Williams, who engaged two friends to partake of him for a delicate Sunday's dinner. Employed all hands the whole of this afternoon in packing up and putting away our coasting paraphernalia, preparative to leaving Keyhaven to-morrow.

18*th.*—Left Keyhaven.

Fowl killed to February 22nd, 1826: 46 snipes, 2 geese only (scarcity this year unprecedented), 7 ducks, 64 wigeon, 2 teal, 3 pintails, 19 dunbirds, 4 grey plover, 2 godwits. Total, 149 head of fowl.

My new shooting outfit in every single item proved to answer inimitably, so that all we wanted was a more plentiful season, as this one at Keyhaven proved to be the worst ever known. All I could boast of, therefore, was having killed more than all the other people put together.

March 18*th.*—London. I was till now an invalid, but being this day a little better, I went (wrapped up) in the evening to Covent Garden Theatre in order to hear my favourite overture of 'Der Freischutz' conducted by the immortal composer himself, Carl Maria Von Weber. Nothing could be more sublimely beautiful, and the applause that was drawn forth by the appearance of this great composer was no less flattering than just.

19*th.*—Sunday. The best sermon (for explanation of the Scripture, analogy, metaphor, language, logic, and energetic delivery) that I have ever yet heard, was this day preached at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, by the rector, the Rev. Mr. Dibdin, on the subject of St. Paul's shipwreck.

May 2*nd.*—Left town, meaning to pass the night at Virginia Water provided I could be admitted to see the King's Park, the boundary of which is close to a little inn called the 'Wheatsheaf' at that place. On my arrival I was informed that no one could be admitted after two o'clock ; and that even before was a particular favour. I went

to Mr. Turner, the head ranger, and on making known to him who I was, he very politely sent a keeper with me, who showed me all the King's fishing boats, aviaries, Greenland canoe, and, in short, everything that could possibly be inspected except the interior of the King's cottage, which no one is allowed to see; and after walking several miles on the borders of the lake, surrounded with some of the finest forest scenery I ever beheld, and twice crossing it in one of his Majesty's punts, I returned, highly delighted and quite tired, to the inn.

Mr. Turner was a scientific wild-fowl shooter, which, of course, formed an immediate kind of masonry between us; and I have perhaps in part to attribute to this his very great civility.

17*th.*—Took a run in the 'Eclipse' steam packet to Margate.

18*th.*—Saw and went to church at Margate. Took a row out and bathed, went to Broadstairs &c. and saw all worth seeing; and, on the 19th, left by the 'Dart' steam packet at eight in the morning, and landed on the Tower stairs at half-past two, making the passage of about 84 miles besides offing &c. in six hours and a half. Nothing can surpass, in every respect, the perfection of these packets. Every accommodation, good living, reasonable charges, music on board, and, in short, every inducement to make it pleasant.

20*th.*—I remained in London to bring out the fifth edition of my sporting book; the third having been sold in ten, and the fourth in nine, months.

July 10*th.*—Longparish. Left for Keyhaven to see a few days' work done to my boats, to arrange about my new purchase of Coombs's little place, &c., but was detained some hours at Winchester, in consequence of a sad accident with my fine favourite brown horse. On going, very slowly, down the hill about three-quarters of a mile from that vile town, he fell with such violence as to pull me out of the gig; and,

most unfortunately, a large flint took his knee directly across the sinew and divided it like the pinion of a fowl. In spite of all the farrier's hopes and consolations, I made up my mind to the loss of this valuable horse, that I could have had 130 guineas for, and proceeded, as well as I could, with the chestnut horse, to Keyhaven.

18th.—After having several annoyances with this chestnut horse, rearing up like a goat and then lying down like a pig, &c., I this evening drove as far as Southampton on my way back to Longparish.

19th. Returned to Longparish, and, on my way through Winchester, found my horse, as I expected, in a dreadful state; but the farrier, Mr. Dixon, a clever man, still wished me to try him another week. But on the 21st a note was brought me over from Winchester, saying it would be charity to kill the poor beast. Thus was there an end of the finest gig horse that I ever was master of.

August 1st.—London. Word brought to me that my other horse, the chestnut, had been thrown down and broke his knees. The accidents are now out of number, everywhere, owing to the roads having been without rain for so many weeks. I had also a letter with the particulars of the death of one of the oldest and best friends I had in the world, poor Jack Ponton, my old brother sportsman, and one of the best shots; and, what is far better, one of the best men that ever lived. Thus have been cut off, in the prime of life, our two greatest shots in the district, if not in the kingdom; poor Wardell last summer, and poor Ponton this summer.

CHAPTER XIX

1826

September 1st.—Friday. In London, being as yet too unwell to venture away for shooting.

2nd.—Finding myself, however, rather better, I went quietly out of town by the ten o'clock coach this day, and got to Long-parish for a six o'clock dinner. The report as to birds was favourable, except that they were so extremely wild that not even the best shots had done anything worthy of mention. As for me, I never voted shooting so great a bore as just at this moment; and, were it not for my wish to supply a few friends and the farmers, which I could not trust to the bunglers here to do, I would gladly have left my guns in their cases, and gone somewhere for a healthy excursion and change of scene.

4th.—My first day. The weather mended considerably; but the country was so extremely barren as scarcely to afford a vestige of covert for the birds. The stubbles were all trod down by sheep and 'leasers,' and, owing to the previous dry weather, there were no turnips large enough to shelter the game. The birds were plentiful, but much wilder than ever I knew them in September; insomuch that scarcely one covey in ten would allow even the dogs to come within gunshot. I, however, by means of mustering a good army of markers, and harassing the birds by repeated charges of cavalry, so completely tired them down at last, that I performed this day the most that ever was done by me or anyone in the annals of Long-

parish sporting. I bagged 50 partridges and for our country in one day, a miracle, 7 hares in nine hours: never lost a bird the whole day. Owing to the extreme wildness of the birds, I was, of course, obliged to fire many random shots; but notwithstanding I was so weak from having been unwell, I may safely say I did not lose a bird by bad shooting the whole day, as the only two fair shots I missed were at single birds, both of which I secured with my second barrel. Taking everything into consideration, this is the greatest day I ever had in my life.

5*th.* Had a general day's rest for men, horses, and dogs, and everything except the birds, which were, of course, a little popped at by other parties. The bad weather came on again this afternoon.

6*th.* A hurricane of wind and a deluge of rain. *N'importe.* I have had sport enough to last me a week.

14*th.* A wild windy day, and the stubbles as bare as the meadow. I could only get 15 partridges, 1 hare, and 1 snipe; though, in spite of being very unwell, I shot famously. Such is the state of the country now that a good bag would require more exertion than I am equal to at this moment.

16*th.*—15 partridges.

As the strong, dry, easterly wind appears to be now set in, and good sport at an end for the present, I worked hard (though I shot well) to get the above 15 birds, which will just complete my promises to friends, and make up an even 50 brace in the one grand day and three quiet mornings' shooting. On completing the 100 partridges I left the field, truly happy to get rid of the trouble of such unpleasant shooting.

Game killed in September 1826: 122 partridges, 8 hares, 2 snipes. Total, 132 head.

What with being unwell myself, and absent in London, I was only out 5 days. My first day was on the 4th, when I bagged 63 head, and, I believe, beat all England. This was

posted, as a miracle, in all the papers, because the birds were never known to be so wild; considering all things, I shot famously.

October 9th.—Another of my best and oldest friends dead, Mr. Bertie Mathew, whose funeral I attend to-day, unfit as I am for anything, from my serious illness, much less for a melancholy undertaking like the present.

November 1st.—London. Having got well enough to limp about, I this day went down to Fullerd's, at Clerkenwell, in order to fire my old swivel gun, which I had altered to my new spring plan, and it gave me great satisfaction.

14th.—Longparish. Up to the eyes in experiments and preparations. Captain Ward—my new pupil, whom I set up with a man, a gun, and all my wrinkles—arrived this day, preparative to a grand trial of our two unrivalled gigantic guns.

23rd.—Busy jobbing, and did not pull a trigger till to-day, when I just walked out and got 1 miserable snipe, Reade being gone to Purbeck for his family, and I am now waiting for him.

25th.—Reade, with his wife and two children, took up their quarters (which I lent them for six months) in my cottage at Keyhaven that I lately purchased of Mr. Beck, after some delay in my being able to remove the previous tenant. This chiefly detained me here, as there is not a bird on the coast.

December 2nd. Keyhaven. Detained by bad weather and illness—said by Doctors Badger and Nyke to be gout, and by Sir E. Home not to be gout—till this day, when I started for Longparish. After being dragged about Southampton to do my commissions in a 'donkey fly,' I proceeded on my journey home. I took a shot out of the gig and killed 2 partridges belonging to some squire or other just to try how the new musket would reach them, and how old Lazarus (my grey horse) would stand fire. Both the gun and the horse pleased me much better than I should have done the squire had he

seen the shot. While last in Southampton a rogue charged me *3s. 6d.* for a 'fly' for about twenty minutes. I swore I would never give *3s. 6d.* for a fly again, so I got the donkey one at *1s. 6d.* the hour. But *che sarà sarà*, the vehicle was so small that I thrust my elbow through the glass, for which I had to pay *2s.*; so, after all, it was to be that I must pay *3s. 6d.*

1827

January 5th.—Being much better and we having now had several days' frost and snow, I this day started for Keyhaven. Just after I left the yard at Longparish I was called off after a particularly large woodcock, which, after several hours' search and a hard fag, I contrived to pocket the first shot. A great victory over the usual bad luck of Friday, and a magnificent bird to begin the new year with.

6th.—Arrived at Keyhaven this night, and (strange that it should almost always happen so) brought a change of wind to the filthy south-west, and a wet evening. Not a bird has been killed yet, and scarcely any birds have been seen here, though the weather was, till this day, so favourable for sport.

8th to 10th.—Wind, rain, and every other kind of miserable weather that, as if by magic, I always contrive to conjure up on my arrival at Keyhaven. Reade, after working four whole nights, got 2 wigeon, which are perhaps, at this moment, the only 2 in our district. Thank God, however, I am better, so I pocket the affront of having nothing to shoot at, so long as I derive benefit from the sea air.

19th.—This evening the weather set in fine with a beautiful easterly wind; but, till now, we have had nothing but wind and rain from the miserable west; and, except killing a cormorant, I have never pulled a trigger, though I persevered regularly throughout every night and always came home with an empty bag.

22nd.—At last we have the blessing to enjoy severe

weather: frost, snow, and a tremendous gale from the eastward all day; we could hardly live in it, but of course persevered. I got two shots: first bagged 10, and second 6 wigeon; we came in as wet as shags with 16 wigeon.

23rd. 29 wigeon, 1 teal, 1 dunbird, 11 godwits, 1 plover, and 1 knot, making 44 head, besides 4 dozen of dunlins and many wigeon of mine that other people got. My best shot was just before daylight. I picked up 15 wigeon and 1 teal on the spot; and, had not the left barrel of my gun missed fire, I should have doubled this shot. The only time both barrels went was at 12 wigeon on the edge of the creek by daylight; I killed them every one, and bagged 10 of them. No one else in and around Keyhaven has yet done anything, so I have every reason to be content.

24th.—Wind dropped westerly after a beastly white frost; birds suddenly disappeared again.

I had been up since three this morning for a grand daybreak shot, which I was within two minutes of firing when all was ruined by a jackass with a blunderbuss in a washing tub.

25th.—6 wigeon; the right barrel missed fire, or should, of course, have doubled the number.

This night the brutal west wind shifted, and things look better again.

28th.—Sunday. An abominable westerly wind again and cold miserably stormy weather, as bad for birds as for oneself.

29th.—Out in the morning, and had no chance for a shot. Out in the evening, and it was too dark for flight. Reade out till ten at night; and it was too dark and thick to do anything with what few birds were in harbour.

30th.—Beastly rotten cut-throat weather, enough to suffocate you all day, and at night as thick as mustard. Several wigeon still remain; but we must have starlight, or moon, before we can attempt getting another shot. We could shoot

without seeing, but then the wigeon will never keep together in thick nights.

February 1st.—Finding that the vagabond mud launchers made a point of working over the mud every night, before the tide flowed, I this day purchased of Lieutenant Harnett, R.N., the prettiest mud punt and mud gun in all this country. So now Reade and I can cope with the mud-crawling reptiles 'at all tacks.'

Wet weather all this afternoon, and then a wet night. Reade went out after midnight to try Harnett's new set-out; he got 2 wigeon towards the morning, at which he made such a shot as to be, beyond anything, pleased with the bargain I had made for the mud gun and punt.

2nd. Was not out to-day, and merely fired a shot with the musket, with which I killed an old cock wigeon from the quay. The wind changed this evening to north-east, and things look better again.

3rd. The wind got well away from the old miserable quarter, west, and stood north-east with clear frosty air. Reade came in with 3 wigeon about three this morning. A gale of wind all day, and consequently no living outside; and, being the 'dead of the nip,' we had no water inside harbour; we had therefore no chance even to see birds this day. About midnight Reade got 3 more wigeon with the new launching punt, which, at this time of tide, is the only possible means of getting a bird.

5th. Out the whole day sailing at sea (the only thing we could do), and brought home but 1 wigeon.

7th.—Reade came in this morning with 12 wigeon (by launching, which is the only remedy for this detestable, ever-dry harbour).

7th.—Harbour dry, and a tremendous sea outside; I got but one little shot all day, when I killed 2 coots. No flight at night, nothing but mud work. I launched about for two hours with the new mud punt after a few straggling birds,

and came in at nine without shooting. Reade went off again before midnight, and came in at daybreak with delightful success; he brought in 21 wigeon, 18 of which he killed at one shot.

What a country! that an old rattle-trap mud punt should be the only way of going after fowl, and that all the other guns and punts would, nineteen days out of twenty, be comparatively mere lumber.

8th.—Tantalised again with a fine easterly wind, a dry harbour and a hurricane outside—and, notwithstanding the wind, there was no evening flight. Reade went off for the night about six o'clock in the only effective craft—the mud punt—intending to crawl in the slush through the whole of the blessed night.

9th.—Reade had got but 2 wigeon the whole of the past night. It was so cold the birds would not sit on the mud. A tremendous gale all day; the harbour as dry as a ploughed field, and no boat could live outside. Every floating gunner a prisoner; and I, for exercise, took a walk and killed a roost of small birds, the only game on the manors of this desert. Reade went off mud crawling at night, but never heard a single fowl; I went to flight, saw nothing but a wild duck and a coot, both of which I knocked down and brought home.

10th.—Dry harbour and a gale outside; made an attempt to get out, but was forced to put back; and on coming home (within a quarter of a mile from the quay) I was very near doing wonders, though (as the devil would have it) I did nothing through unfortunately having small shot in my gun. Reade paddled me up to within 130 yards of a huge sea eagle. I let fly, beat him down, and then up he got, and went away out of sight. I had scarcely done watching for him when five hoopers came directly towards me, and then hove up at about 120 yards; I let fly the other barrel, but, for want of being loaded with mould shot, I lost both my grand prizes.

12*th.*—Reade, who had wallowed in the mud since midnight directly Sunday was over, came in this morning with 11 wigeon, which he got at one shot about two o'clock from my new mud sledge. Nothing in harbour to-day, though a pretty fair tide. I was out from nine at night till two; got a shot at about 14 wigeon and bagged 9. Reade went on at half-past two mud launching; he brought in about daylight 2 wigeon, and would have had about 6 more had not his gun flashed in the pan.

13*th.*—No birds about, though cold frosty weather, so I took this day for doing some jobs to my punts. Out all night; a cold, white frost; slack tide in spite of the full moon, and not a bird in harbour, or even outside. Sorry Keyhaven for a gunning place! Reade relieved me soon after two, when the water fell; and, after crawling on the mud till half dead, and till daylight appeared, he never saw, nor even heard, a single fowl.

14*th.*—There being nothing else to do, I turned my wits to a few miserable geese that had, ever since October, been the public target of every shooter, from the launcher to the armed cobbler, and never had one reduced from their company. By way of a valentine, I mixed them up some boluses (like blue grapes) sealed in a sort of shell cartridge. We had the excellent fortune to get within about 300 yards of them, when I let fly and bagged one brent goose, and another fell dead on the breakers, where I dare not follow. This is poor sport, that it should now be working a miracle to get one goose, when, a few years ago, I have knocked down over 100 in a season. *Tempora mutantur.*

15*th.*—Reade came in at daylight this morning, after a whole night's crawl in the mud sledge, with 19 wigeon, which he killed at one shot about five o'clock. Nothing does in this country but mud crawling, as when we have a wind for birds we have no water, and when we have a wind for good tides we have no birds.

After going to Lymington on business I renewed my game with these gun-defying geese; they started up as usual at 300 yards, where my boluses floored 5 of them, with the two barrels, each loaded with 20 ounces. A Yarmouth boat took off 2 before our faces before we could get the punt afloat, after running aground to shoot; all that I bagged of them, therefore, was 3 brent geese. Had we not made haste to get within hails and damns of these chaps, they would have got all our birds; but on our coming up they sheered off, and left us the three which I got. There being no tide for night shooting, I trudged off (among divers journeymen and rag-tag fellows) to the flight. All I saw to fire at was 1 mallard, which I bagged, and this was the only one killed among the whole army of shooters that lined the marsh and the shore.

16*th.*—Reade, having had bad luck with his gun flashing in the pan during the night, came in this morning with only 1 wigeon. No tide for me so I was again a gaol bird for the day, in spite of a frost. O Keyhaven, Keyhaven! not even a wherry could have lived outside, so what was I to do?

17*th.*—Reade came in this morning, after mud creeping all night, with only 1 wigeon. A calm sea at last after a white frost. Went off on tide in the gunning punt; and, after crossing the Channel close into the Isle of Wight, almost to Newtown, we fell in with a trip of wigeon, of which I got 6.

18*th.*—Sunday. Was packed up last night in order to start to-morrow morning for Alresford, when there set in suddenly the most tremendous gale of wind from the east, and the severest frosts that we have had for the last three seasons. I, of course, countermanded the march, to see what would be the issue of such delightful gunning weather.

19*th.*—A gale of wind all day; the harbour half frozen, and all the vagrant gunners racing up and down the shore like Bedlam broke loose. We, with great difficulty, got

through the ice and weathered the wind in the creeks, but outside not even a vessel could have lived. I got a beautiful shot at 8 ducks, and the gun flashed; and these birds sat till I primed and flashed again; but, on retreating to rectify the gun, they flew up. I got another (indifferent) shot afterwards, and bagged 2 ducks and 1 mallard, and with the hand gun killed a fine old cock pintail and a golden-eye. Plenty of wigeon, but all where we dare not go.

20*th.*—2 mallards and 1 duck on the mud at 81 yards (measured) with a shoulder gun (old Fullerd).

21*st.*—4 wigeon and 1 brent goose; a fine show of birds, but the poppers so innumerable that they could have no rest day or night, and so bad were the chances that, I believe, I was the only gunner who got a bird to-day.

22*nd.* Weather rather more calm; wigeon all to the eastward at sea; worked with my shell shot and got 3 brent geese and 1 burrough duck, all at enormous distances; not another soul could get near enough even to tickle one, so unusually wild were the birds.

23*rd.* —Reade, after the sovereign remedy (for this beastly country) of mud creeping all night, came in with 12 wigeon this morning. The only time that a punt could get water was from eight till twelve. A fine day, and every dandy turned gunner. Not a chance for a fowl, and I believe I was the only one who fired a shot.

24*th.*—Reade came in, after a blank night at mud crawling, and I was out all day and got but 1 wigeon. A tide at last, so went out at night; a fair show of birds, but as dark as the grave. Fired twice, by the sound: got 6 wigeon the first shot, nothing the next.

25*th.*—Sunday. A thaw after a white frost; and wigeon triumphing in the air all day, as if they knew it was a day of rest.

26*th.*—A gale of wind from the west, with thick drizzling weather and all the wigeon disappeared; everything indicating

that the sport for the season, at all events on this coast, is nearly at an end.

27*th.*—Packed up all our traps, preparative to evacuating Keyhaven to-morrow by daylight.

A singular coincidence—the last shot I fired or required to fire I broke the lock of my great gun.

Last season, the last shot I required to fire I broke the swivel. How very kind of the traps never to give way till on the very point of being laid up for the summer! Our smallest great gun is luckily quite right; and this is all I want for a few little shots at Lord Rodney's, as I have an old punt, the 'Fox,' there in waiting.

28*th.*—Left Keyhaven, and after travelling at the rate of four miles an hour, in one incessant pour of rain, with a heavy load, the old horse and I arrived at Alresford House just in time for a six o'clock dinner, and after just twelve hours drenching.

March 1*st.*—Alresford. A hurricane of wind all day; and, at last, such a tremendous fall of rain, that I got wet through, and came home, after getting 4 tufted ducks, 3 dunbirds and 1 teal. The birds were so scattered that making a shot was impossible; and I should not have fired once the whole day had it not been to avoid the disgrace of an empty bag.

I was at the taking up of three cwt. of eels, at the weir, this morning.

5*th.*—Got up at three; climbed over the park paling, and was entrenched by a quarter before four. Got one shot only at 1 duck and 1 mallard, both of which I killed; discharged my gun after at 2 coots and killed them, and here ended my morning's work. So completely is the season over now.

6*th.*—Left Lord Rodney's for Longparish, and precious gales of wind and pelting storm I had to encounter for the last two hours of my drive, with a very heavy load, and the roads like a quagmire.

Game and wild fowl &c. killed in the season up to March 5th, 1827:

Game - 122 partridges (all in four days except 1 brace), 8 hares, 1 pheasant, 1 woodcock (all I saw), 3 rabbits, 8 snipes (all I shot at). Game, 143 head.

Fowl - 8 geese (the most killed by anyone on our coast), 207 wigeon, 12 ducks and mallards, 1 burrough duck, 11 curres, 1 pintail, 3 teal. Fowl, 245 head.

Sea-waders—5 curlews, 4 coots, 16 godwits, 9 plover, 146 ox-birds (in three shots), 2 olives. Waders, 182.

Grand total, 143 game; 245 wild fowl; 182 waders; 570. Best shot 17 wigeon, 2 teal, and 1 duck.

April 12th.—London. Had a grand day from six in the morning till twelve, with Joe Manton and his myrmidons firing with, and regulating the new elevated sights of, my huge double swivel gun, which we wheeled down to Bayswater, to the astonishment of the gaping multitude and idle followers.

17th.—Was from nine this morning till five in the evening with John Hussey, Joe Manton's celebrated borer, putting a fresh inside to this gun, down at Fullerd's den in Clerkenwell. It was shameful to see what a miserable inside the gun had before we rebored her, and then she looked and shot beautifully. My men Charles and John drew home the gun all along the New Road up to Manton's, lest it might come to harm by being left, as the tiger who took it there on Saturday evening was run foul of by a Paddington stage, on the strength of which he showed fight, and the gun was left at the mercy of a London mob while Smut and Jehu (who descended from his rostrum for a round) put themselves in battle array, and would have fought a battle worthy of the 'Morning Post' record and Marylebone Office cognisance, but for the interference of the stockbroking passengers, who feared, perhaps, that their 'blunt' might be in jeopardy during the fracas.

May 2nd.—Gave the great double gun a final trial at Bayswater, attended by some of Joe's best men. Found her won-

derfully improved, and therefore satisfactorily ended all the trouble I have had with this job.

June 16th to 18th.—London. I continued very ill in bed, and could take no sustenance. As if we had not trouble enough, the chimney very kindly took fire, and we barely escaped the usual levy of engines, by a chimney sweeper, a hero in his way, wetting himself to the skin, and then going up through the fire, by which he succeeded in putting it out.

29th.—Longparish. We dragged the river to get baskets of fish for the Duke of Clarence and others; but, although we caught about 50 brace of trout, not one fish among them was more than ¾ lb., so very small do the fish run this season.

July 11th.—Left Longparish for Cowes. No smoke ships after three, so forced to boat it; got becalmed, broke an oar; should have been starved but for some bread and cheese and sour beer, at Calshot pothouse, and never reached Cowes till midnight.

12th.—Went to Southampton, to superintend some boat jobs that were doing for me. Slept at the 'Sun' inn on the quay, where the noise was such that all I ever heard before was pianissimo compared to it; thirty fellows screeching drunk, and singing till daybreak, in one room; an argument on politics in another, and a gaggle of more than average chattering women in another; people to and fro all night, and the waiters running about like mad dogs; but, *per contra*, I had a good bed, and, what was a miracle in Southampton, no fleas.

13th.—Went to Keyhaven, a transition to pure sea air, and quietness to boot.

16th.—Cowes. A grand tour round the island by the 'Medina' steam packet. Captain Knight, the master, was to have gone first to the eastward, and then, after seeing all that I had not seen, my boat would have met me in the evening off Keyhaven; instead of which the captain went the wrong way first, to oblige some company, and consequently I had to go all round to Cowes again, and then work my way back

to Keyhaven in the evening. The packet made the round in a little better than seven hours. The day was delightful, and the scenery most interesting, though none so good as that at the Needles. At half-past seven, I started in a hack gig for Yarmouth (twelve miles), which I did by nine, and then took a boat and was rowed the six miles across to Keyhaven, where I landed at a quarter past ten, supped, and went to roost.

24th.—Cowes. Went to see that beautiful place, Norris Castle, and after passing a pleasant day with a party, was highly amused at the grand evening parade here, by a very tasteful singer and performer on the guitar, who appeared, in every word and action, to be a highly finished gentleman, and who, report says, is an officer in the Guards who is thus collecting money for a great bet. He seemed, when aside, to be hand in glove with all the first circle, and had been, the previous evening, dancing with the nobility and gentry at the yacht club house.

26th.—Made a third attempt to go to the Needle rocks, and, for the third time, was disappointed owing to the weather, as it blew so fresh we were obliged to put back, and, for the third time, our provisions were cooked in vain. Ever since I arrived here the rocks have been the object of my first cruise, and not one day have we yet had that would do. Towards noon the weather became boisterous, and threatened a regular miserable, wet-blowing evening; so my musical friend Langstaff and I resolved to be a match for St. Swithin; and, as every horse and wheel was in requisition for Southampton races, and we could not find a boat, we hired old Sadler's lobster cart, the value of which, horse and all, was about 4*l.*, and toddled into Lymington to the high diversion of ourselves and petrifaction of all the staring dandies, and repaired to old Klitz, the Clementi of the place. There Langstaff joined in a trio while I went foraging, and it then came on a determined wet night, for which we were well armed; as we brought off a

fiddle, a tuning hammer, and all the music we could borrow, and sat in with a good fire, for a thorough batch of such noise that neither the wind nor the rain was thought of.

31*st*.—This morning, between six and seven o'clock, I started for the grand regatta at Cowes; and, what was much more grand to me, to survey some duck shooting ground after the show was over. We were to have gone in the 'Cornwallis,' but, as we found her aground, we proceeded in Reade's boat. On our arrival, the place was all in an uproar, similar to the Derby at Epsom, with the addition of a military band, and an endless display of colours. Nothing could be more dull than the yacht race itself, as there was such a want of wind, and the vessels were so completely covered with canvas, that they appeared more like an enormous display of linen hung out to dry, than any objects that were contending for speed. At four o'clock I left Cowes, and joined Captain Ward on board his yacht the 'Guerilla.' We proceeded to Portsmouth, where, for want of wind, we did not arrive till nine, when we dropped anchor nearly alongside my old friend the 'Victory,' the immortal Nelson's ship, in which I once went a voyage, and slept on the very couch where this hero breathed his last. We went ashore at Portsmouth, as Ward had business there, and the place was 'out of the frying pan into the fire,' for what with jollifications for the Lord High Admiral and other naval men, here was, if possible, more noise than at Cowes. We did not get back on board till twelve, when we 'turned in,' and prepared for weighing anchor at daylight. This we did next morning.

August 1*st*.—Through want of wind and water we could not enter Langston harbour, the place to be surveyed for possible future fowling, till the afternoon, being made prisoners for a very long morning; we therefore amused ourselves with some bad line fishing, and then eating what we caught, added to some more fish that we got with a 'silver hook.' We dropped anchor in Langston harbour about three, when Singer, Ward's gunner,

and I lowered a punt in which we kept surveying the harbour till near ten at night. Though shooting was not my object, Singer would ship Ward's beautiful stanchion; and had it not missed fire, owing to a little sea that we shipped, I should have made a grand shot of curlew jacks.

N.B.—Langston harbour is, without exception, the finest gunning place I ever saw, but, if possible, more infested with gunners than Keyhaven.

2nd.—Got under way, long before we were up, in order to be sure of getting to Cowes before nine, when the third day's regatta was to commence. As vessels were desired not to cross the course, we waited in the rear till the eight yachts, which started for the prize, were under way, and had got half a mile ahead. We then bore away and fairly passed seven of them, having the advantage also of even the 'Julia,' which was far ahead, insomuch that I think the 'Guerilla,' if well manned and in proper order, would have beat them all, and got the prize.

This regatta was beautiful, as there was a pretty breeze, which made the effect of it quite different from the other. We arrived at Keyhaven about half-past twelve.

6th.—After twenty-four days passing before there was one sufficiently calm to venture to the rocks, we this day had beautiful weather, and made a very pleasant excursion there. Though the scene was nothing new to me, yet I could always enjoy the beautiful scenery and the terrific grandeur of the cliffs. It was at least two months too late for the rock birds; all that I shot at was a willock, the only rock bird I saw, and a green cormorant, and these I bagged, besides landing and shooting at 3 rabbits, all of which I killed at one shot and sacked. No Leicestershire fox hunt, on record, could surpass the chase that we had with the shag, *alias* cormorant, *alias* 'parson.' After flooring his reverence from a little rock, and leaving him 'keel uppermost,' the invulnerable devil rallied, and led us a chase of between three and four hours and

among other places to which he led us was into a subterraneous cave among the rocks, where the boat bumped about, and the cavern echoed so as to put us in mind of the incantation scene in 'Freischütz,' and the old cormorant of the devil Zamiel; but, after unkennelling the 'gentleman' and going twice to sea again after him, we shut up his daylights, and brought home our bird in triumph as a present for my man Williams, whose teeth vowed vengeance against him for his ensuing Sunday's 'blow-out.' I this day tried my old plan of the bell, string and flag, for moving the rock birds off the cliffs, which, had there been a thousand, would have started them every one, as not a gull or cormorant would sit a moment after this novel attack was made, but came pouring down on the sea, and were even accompanied by young nest birds that were so badgered by the sight and sound of this as to take their maiden flutter down on the occasion. We concluded our day's pastime by collecting specimens from the beautiful varicoloured chalk rock in Alum Bay.

8th and 9th.—Was employed trying my large gun, regulating the elevations &c. Since being fresh bored, I found the gun wonderfully improved, both for strength and closeness, and as an example I must memorandum the best shot. Reade fired both barrels together, at half a sheet of brown paper 1 foot 10 inches by 1 foot 1 inch, and into this, at 90 yards, he put 52 No. 2 shot. The single shots were about in proportion, and all well driven for strength in the board. I killed seabirds just for a little trial at living objects, and no birds could have died in better style.

10th.—Was all day in expectation of Captain Ward to try our two unrivalled guns, as great improvements had been made to both of them since the last trial that we made. He arrived, in his yacht, off the quay after a miserable passage, and slept at my cottage here.

11th.—The trial being completed to our infinite satisfaction, as possessing the *ne plus ultra* of guns, Captain Ward

dined with me early in order to sail for Southampton to-night. I accompanied him on board the 'Guerilla;' and after taking a bottle of wine with him there, and seeing him under way in a gale of wind, I went home in Reade's boat, and owing to losing a hat overboard, and getting into a vile mess to recover it, we had a most cruel passage home. Wet to the skin, and twice forced to get overboard up to our middle.

13*th*. This afternoon about five o'clock I was witness to a melancholy accident, on the very spot where we were in such a bad predicament the night before last. Four men started in the highest glee to sail out of Keyhaven harbour and back, each in a separate boat and without oars on board, which was their foolish agreement, and one of them, Thomas Salter, a man unused to boats, 'capsized,' in 'gibing,' and suddenly disappeared, boat and all, to the horror of all the spectators. It was an hour before he was dragged up, a corpse, and above two hours before the boat was discovered and dragged up from above six fathoms of water. Mr. Davison got his horse, while I wrote the note for the coroner, and we sent my man Bagshore off for him about eight o'clock this evening to Ringwood.

14*th*. If one could indulge in drollery on a melancholy occasion, we had some reason to do so. Bagshore, or rather Mr. Davison's horse and great-coat, with which he was equipped, was taken for a gentleman on his arrival at the inn in Ringwood, and after being hailed with the usual salutation of bell ringing, ostler calling &c. was shown up in style to a room, charged eighteenpence for his tea, and billeted for the night in the best manner the inn could afford, with scrapes and bows on his departure. And my 'gentleman' having a little *esprit de corps* about him, lugged out his 'blunt' for 'all hands,' under hope that Mr. Davison would indemnify him, which he kindly did.

Mr. Baldwin, the coroner, punctually and politely at-

tended my summons by twelve this day, and after hearing from me all the particulars, he went through the form of a jury close to our windows here, where the body was brought, and of course gave 'accidental death.'

21st. -Fired a barrel of the great gun at 3 'jack' herons at about 120 yards, and winged them all three, to the super-exquisite gratification of the coroner, who with his mongrel dog played an able first fiddle in the 'cripple chase.' These imperial grenadier-looking birds 'showed' such fight against the dogs, that we, being without mud pattens, were nearly an hour before we got them all. They kept retreating over the mud, and occasionally disputed ground with the dogs, in a manner that was quite *à la militaire.*

CHAPTER XX

1827

September 1st.—The greatest day on record here. 102 partridges and 1 hare, besides 3 brace more birds shot and lost.

N.B.—A cold, dry, strong, easterly wind, with no scent; but I took care to have a fine army of cavalry and infantry, and made ample allowance for the wildness of the birds by the rapidity of our charges. I had no dogs but poor old Duchess and Sappho, both, like myself, among the 'has-beens.' I started at nine, had the first 'butcher's halloo,' or three cheers for 20 brace, at two. A second 'butcher's halloo' twenty minutes before six, and I then worked like a slave for the glory of making up 50 brace off my own gun, which I not only did, but, on turning out the game, it proved that I had miscounted, and had gone 1 brace over the desired number. I believe, under all circumstances, and at all events in our district, this nearly doubles any day on record in the annals of its sporting history.

2nd.—Sunday. Nothing so fortunate as this, because it keeps all the raw fools off, and allows the birds a little time to forget what has passed.

3rd.—50 partridges and 2 hares; the greatest second day in my annals. A still stronger easterly wind. The ground like rocks of stone, and the dust flying like Irish snuff. Birds walking about like poultry, and so wild that even in woods and rushes they would not stay to be fired at, but kept running

off like hares; and, in short, nothing could be done with them till they were dispersed by cavalry and infantry, the labour of doing which made the day's work more like a hot and severe action than a day's sport and pleasure. Every man, dog, and horse was so exhausted as to be quite knocked up.

4*th*.—Busy ticketing off a houseful of game. Drove to Andover, and heard that no one round had done a fourth what I had. My whole army much exhausted, and a general resting day. A few shooters popping about, but nothing done. There rarely ever is after a grand field day, as the birds have not recovered their nerves to settle quietly.

5*th*.—Another general resting day; men, horses, dogs, and birds still unfit for war. A few poppers over all the ground as usual, but *n'importe*.

6*th*.—At them again. Another brilliant and unprecedented day. 56 partridges and 3 hares.

N.B.—A cold, dry, easterly wind, with a scorching sun again; never found a bird for the first hour, but at last discovered that the main army of the partridges had entrenched themselves in a piece of thick clover, on the estate of Sir Henry Wilson, of not more than three acres. His friend and steward, Captain Clark, very kindly gave me leave to enter this garrison of game, and directed me to give them no quarter; so in this one little field I bagged 10 brace of birds and 1 hare without missing a shot. Indeed, this was the only sport like easy September shooting that I have seen this season. The birds then returned to and dispersed on my own shooting ground, which was well planted with markers, and here we did gloriously. But had it not been for this lucky circumstance, I doubt whether we should have made a good day's sport; and I am quite sure we should have been puzzled to make up 200 head of game in three days, which everyone was anxious I should do. As it was, however, I made up 214 head of game in three days' shooting, viz. 1st, 102 partridges and 1 hare; 3rd, 50 partridges and 2

hares; 6th, 56 partridges and 3 hares. Total, 208 partridges and 6 hares, making 214 head besides lost birds.

I every day returned home with my cavalry and infantry in proper form of procession, instead of allowing them to straggle in like a vanquished army or disorderly banditti, which attracted no small admiration and laughter among the friends who were with me.

Having now done what I believe never was done here before, and what possibly may never be done here again, and supplied all the farmers and my friends with game, I shall here terminate the war against the partridges; and, at all events, leave them to others till I want game again, and can have proper scenting weather to kill a few birds in a quiet way.

15*th.* Mr. Childe the artist arrived at Longparish, and Mr. Joseph Manton, preparative to a painting being made of our *partie de chasse.*

17*th.*- Assembled my myrmidons for one more grand field day, in order to have some of their likenesses. Mr. Childe attended as a strict observer, and Mr. Joseph Manton shot with me. Our united bag was 48 partridges and 1 hare, and we returned some time before the day was over, in order that Mr. Childe might complete by good daylight the necessary sketches of the group. My share of the bag was 28 partridges, but had I shot entirely by myself, and been able to waive the usual ceremony of shooting in company, and galloped up to all my birds, as heretofore, I am confident I should have killed 30 brace of birds. I therefore calculate that by taking out another sportsman the larder fell 6 brace short; because to follow birds up, as I ought in this wild country, I must do that which in company would be unsportsmanlike and ungentlemanlike to whoever was my companion; and Joe Manton, not being one of the quickest movers, either on horseback or on foot, doubly retarded several of the necessary attacks.

18*th.*—Stayed at home with Mr. Childe to arrange for the

disposition of the picture &c. while a friend and Joe Manton went off shooting. Nothing in 'Hudibras' or 'Quixote' could be more ludicrously crisp than the result of their day. They were to beat us all by going in a quiet way, and meant to astonish us by showing what could be done by one dog and a little poaching on our neighbours. But (yes, but), as the kitchenmaid (and the devil) would have it, the aforesaid dog unhappily fell foul of a tub of buttermilk just before starting, with which he so preposterously blew out his paunch, that he was pointing all day, not at birds, but to open both his ports in order to be relieved of the cargo he had taken in; and before he was sufficiently in trim to do anything but make his deposits from one port and cast up his accounts from the other, it was time to come home for dinner, and the finale was a deluge of rain. So much for buttermilk. Joe Manton suspected I had played this trick as a punishment for his challenge; but I was as innocent of the hoax as they were of the murder of game, they having got but 7 birds all day.

19th.—50 partridges and 4 hares, besides lost and divided birds, to my own gun and exclusive share, in 6 hours' shooting with Mr. Henry Fellowes, who is one of the quickest, coolest, and best sportsmen I ever entered a field with. He had a rascally gun that quite spoiled his shooting, though I could see he was a good shot. Had it not been for this, I dare say we should have killed 100 birds in the six hours, notwithstanding we had a very wild, windy day, and a pelting storm just in our best shooting, which spoiled the ground for at least an hour after it had ceased. We had only one gun each.

Joe Manton, Mr. Childe, and L—— hung on our leeward flank, and got 11 brace and 1 hare.

20th.—Joe Manton left us for town, highly delighted and astonished with what he had seen.

25th.—A tremendous gale of wind all day, with occasional

showers. The birds so wild that everyone laughed at me for going out; and I so ill that I could compare myself to nothing better than the buttermilk dog that accompanied Joseph Manton on the 18th, a memorable day. However, I worked 10 brace of birds; I said I would have them, and I did have them; and all within less than four hours; having bagged, besides 4 towered and lost birds, 20 partridges and 1 snipe. And all done by dint of rapid snap shooting.

27th.—While my man Charles was gone to Southampton, with despatches for Buckle, relative to building me another new punt, I pottered out on a pony in order to get a few more birds in a quiet way; but I was forced to quack myself up, for the sortie, with Huxham's bark and sal volatile. I started at half-past twelve, and came in at half-past four with 24 partridges, 3 snipes, and the only landrail I have seen or heard of this year, and all without once missing a shot; though, in spite of beautiful weather, the birds were so wild that half those I fired at were snap shots. I made five double shots and three cannons in the course of the day, and under all circumstances I consider this the best day's sport I have had this season.

29th.—Having enjoyed some of the best September shooting that I ever heard of, and wanting no more birds just now, I this day left Longparish for London.

Game killed in September 1827: In seven times going out, viz. four whole days' shooting, 258 partridges and 10 hares. One scrambling, ill-managed day, with Joe Manton, 28 partridges, and two little quiet sorties of four hours each, and without markers, 44 partridges, 4 snipes, and 1 landrail; making in all, 330 partridges, 10 hares, 4 snipes, 1 landrail. Total, 345 head, besides about 12 brace shot dead and lost. This is the best sport I ever had, or that ever was known here in the memory of the oldest man living. Though far from being in good health, I never shot better. A good

breed of birds, but they were particularly wild every day this season.

October 10*th.* - Arrived at my healthiest of homes, Keyhaven.

13*th.*—A few wigeon appeared; went out to reconnoitre, but got no chance.

17*th.* - Got my maiden shot of the season, from which I picked up 2 brent geese, 2 pintails, and 1 wigeon; and these were all the birds I had to fire at, except 1 other goose, that went off severely hit, and dropped off at sea. These 3 are the first geese that have been heard of this season, and very early it is for them.

I then came home and went game shooting. At the close of the day, however, I made up a brace of partridges. We then had quite an event with an old hare, an animal that is thought as much of at Keyhaven as an elephant. I let fly at her a scrambling shot, a long way off, and through the potatoes; down she came, and the dog had a hold of her. Off she set again: Bagshore, Mr. Davison, myself, and a whole banditti had a chase after her for nearly half an hour, till, at last, we gave her up. Soon after she was chased by an old woman, who caught her by the legs, and who let her go in a fright when she began to squeal, for fear that she (the said old woman) should be scratched. Then we heard that this wonderful hare had run into some one's house, and Lord knows how many stories. In short, she was cut all to pieces, and is, no doubt, dead; and she was the first living creature that I had pulled a trigger at, without bagging, since my arrival in this place. After this curious affair I went home, shipped water boots, shifted my shot, and went out for snipes. All I fired at was 1 snipe and 1 jack snipe, both of which I bagged, except discharging my gun at, and killing, a swallow, just to say that I had shot wild geese and a swallow in the same day. Here ended my three heterogeneous sallies in shooting this day; and, at night, my waggon, with my workman,

Buckle, and all the traps for finishing the new light punt arrived, and this is now my chief business at Keyhaven, as the weather is still too mild for sport with wild fowl. What with the hard fag in the day, the uproar of unloading a large freight of traps and goods, and quartering off the myrmidons attendant on them, I had this day quite as much work as would have served any moderate man's exercise for a fortnight.

20th. While my men were jobbing, I went out for four hours in order to get a partridge, if possible. The scarcity of game was quite ridiculous. I saw but 6 birds, and these a snap shot. My first barrel missed fire, but with my second barrel I got 1 partridge, and just saved my charter of never having a blank day.

24th. Busy jobbing. About 20 wigeon dropped in off Pennington Lake. Reade and I went off to them in the 'Lion.' I let fly both barrels of the swivel gun, and stopped 12 of them at about 110 yards, with which I had every reason to be satisfied.

25th.—A gale of wind and rain all the morning. In the evening it abated, and we tried the new punt, in an unfinished state, just to 'trim her on all tacks,' and nothing could answer more beautifully than she did. While busy at the punt, a very fine fat knot pitched on the mud, and I ran in for my musket, and got him. This was the only shot I fired to-day.

31st. New punt finished and painted to-day. I went out for about four hours, and never saw but a leash of partridges the whole time; and when I put my leg on one hedge, these birds were flying over the other, at the opposite end of the field. I just saved my charter of never having a blank day by accidentally springing one snipe and bagging him. The only shot I fired.

November 1st.—Sailed all the way to Pitt's Deep, in the 'Lion' punt, and had such a fine side wind that we made the passage there and back at the rate of seven miles an hour

We had thus an opportunity of surveying about twenty miles of coast, and in this we saw but one flock of birds, and these off at sea. I was much amused with an interview with old Harnet (the emperor of the Hampshire gunners), whom I had not seen before, since I was a Johnny Raw at the science (about eleven years ago), and he was in ecstasy with my set-out and new inventions. I got no shots, except firing one for the edification of the said Harnet at a mark, which not a little astonished him.

2*nd*.—The new punt having been finished last night, Stephen Keil left us this day, and such a workman, I believe, never used a tool. Among other house jobs, this morning he made a capital bootjack in fourteen minutes.

4*th*.—Sunday. Had a pleasant sail to Yarmouth, where I went to church. Nothing extraordinary occurred, except that the parson forgot to read the Gospel.

7*th*.—Named the new punt the 'Dart,' and gave the myrmidons a five-shilling wet on the occasion at Reade's new pothouse the 'Gun,' where not only my beer, but lots more of the brewer's, was quaffed on the occasion; and not one of the Lord High Admiral's launches could have been launched off with more determined energy.

8*th*.—Made my first sortie with the 'Dart,' in order to try her at sea 'on all tacks.' Nothing could answer more beautifully.

11*th*.—Sunday. Went, as usual, to church at Milford, where on this occasion our parson forgot to read the Gospel.

13*th*.—Left Keyhaven for the 'Dolphin' inn (the flash hotel of Southampton), and the only place there where I ever tasted of real comfort. I was busy the whole evening settling little bills for the 'Dart' punt, which came to 32*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. And so admirably superior has all turned out, that, had it cost twice the money, it would have been well worth it.

21*st*.—Keyhaven. An easterly wind again. Took a cruise in the 'Lion' in hopes the geese would be blown over

with this wind; but the only fowl I saw or shot at were 2 teal and 1 tufted duck, all of which I killed with one of my new cartridges, in the left barrel of the 'champion' gun. While stretching my legs ashore, I trod up a snipe, and floored him with the cripple stopper and duck shot.

22nd.—Started for a regular day's cruise, to survey the whole coast, at daylight, in the 'Lion' punt, with a north-east wind. Worked up beyond Leap till we were about fifteen miles from Keyhaven, and except a few geese on their travels in the air, we never saw one single head of wild fowl, though the frost (a rascally white one that always brings rain) was so sharp that we were half starved with cold. We anticipated a delightful passage back, but no sooner had we completed our trip to the east, than the vile white frost changed the weathercock to the west, and we had consequently the wind in our teeth both ways.

24th.—Cold wind from the north, with a little frost. I got 5 wigeon out of 10 which I shot at, and of which I did not expect to get one in the tremendous sea that they fell in. I fired the great gun into the only company we saw (about 25), and brought down 4 with the first barrel, and 6 with the second, after they flew up from the breakers.

30th.—Having now completed all my little finishing jobs to my satisfaction, and established ready for the winter the best 'turn-out' of gunning punts and guns in the known world, I this day left Keyhaven, and arrived at Longparish House.

December 1st. Being sadly in want of a little game, I weathered a day's hurricane, with pelting storms every half-hour, and got an old cock pheasant (the only one I have set eyes on this year), 3 partridges, 1 jack snipe, and 1 rabbit, which, with 1 moorhen and 2 birds shot and lost, was all I fired at.

3rd. Fagged all day, and brought home but 5 partridges, 1 rabbit, and 1 pheasant.

4th.—I tried to catch a few fish, to show Mr. Davison what our sport would be if it was the season, and, in little more than an hour, I caught 6 brace of fair-conditioned trout.

5th.—11 rabbits, 5 hares, 2 snipes, and 5 pheasants, to my share of a shoot at Hurstbourne Park, in killing which I never missed one shot, except at a hare that popped behind a stump which took off my whole charge. I killed 4 of the rabbits without seeing them, by firing at random, just ahead of them, as they ran across in the covert.

6th.—Pottered over my old beat, round home, and bagged 2 pheasants (all I saw) and 7 partridges, besides 2 more partridges that towered and were lost. This I did by banging away at all distances, as the birds were extremely wild.

8th.—7 partridges, by means of blazing away at all distances, for the lottery of taking heads and wings, as the birds were so wild that fair shooting, even in turnips, was totally out of the question.

27th.—2 partridges, 2 snipes, and 1 jack snipe. Thus have I been slaving for two days to make up one small basket of game for a friend. I never in my life saw the birds so wild, or the country and weather in such a deplorably dull state; the very look of the fields is enough to give a sportsman the horrors.

Incessant wet weather up to and on the 31st, so that there has not been the least chance for any more shooting in 1827.

1828

January 1st.—A deluge of rain from the north-east, which we hope and trust will clear the weather, and bring us over a few fowl.

2nd.—A fine black frost, with a N.E. wind, and, before I had been two hours on the road for Keyhaven, the fickle cock must needs 'bout ship,' and get S.W. with an eternal bellows of wind, and spouting of rain the whole afternoon and night. Such was the damage done on many parts of the road, that it was quite a matter of doubt whether all com-

munication was cut off or not. However, after getting sick with some stuff yclept 'mock turtle' at an inn, but more like leather and glue, I reached Keyhaven late at night, and luckily found that the place had escaped very well from the floods. Not a fowl had been seen for many weeks, except a few very wild geese. This I fully anticipated, and therefore, had I not had some arrangements to make, should not have gone down till the weather was better settled.

We just loaded the great gun and put all 'in trim,' in case anything should appear.

4th.—A few very wild geese were seen off below Pennington, and no sooner had we started in chase of them, about three miles to leeward, than there came on the most tremendous weather I ever was out in: a hurricane that almost tore up the very mud, hailstones that peppered us like a volley of musketry, and as heavy a fall of rain as I ever saw, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of thunder and lightning. Reade was drenched to the skin, in spite of all his 'dread-nought' garments, and the punt had a complete freight of rain water on board. But notwithstanding all this, and although the storm lasted more or less for four hours, yet my 'sou'-wester' dress so defied the elements that I came home as dry all over as if I had been sitting the whole time with dandies in a drawing room.

5th to 7th.—Incessant bad weather.

8th.—The weathercock flew backwards into the east, with a gale of wind, and rain, all the morning. This being a better quarter for birds, we weathered it, to explore; and as it blew so hard that we could not row the punt on end, we towed her along the banks all the way to off Lymington. We then flew down the wind most beautifully all the way home, though saw nothing but one flock of geese, which a lubberly fellow had spoiled our chance at. Being anxious to try a new cartridge of my own invention, I took a shot with it at 2 grey plover, which were sitting, with 3 dunlins, on some piles, and

got the whole 5 of them, so that I hope my cartridge will answer.

10*th.*—Frost and snow. Things looking up. I got 10 wigeon about five this morning, and Reade 1 wigeon only in the night. It snowed all the afternoon, so that we did not go out for the evening tide.

Frost and snow the previous night, and Reade got 6 wigeon. But about twelve to-day there came on a rapid thaw with a transition from the coldest to warm weather, and towards the afternoon there came on the old detestable and everlasting west wind, which, as if by magic, blew off every flock of fowl that had assembled on our coast. I had no chance to-day for a shot with the large gun.

12*th.*—Nasty, foggy, rotten, undertaker's weather. No fowl. Shot at the dunlins, picked up 43. I stopped about 60. Got 2 coots, at about 160 yards off, and coming home I knocked down a large speckled diver. So much for the gunning here now. A deluge of rain all the evening and night, with an atmosphere hot and sickly.

13*th.*—Sunday. We had such a tremendous hurricane soon after midnight, that our beds were shaken under us, with an attack of thunder and lightning that may be compared to the heat of a severe battle. About two hours before daylight we were hastily called up with the alarm of an immediate inundation. The sea broke over the beach and came raging up to our very doors, so that we were in the greatest alarm for the safety of our property. Though we have experienced floods before, we never were so suddenly and unexpectedly visited with one as on this day. Providentially, however, all ended well, and I contrived with extreme exertion, at the risk of being washed away, to secure all my valuable punts, and with scarcely any damage, though two of them were swept away, but just recovered in time on the lee shore to save their being beat to pieces. The damage that must have been done at sea is horrible to reflect on, and it appears worthy of re-

mark that this sudden and awful visitation should have occurred on Sunday, the 13th, when the first two verses of the evening Psalms for that day are so appropriate to the occasion. Before night the waters had abated, the weather became tolerably calm, and perfect safety was again restored.

14*th.* A dead calm, with a fog, and the water as smooth as a looking-glass. Went with a large punt off under the Isle of Wight, got a shot at a few ducks, and to my surprise stopped 4 of them; but not wishing to run the risk of losing the tide back, I came away well pleased with 1 duck and 1 mallard. In the evening the wind got to the eastward and blew a gentle breeze with thick rain.

15*th.*—Wind more southerly; the bellows and water engines on again—everlasting puff and slush; lovely weather for doctors and undertakers, but the essence of nuisance to all other people.

16*th.* The wind backed and blew strong from the east, which occasioned the arrival of several large flocks of wigeon; but they were very wild and too much scattered to afford a good shot by day. I banged off at long distances, and got 4, 3, and 2, making in all 9 wigeon bagged.

The wind then flew to the southward, with more rain. Reade got me 4 more wigeon; and I went out at night, but was driven home again by a pour of southerly rain. The springs so high that we were forced to launch a punt in the larder, as a ferry boat for grub, coals, &c. A lovely time! Nothing but howling of wet gales of wind battering against the windows, of eternal everlasting rain, and the barking coughs of men, women and children. Everything seems to promise a second edition of Noah and his cruise in the ark.

17*th.*—A gale of wind and slush again. I weathered it out, as there were several birds off. I got only 2 wigeon, though had a fine chance at about 300 geese, but the big gun was so full of water it would not go off.

18*th.* Left Keyhaven merely to go to Longparish for a

day, and therefore had but one shirt, and the mere clothes on my back. Owing to the floods and rain I was obliged to sleep at Winchester, and I went over to Longparish on the 19th. No sooner had I arrived there than a most distressing letter, on a most nefarious business, called me on to London, where, in a dress scarcely fit to be seen, I arrived on the 20th and proceeded that night and all the 21st to business; and I may say that in those two days I saw more roguery than I had before met with in all the rest of my life.

21st.—Returned to Longparish, wishing to be in the country just now, though I had left my man Charles and all my gunning things at Keyhaven. The country was so inundated that getting sport of any kind was out of the question. Never were the floods, in the memory of man, equal to those here now. Having H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence's commands to get some game for the Duchess (a forlorn hope I feared), I slaved all one day and got 6 partridges and 2 pheasants.

Game &c. killed to February 1828: Popgun work—375 partridges, 15 hares, 12 rabbits, 12 pheasants, 1 landrail, 22 snipes, total 437; swivel-gun work—3 ducks and mallards, 44 wigeon, 2 pintails, 2 teal, 2 geese, 1 black duck, 1 tufted duck, total 55.[1]

N.B.—Owing to the worst season ever known, and being much interrupted with business, my wild-fowl shooting for this year has been almost annihilated.

February 19th.—London. I had received some days ago a very brilliant account from Reade of the birds at Keyhaven. Matters being a little right now, and having received yesterday a second despatch from Reade, I resolved on making an appendix to the campaign by going down *solus*, and roughing it for a few days.

[1] P.S.—Since closing this list, I had to go down to Keyhaven for a week, and from the 20th to the 23rd of February I bagged 36 wigeon and 2 brent geese. This brings my fowl to 93 head and my grand total to 530 head of game.

Keyhaven. I was ready to go afloat at ten this evening, but it came on a rascally fresh wind from the westward, which embargoed the novelty of my breakfasting in London, and killing wigeon above 100 miles off within fourteen hours, which I was almost sure of doing, as there had been a prime chance every night.

22d.—Tide served about two in the afternoon; plenty of birds, but the harbour ruined by dandies chasing and firing at them with ball. About four a gale of wind and a pour of rain drove the dandies home, and we then fell in with a trip of wigeon; but not till all was wet and only one barrel to fire, and this, unluckily, loaded with large mould shot. I blew it off, and picked up 14 wigeon and 1 brent goose. A gale of south-west wind and rain for the remainder of the evening and night.

21st. 7 wigeon and 1 brent goose: bad weather again.

22nd. 8 wigeon, and the day finished with wind and rain.

23rd. Foggy weather, which never does to get at birds afloat. Out from four till ten, and at night, when I got a little straggling shot across the haze, and picked up 5 wigeon.

25th. An incessant gale with constant thick rain from the west. The very weather to extinguish the wild-fowl season. We weathered it morning, noon, and night under our new water covers, but neither saw nor heard a single bird the whole time.

27th.—Arrived in Park Street.

28th.—Saw in London in the Regent's Park 15 wild wigeon and 5 tufted ducks.[1]

June 4th.—Drove down to see my son Peter at Eton, and a pour of rain having embargoed me till two o'clock, and the requisition of every animal and vehicle for Ascot races having monopolised all better conveyance, I had to work my way down with an old horse and chaise, in order to be in time for

[1] The French decoy ducks that I presented have, no doubt, called them in there, on their nightly passage.

the grand Etonian gala of 'the boats.' A party of us rowed up to Surley Hall in the procession with a prime four-oar, and I never saw the spectacle more brilliant or more to advantage. The King sent the boys plenty of his royal wine in return for their taking up the little Prince George of Cumberland, and most royally drunk some of them got with it. What with the gaiety of the scene, among the merry little fellows on the one hand, and the reflection of my younger and happier days on the other, I hardly know whether the being elated or affected was more predominant on my feelings.

On the 5th I spent the whole morning in shaking hands with old friends &c., and first among them my esteemed old tutor, Dr. Goodall, now Provost of the College; and after having partaken of the kind hospitality of my old schoolfellow, and Peter's 'Dominie,' Captain Dobson, I returned to dinner in London.

22*nd*.—Longparish. Fished (to amuse Mr. W. Griesbach) in a bright sun, dead calm and north wind (with a fly), and killed 4 brace of trout. This is equal to 30 brace in a good time and in a good month for fly fishing.

July 29*th*.—Left Keyhaven at half-past four, drove to Southampton; boarded the 'George the Fourth' steam packet at eight; and at a quarter before eleven landed on the quay at Havre de Grâce. Passage 112 miles.

30*th*.—It was a matter as if of life and death for me to get off this morning at nine by the 'steamer' to Rouen; it being the only conveyance till the next day, except a vile night coach or vile French posting. They all defied me to get my passport in time for the steamer, as the 'consul was never at his office till eleven, and lived out of town,' and a Madame Moncey (who seemed to lead all Havre by the nose, having an official situation in the custom house) was quite indignant at my not taking her word to this effect (as all the other passengers without passports had done) and paying her

the same homage that others did. I ran all the way to the country seat of the consul, whom I caught just going to breakfast; and he, luckily, having a blank form by him, favoured me with a passport; so I floored the omnipotent Madame Moncey, and got under way for Rouen. Though the road to Rouen is but fifty-five miles, yet the passage is seventy-five miles, owing to the innumerable windings of the Seine. This is perhaps one of the most lovely passages in France.

I landed soon after eight at Rouen, where, after securing the only vacancy in the morning diligence, I inspected the magnificent cathedral of this place, built by the English in the reign of Henry IV., and then passed a short bad night in a sorry nest, seven storeys high, at the Hôtel de Lyon But, as I am now an old foreign traveller, it would be needless to recapitulate the mixtures of novelties and miseries with which I have, over and over again, filled the pages of my former journals. I have, therefore, but little to remark on this excursion.

31*st.* Left Rouen by the diligence at six this morning, and arrived in Paris by nine at night, by way of Louviers, where we breakfasted at ten; Mantes, where we dined at half-past two; and St. Germain, which is about 4 leagues from the metropolis. The short way is 32 leagues; but I preferred this route, as being the most beautiful journey on the banks of the Seine, and because I had been the other way before. A French post league being 2½ miles English, the journey to-day was just 90 miles. I have nothing to remark on this road, since I was in France before, except that the diligences are cleaner and go better: you have no conductors or postillions to pay, and the latter have doused their butter-churn boots for life guards' jack boots; have left off powder, and amputated their colossal pigtails. I this night took up my old quarters at the Hôtel Montmorency, Rue St.-Marc, No. 12.

August 1*st.*—Called on my old friend Mr. Kalkbrenner, No. 33 Rue Chantereine, and then passed my time in the

Louvre till it was the hour for dinner, after which I went to the French opera.[1]

2nd.—Engaged in various little matters, and, in the evening, called on another god of the piano, my other friend, Mr. Jerome Bertini (who is now the Clementi of Paris), at No. 8 Rue Montaigne du Roule. He was out teaching, though half-past eight at night; but madame, his wife, the great harp player, was *chez elle*, and not a little surprised to see me. I must surely astonish both my old masters by this popping suddenly upon them, who scarcely knew whether I was dead or alive.

3rd.—Bertini came up to me this morning before breakfast, and I never saw a fellow more alive at seeing another than he was at seeing me. We breakfasted together, and he then adjourned to Pleyel's to play me some of his new music. The remainder of the day we spent at Versailles, but were prevented from enjoying it, owing to the wet and stormy weather.

4th.—About various business till the middle of this day, and then passed the remainder of it in the Jardin des Plantes, where there were innumerable additions made since I was last in Paris, the giraffe and many other curious animals, as well as a great increase in every other branch of natural history.

5th.—Spent a part of the morning in the Luxembourg; some of the pictures here were the best, for effect, I had seen for a long time; and one in particular by the president or chief of the Academy at Rome. Went in the evening to the 'Favart' or Italian opera. Meyerbeer's 'Crociato in Egitto' was the piece, and, as usual, the orchestra at this house was most delightful; but I hardly knew whether to condemn or approve of the introduction of Turkish cymbals in this orchestra. They seem to be the order of the night, now, in the Paris

[1] *La Muette de Portici*, in four acts, with the dancing included. A very spirited opera; but the music rather in the noisy school. A tremendous orchestra, with the addition of double drums and Turkish cymbals.

bands. The best singer, to my taste, was Madame Pisaroni. A Monsieur Donzelli also showed great talent, and I preferred him to our London tenors.

10th.—Since the 6th I have been to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, Versailles &c. but made no memorandums, as nothing particular was there beyond what I took down in my former visit to Paris. This evening I went to the Tivoli, which is very different from what it was a few years ago. The ground on which this once grand fete was held is sold, and the place now substituted is farther off, and not nearly so well adapted to the purpose. The old Tivoli was as far superior as the new one is inferior to our Vauxhall. No Russian mountains, no balloons of fire now, and, in short, a poor, miserable place, but little better than a country fair, except having one fine temple for gormandising, and a capital band for the quadrilles. But this is a matter of course: leave a Frenchman alone for eating and dancing.

12th.—Mr. Kalkbrenner gave me a seat in his box this morning, to hear the pianoforte pupils of the Conservatoire play for the prizes before a full audience in the theatre of that establishment, which is called the Ecole de Musique. The performance began at nine o'clock, and the great Cherubini sat in state as the harmonic judge, surrounded by a kind of jury of other mighty dons. The first batch of pupils were seven girls, who each played the same piece, and then read an MS. at sight. The piece was Kalkbrenner's, and the MS. was Cherubini's. Monsieur Adam, the old man who for many years has been pianoforte master to the Conservatoire, and who was Kalkbrenner's master, sat by the side of the pupils. It became tedious and monotonous to hear the same thing played over so many times, and, as a matter of etiquette, all applause was withheld. At last the first act of this exhibition came to a close by a vase being handed round among the judges, and their placing therein little things similar to our balls in 'blackballing' at clubhouses, when

three of the young ladies were called on, and severally addressed as best, second best, and so on for the prizes; and on Cherubini finishing his short oration to them from the grand box, there was a great burst of applause. The next part of the exhibition was to be young men playing a concerto of Kalkbrenner's; sat out three of them, but when I heard there were to be five or six more, I could weather it no longer, so took the liberty to 'bolt.' Went to see the new building La Bourse on the Exchange, a superb and commodious edifice lately completed in Rue Vivienne. The imitations of sculpture here are so well 'brought out' in the painting, that I could hardly persuade myself but what they were real statues.

15*th.*—Went (by admission ticket) to the church of Notre-Dame to see the King and all the royal family celebrate the day of the Virgin Mary, one of the greatest festivals in France. The town was in confusion the whole morning, with the rattling of carriages, ringing of bells, and bustling about of the civil and military; and about two o'clock the cathedral doors were opened, and those who had tickets were admitted, and, no doubt, also many without them in the general confusion. From two till near three we sat in the cathedral and saw all the different processions arrive: the counts, the peers, the mayor, the priests, the masters of ceremony, &c., and punctually at three the grand procession began to enter: the priests, the bishops, the marshals, the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, and then the King, walking under a large canopy superbly ornamented. I never saw a monarch with whose countenance I was better pleased, he looked the picture of affability and good disposition; and so well does he carry his age, that I thought he looked quite as young as, if not younger than, his son the Duke of Angoulême. I had seen him before, in old Louis's time, when he was Count d'Artois, and he does not appear a day older, though when I saw him last must have been about nine years ago. The cere-

mony performed in the cathedral was what they call vespers; an immoderate bellowing of the basest of base voices, with the blowing away of two serpents, and all the noise that hands and feet could bring forth from a huge rough-toned organ; and, by way of a finish, the silver Virgin Mary was started from the altar, and carried halfway over the town with all the procession from Charles X. down to half the rabble of Paris, among such a noise and stink as a man may go his life and never hear or smell again. We thought the noise in the church pretty well, but it was a mere whisper to that out of it, particularly the bells, which would have almost drowned that of a cannonade. In short, this evangelical spree was kept up till about five, when the King arrived at the Tuileries in his state carriage; and his other carriage (with eight horses) was ready to take him back to St.-Cloud as soon as he had rid himself of the trappings for the levee of the silver Virgin. Although I am too great a 'heretic' (as the Spaniards would call me) to enter into the spirit of the Catholic religion, yet no one could say but the show was extremely well worth seeing. In the evening I looked into the French Theatre; but, as it was too hot to sit out a play, I merely went into the second gallery. But there was nothing particular to observe since I was there before.

17th.—Having now done what business I had here, and prepared to start for England again, I shall just memorandum down a few short remarks as to the changes that have taken place since I was last in Paris.

Travelling: Road and travelling much the same. The *messagerie*, or diligences, altered to huge treble-bodied machines, and painted yellow instead of green. No conductor or postillions to pay, but a moderate charge made in lieu of it. Inns as dirty and uncomfortable as ever, charges dearer, and wines not so good. Posting and the *malle poste* in every respect the same.

Paris: Every article dearer than it was, but now the

French have a fixed price, so that you have not to bargain like a Jew to avoid being cheated, as you were once obliged to do, in even the best shops. The cooking is much the same —most exquisite for those who like made dishes, and prefer messes of butter, sugar, and Lord knows what to plain, wholesome food. Our English sauces—cayenne &c.—may now be had, if called for, at most of the *restaurateurs'*. The wines are decidedly not so good as in former times, and you have still the same difficulty in getting a good-sized glass to drink out of at your dinner. There are, however, some English people who have set up soda and ginger-beer shops, so that, by going to them, you have now the means of quenching that insufferable thirst which is produced by the greasy, sugary, salt, and acid mixtures, that the French dishes abound with, not to say a word of the tricks that are now played as to meat, wines, and spirits.

Amusements: French opera rather improved. Italian opera rather fallen off: their band, which I thought the best I ever heard, is now no more than equal to that of our opera. Dancing, if anything, in rather less force. Tivoli miserably bad. Boulevards as gay as ever. Tortoni's still the best ice shop, and Very's (in the Palais Royal) now become the best *restaurateur's* in Paris. Formerly I thought it about the third best.

State of things: Great improvement in the paintings of the rising French artists, particularly in the school of David. Military nearly the same—*gendarmes*, as usual, a pattern to the whole world for their orderly and respectable behaviour. Cuirassiers not so well mounted as formerly, cavalry rather fallen off than improved in appearance. Even the King's stud are but moderate-looking animals. People here all appear to be in the height of affluence, you rarely see a shabby-looking person; and, in short, the people of Paris appear to spend a great deal more money on their dressing, eating, drinking, and amusements than do those in London.

From all appearances, therefore, we may conclude that France is in a very flourishing state.

18th.—Left Paris at six this evening by the diligence, to go the other, the short, road to Rouen. There being an opposition on this road at night, we travelled a very fair pace, and were as quick in all our changes as the Southampton coaches. We rumbled along all night in this stupendous machine, like a movable hayrick driving a herd of bullocks before it, and two other diligences at our heels, and we never got more than a few seconds' stoppage all the way from Paris to Rouen. Our conductor was an infernal hog, and quite brutish to several female passengers who wanted to alight a moment, which he would hardly allow. Refreshment out of the question, except what I had the sense to pocket, and grope out in the dark to eat. Between four and five in the morning we descended into the valley where stands the town of Flueris; and the four diligences descending the mountain under the opening of daylight on a fine morning, the 19th, had a novel and beautiful effect. The diligence weighed 11,100 lb., the freight with twenty inside passengers and luggage, 5,500 lb., making in all, 16,600 lb. We had seldom less than seven horses, three at wheel, and four abreast leaders, all driven by one postillion; and in the mountainous parts we had nine horses, on which occasion an extra boy in a blue frock and white cotton night-cap drove the two leaders. The first refreshment we got was 1½*d.* of milk on reascending after passing the town of Flueris. An old cribbage-faced woman, surrounded by beggars, waylays the coach at this ascent with her cups and pitcher. Nothing worthy of remark occurred till we approached the town of Rouen from the tremendous hill of St. Catherine, the view from which is so charming that people often make a point of staying a day in Rouen on purpose to go and look from thence over the town and the Seine, if it so happens that their journey does not bring them by way of this heavenly landscape. The hill is tremendous, and the

coaches while descending by the winding road have a novel and beautiful effect. I should not omit to mention that two Frenchmen had such a quarrel about their seats in the night, as to come to the scratch and collar, and almost to a fight; and, before daylight, they were as thick as two pickpockets. We got to Rouen by seven, having performed the journey, 32 post leagues, 80 English miles, within thirteen hours, which for France is very fair going. Nearly the whole way is paved, and the diligence nearly as rough as a butcher's cart, so the shaking may be easier imagined than described; and, as if we had not noise enough with an everlasting volley of rumble and chatter, the horses had all bells. But, after all, the convoy of these four machines had a very lively and somewhat pleasing effect. Trunks just looked into at Rouen, merely to see we had no liquors, which pay a small barrier duty. After a good, though dear, breakfast at the Hôtel de Lyon, Madame du Roy, I proceeded by a branch diligence, just like the other, and for which you are booked at Paris, for Dieppe. Here we had a very civil gentlemanlike conductor, who was himself chief proprietor of the coach, and it is to him that I am indebted for the precise state of the weight &c. before mentioned. We left Rouen at nine, and got into Dieppe a quarter before four. The distance is 14 leagues, 35 English miles. Nothing particular occurred on the remainder of the journey, except our having to walk through the fine oak wood of Malawney while the diligence performed the winding ascent of the road, which was so tremendous a drag that the moment you have reached the summit of the hill, nine fresh horses are put to, and the others taken away ready to drop. English horses would have jibbed with such a freight.

N.B.—I could get no place but the *rotonde* (behind), which happens to be cheapest. The middle is called *l'intérieur*, and the front *le coupé*, much the best place, but generally bought up a week beforehand. The rookery place 'aloft' is called *l'impérial*, and a most imperial tumble a

gentleman would get out of it if any accident happened. These hasty remarks are all I have time to make, as I must now proceed to see and do various jobs at Dieppe.

P.S.—I forgot to note that poor old Delarne is dead, and his widow keeps on the house where I am now put up. Dined at the table d'hote; and, in the evening, went down to see the superb baths and public rooms that have been erected since I was here some years ago. I never saw a place so improved. I always liked Dieppe as well as any place in France, because it is almost the only French town that does not stink abominably. Finished the day with a refreshing walk on the shore, and then a warm salt bath to rectify all the shakes and dust of the twenty-two hours' rough journey.

20th.—Went a little way out of the town to investigate the particulars of the *pension Anglais* (English school), kept by Messrs. Williams and Sparke, at a sort of country seat called 'Gaudecote,' and was more pleased with this than any other establishment that I had seen in France. The remainder of the day was spent in running about and seeing the few 'lions' of the place, which I found so very pleasant that my detention in it became a day's pleasure, instead of a day's quarantine. Had an excellent dinner at Madame Delarne's table d'hôte, and among many other good things, we had capital roast beef, and good Bordeaux claret at fifteenpence English the bottle. Price of the table d'hote, two francs and a half for dinner, cider, dessert, and in short, everything but wine. Got my heavy things on board the packet preparative to starting early to-morrow morning for England.

I never was asked for my passport through the whole of my journeys.

21st. Got under way by the 'Eclipse' steam packet, Captain Cheesman, at half-past six this morning, and landed on the chain pier, or new quay, at Brighton at half-past five in the evening, making a tolerable passage of eleven hours. For the first three hours all was as smooth as a duck pond,

and a capital breakfast was set out on deck; but, towards the latter part of the passage, the wind freshened in our teeth, and the berths and basins were more in requisition than the eatables or drinkables. Passage from step to step on quays, 80 miles, fare 2*l.* The very devil's own work at custom house. No fault of Mr. Lewis, who is the chief and a very gentlemanly man, but the neglect of there not being built a custom house nearer to the quay. The whole contents of the packet were transferred to three carts and drawn off all through the town to a distant and bad situation, where the crowd was immense. Many people despaired of even getting their night things; but I brushed about instead of going to eat, and literally got the whole of my baggage cleared off and in the barrow before any soul was clear, though forty names were down before I came. There is a right and a wrong way of doing things.

I never saw any place so much improved as Brighton has been since I was here last.

30*th.*—Left London by the 'Times' (Southampton) coach at a quarter before eleven, for Longparish, and got home about six o'clock.

CHAPTER XXI

1828

September 1st. Longparish. Strong wind all day from the east; ground as dry as Lundyfoot's snuff, but a moderate breed of birds, and my two dogs on their last legs. I therefore performed a miracle by bagging: 60 partridges (besides 6 more lost), 4 hares, and 1 quail. My son Peter killed 3 brace, his first essay. We never in our lives had such a fagging day and such hard slavery to keep up our charter. Our army were literally worked off their feed, to the joy of my commissariat; but they drank their extra hog-tub full of stiff swizzle, which cost me more than the half of the sheep that they left.

2nd. I gave a general day's rest, as every sensible shooter ought to do; but, as other Johnny Raws were worrying the poor birds, I gave Peter leave to go with a borrowed dog; and he bagged 3½ brace more, besides 4 brace killed by his follower.

3rd. By slaving like a negro from ten till five, I contrived to satchel 48 partridges (besides 3 brace lost), and 3 brace more that Peter killed, as I took him out and gave him several shots. Weather so dry that the only plan was to walk all day with both barrels cocked, and snap down the birds as they rose wild from the stubbles. Cruel hard labour, and no sport for the poor dogs.

4th and 5th.—Dogs all footsore, so I rested these days; but Peter, who was red-hot for sport, went out with only the

house dog, which was of more harm than good to him, but he contrived to bag his 2 brace on the 4th, and his 2½ brace on the 5th.

6th.—Was anxious to finish with 20 brace, and never had such a hard run to make up the number. The dogs were so done that even the falling of a bird would not move them from my heels, and I stood at 19½ brace for the last hour before nightfall. I had no alternative but marching up and down at a rapid pace, without dogs, and treading the stubbles till I was ready to drop, but determined to die game. I fought to the last; but, through over-anxiety and fatigue, I missed two fair shots; but, at last, just at the farewell of daylight a covey rose from the feed. I 'up gun,' and down came a bird as dead as a hammer, a long shot; so I bagged the 20 brace, gave three cheers (a butcher's halloo), and came home in triumph with 40 partridges on a pole.

7th.—Having decided on taking Peter to Dieppe, in order to place him at school, I therefore started this morning for London.

8th.—Doing business all the morning as fast as a 'cab' could drive me about. Then started by the 'Age' coach, and got to Brighton about half-past eight. 'Ship' inn a perfect hornets' nest; a grand ball in the town; a packet just in. No beds to be got except out of the house. All the good grub eaten up; much delay in getting bad. Not grogged and cribbed till twelve; beds procured in dirty lodging houses. 'Warmunt' in great force, more scratching than sleeping.

9th.—A drowned man brought ashore. Sea looking rough and blue. Peter and I proceeded to France. Got under way by 'Talbot' steamer, Captain Norwood, at a quarter past ten, and had our legs under the cloth of Mother Delarne's table d'hôte, in Dieppe, about eleven at night, after a fair passage of eleven hours and a half. Ran foul of a French vessel coming in; no harm done.

Though I never was asked for my passport the other

day when in France, yet I was this time troubled beyond anything by the police, so people should never depend on them. They have, it appears, fresh officers on duty (in order to relieve each other) every month; and it entirely depends on them whether you go free, or are molested about your passport every step you take. Custom-house people, as usual, lenient and very civil; and, by a very little *ruse*, I escaped all duties for Peter's things. All, of course, in the usual confusion on landing at night; and I was not in bed till twelve.

10*th*.—Up and dressed by six. Settled all Peter's affairs in about two hours. Got all his baggage cleared. Rigged him with a few traps, blew him out at Delarne's, got my passport with great difficulty, and with the loss of half my breakfast, and all just in time to a minute to board the steamer while she was getting under way for England by eleven o'clock. My reason for hurrying back was to avoid the tremendous weather which I suspected was working; and to prove my judgment, I have since my arrival at home seen the account of the 'dreadful passage' that was encountered by the next packet. Out all night in great danger; forced to put in to Newhaven, and I don't know what all.

The fairest possible wind and a pretty time at starting, but before we had been an hour at sea, there came on a complete deluge of rain and, towards the afternoon, a tremendous squall with thunder and lightning. Forced to douse all sail and ease the engine. But after striking the ground three times, we got alongside the chain pier off Brighton about half-past eight and were landed soon after nine. I weathered it well; ate boiled beef below while others were 'cascading;' wrote letters, lent a hand in the squall, &c. Having but little baggage, I was allowed to be cleared off on board, so I ran up to the town, secured a place, then swallowed a cup of tea, and set off by the ten o'clock night coach for town, not having courage to face any more of the live stock in the Brighton

blankets. Had the inside of the coach all to myself, the best possible company at night, wrapped myself up in a cloak, and though I am a vile sleeper, and particularly in a coach, I on this one occasion played such a good bassoon that I never heard till on our arrival in town, about half-past four, that we were all but killed in the night. Coachee fell asleep, got partly foul of a van, horses ran up a bank, a wheeler and a leader floored and left sprawling, and coach all but over, and we under the van, and I perhaps to have been cracked like a kernel (Colonel) in a shell; a bad pun, but a true state of the case. But, thank God, all ended well, and I was over the stones and in bed in London before six o'clock in the morning on Thursday, the 11th.

13*th.*—Left London by the 'North Devon' coach, and arrived about half-past ten at night again at Longparish House.

15*th.*—Longparish. Went out to try and get a few more birds for my friends; but the game had been cruelly driven about in my absence, and the easterly wind had this very day returned, and blew strong; and, to mend the matter, I was ill; but, notwithstanding all, I did wonders for the third week, by getting 32 partridges.

N.B.—Heard of a jack snipe having been seen to-day.

17*th.*—Went out quietly without markers, and bagged 21 partridges and this snipe.

Killed altogether, in only five mornings' shooting: 201 partridges, 4 hares, 1 quail, 1 snipe. Total, 207 head.

N.B.—A bad breeding season; more old birds than young ones.

20*th.*—20 partridges. Dry easterly wind, birds as wild as hawks, no scent; and my two old bitches had scarcely a leg to stand on, though I had given them two days' rest.

22*nd.*—As this day commences the fourth week in September, the birds, in our very wild open country, had, of course, got quite wary. Bagged 18 partridges and 1 hare.

Made one rather extraordinary shot; 3 birds crossed

each other, at the regular interval of about 10 yards apart; and, when all three got in a line, I 'up gun' and floored the whole trio with one barrel. They were all killed quite dead, picked up instantly, and all three proved to be full-grown birds.

20th. Had the variety of shooting, hunting, and fishing all within five hours. It blew a hurricane all the morning. I first bagged 10 partridges. Then had a spree with the harriers, which I fell in with while shooting; and, by way of a wind up, I got my rod and killed 6 brace of very fine trout for dinner, &c.

Game killed in September 1828: 264 partridges, 5 hares, 1 quail, 1 snipe. Total, 271 head.

N.B.—Out but ten times.

October 2nd. A particularly fine day; and, as I might as well try for an elephant as a pheasant, I availed myself of this time to try our wild partridges on the hills. I was at first out of luck: broke the cock of my gun, broke my horse's bridle, tore my shooting jacket, and, what was more annoying to me than all, missed four shots; however, the luck soon turned, and I ended the day with shooting brilliantly and bagging 20 partridges.

3rd. A strong southerly wind; and, it being a good fishing day, I took my fly rod out for about an hour before dinner, and killed 3 brace of fine trout; and, among them, one which weighed 1½ lb. He was as red as a salmon, and as full of curd as a new-laid egg; so I crimped him and made a most delicious dinner on him.

9th. A tolerably fine day; and I had the extraordinary luck to bring home 20 partridges and a magnificent old cock pheasant, for which there was a hue and cry in search of me, just as I was coming home to dinner. They had marked him down in our moors; Duchess soon pinned him, and I had a most beautiful easy open shot at him. I think, under all circumstances, considering that I had only one pony and

one man out, a new gun stock to try—with which I never shot more brilliantly in all my life—I never had a better day in all my annals of sporting.

22*nd*.—Put myself on the rostrum of a Newbury coach, at Winchester, and took a run down to Keyhaven, in order to overhaul my craft, make some experiments &c. preparative to the winter.

23*rd*. Went out to explore a little, boat leaked, came home and caulked her; heard that the curlews had taken a strong haunt on my artificial island, where two beautiful shots had been missed at them by the 'Sams' here. Saw but 2 curlews there, and floored them both, with a blow off of my right barrel, when coming in from my reconnoitre. Not a wild fowl to be seen.

24*th and* 25*th*. Up to my eyes in wind, rain, dirt, gunpowder, and experiments with my patent cartridges again. Too busy to look after birds; fired but at one living target, and that was a cormorant, which I killed dead, at above 100 yards. After coming home from my day's experiments, settling some business, bills, &c., I worked my way up, on the outside of the mails; and, with my nose half nipped off, by that vilest of all vile weathers, a rotten pinching white frost, I got home to Longparish House about a quarter before one on the morning of the 26th, or (as a Frenchman would more properly say) 'after midnight.'

27*th*.—Heard of 3 pheasants that had beat the other shooters. I nabbed them all in about an hour.

31*st*.—A nasty raw cutthroat gloomy day; birds walking about like fowls; came home without having had a shot. Shipped my boots and went to the river, to save my charter of never having a blank day. Got the first jack snipe I have seen this year, and one whole snipe (at 75 yards); all I saw, and all I shot at.

November 5*th*.—A tremendous fire on the hill immediately in front of our house. It broke out about eight in the

evening, and proved to be 5 large ricks, belonging to poor Farmer Ray; and, as there had been no lightning, and this was on a desolate hill away from the village, it was too evident that this was the revengeful work of some damnable incendiary. The hill was in an uproar all night, and the effect was awfully grand.

10*th.* A cold raw day. Walked out and had the good luck to get 1 snipe, 2 jack snipes, 1 teal, 1 mallard, 2 rabbits, and 1 woodcock the first one I have seen or heard of in this country since goodness knows when. I made a most brilliant snap shot at him the first moment I caught sight of him.

12*th.* Having had a fine easterly wind for nearly three weeks, I put myself on the rostrum of the old 'Oxford' coach, and ran down to Keyhaven, where I arrived about nine this evening. Found, to my astonishment, that there had been scarcely any wigeon; and, a few hours after midnight, there came rain and a westerly wind. It seems like magic how this almost always occurs to me the very day I arrive.

13*th.* Out all day in very unpleasant weather, and never saw the least chance for sport. The wild fowl had all left.

14*th.* A tremendous gale from the southward all night and all day, with heavy rain. About 20 fowl were seen 'off.' The 'Lion' punt weathered it most gloriously; and I had the great luck, in spite of the heavy sea, to stop 5.

27*th.* Walked out for an hour, and just saved my charter of never having a blank day, by bagging 1 miserable jack snipe. Such is the shooting here just now.

December 20*th.* Went out to try a new gun stock; discharged my gun ten rounds, and brought home 5 snipes, 3 jack snipes, and 2 partridges, which were all I saw.

N.B. The 3 jacks were killed with some *éclat*. The first got up as I was carrying the bitch over some water; I dropped the bitch into a cold bath, cocked, 'up gun,' and down jack, all as quick as a conjurer; the other 2 jacks were killed right and left, a double shot.

Total killed up to Christmas 1828: 388 partridges, 7 hares, 1 quail, 2 rabbits, 8 pheasants, 1 woodcock (the only one I have seen these two years), 56 snipes. Total, 463 head. Wild fowl: 2 mallards, 5 wigeon, 3 teal. Total, 10 head. Grand total, 473 head.

1829

January 1st.—Keyhaven. Weather a little finer. Put off (by way of a little start on New Year's Day) at three this afternoon; got 4 curlews. Never saw or heard any other birds

2nd.—I explored all day, but, from what I saw and from what I heard, there does not appear to have been a single trip of fowl on the coast, except a few very wild geese, that old Harnett flashed in the pan at and drove out of the country just before I came to where they were.

5th.—New moon and a northerly wind. Things looking much better. No birds arrived yet, but I walked out with the musket to try a new dog, which appears to do well, and saw 1 teal and 1 wigeon, both of which I bagged, and which the dog brought to me in prime style.

6th.—10 brent geese. No wigeon come yet, and this was the only shot I had all day.

7th.—A northerly wind, but no wigeon come yet.

8th.—A fine north-east wind, though no frost, and scarcely any wigeon to be seen; and what few there were had mixed with the geese, and were wilder than ever I knew them.

9th.—Out all day, and never got a chance. Not a wigeon to be seen, and the very few geese that were about were so wild that it was quite impossible to do anything with them.

10th.—Got a long shot at a small company, and brought in, close to Keyhaven, 3 brent geese, after having been three miles beyond Lymington without a chance of a shot. I took them in by sailing to them, as the few that are here are now so well up to a paddling punt as invariably to rise at 400 yards.

12*th.*—A furious easterly wind; no showing our noses outside the harbour, and, being 'the dead of the nip,' no water in it; so we were prisoners for the day, except Reade, who crawled about on the mud, but it blew so strong he could not even work his launching punt to what few birds he saw.

13*th.*—The gale continued. Reade out mud crawling from morning till night, and he got 8 wigeon. I walked out with the musket, and got a wild duck, a very long shot; with snipe shots, and then went half the day in chase of a beautiful old gander barnacle, a rare bird here, and I had the luck to bring him home, at the expense of being in a miserable mess, by following him 'through thick and thin.'

14*th.*—Out from five in the morning till five in the evening, and never got but one very long shot, with which I had the unexpected luck to bring in 3 brent geese. The rascally blackguard 'mud launchers' have totally ruined this country, and they now rarely ever kill anything themselves.

17*th.* Magnificent weather; fowl pouring in by thousands; cruel bad luck. Flashed in the pan at about 1,000 wigeon; again at as many geese, and, after drawing and squibbing, flashed again at a splendid hooper close to me. To complete my sorrows I found my lock broken, and had to leave all my sport and go off with my gun to Lymington. I got but two shots off; with one I bagged 8 wigeon in the breakers, and with the other 2 geese at a very long distance. Reade got also 7 wigeon. Reade was out till Sunday morning came, and got but 3 more wigeon, owing to as bad a run of luck as I had.

19*th.* Reade, who had been wallowing about in his mud sledge from the break of the Sabbath till daylight, and got three shots, came in with 17 wigeon, and we found 5 more dead wigeon after breakfast.

Out from nine at night till one; had a glorious chance spoiled by a wretched tailor of a fellow spitting off his popgun, but, the tide being slack, I had no other chance for a shot.

Plenty of birds, and a fine time for wallowing on the mud again in the mud sledge, for which only this essence-of-mud-country in general serves.

20*th*.—A foggy, white frost; Reade came in with 10 wigeon, after crawling in the slush all night. I went out 'on tide,' having got my gun well repaired, and brought in 14 wigeon, 1 pintail, and 1 tufted duck.

N.B.—I fired at 3 tufted ducks, and stopped them all; but, seeing a large flock of wigeon pitched near, I dare not finish off the 2 cripples with the musket, but proceeded with the second barrel of the great gun to attack the wigeon, as there were three other boats advancing on them; what I fired at them was a patent cartridge, and I bagged 22, besides towered and crippled birds; but the tide was such that, if I had attempted to get any more, I should have been carried out to sea. As it was we were off to the shingles, and had to remain there an hour before we could 'stem the tide' to get back.

21*st*.—The 'Lion' punt brought them to action at last. All I got on the spot, however, was 32 wigeon, 2 mallards, and 1 coot, at one shot; but including what others brought me, I killed 53 wigeon, 2 mallards, and 1 coot, at one shot. The greatest work that has ever been done here.

To make this brilliant shot the more extraordinary, I should name that it was done about half-past twelve o'clock in the day. The gunners to windward had driven all the birds down to Keyhaven, and they congregated, about 1,000 strong, just off Shorehead in the shallow water, and by having a favourable time, I just slipped into them before the other gunners could come up.

I went out again after taking some refreshment, and was all but getting nearly as good a chance again; but a four-oar boat happened to spring the fowl when I was within a few minutes of doing the business. Coming home I got 6 grey plover with one barrel, and lost 3 more, and made a capital

flying shot at a wild duck with the other, and I knocked down a tippet grebe eighty yards off with the musket; so I began well, emptied all my barrels well, and, in short, made a most satisfactory day in every respect.

In the afternoon I had only just come in to refresh myself, and wipe the gun. Off again at ten, out all night, and the severest night I ever remembered. My cap froze on my head, and it blew a gale of wind; but I had so much to do that I perspired the whole time, except at intervals when my hands were so frost-bitten that it was with the utmost difficulty I could grope out the traps to load, and particularly to prime the gun. The man who followed me to retrieve my dead birds fell overboard, and was obliged to go home in order to avoid being frozen to death; and I thus lost at least a third of my birds, which fell into the hands of the leeward shore hunters, who lurk about after gunners, as vultures follow an army, at all hours of the day and night, when there is a hard frost and a chance of good plunder. The labour of working for the fowl was an odd mixture of ecstasy and slavery. I brought home, shot on the spot and caught on the ice at daybreak by self and helpers, 69 wigeon and 1 duck, making in all 101 wigeon and 4 ducks and mallards, besides the 6 plover and the old coot, in eighteen hours, as I was out from past twelve in the day till six the next morning. The gun missed fire twice, and I missed one fine shot owing to the spray of the sea freezing on the punt, and forming a mass of ice that threw the barrels above their bearings. My best shot in the night, or rather at two in the morning, was 30 wigeon with one barrel. The left barrel snapped, as the lock had broken again, but on getting home to the candle I luckily found it was not so far gone but that I could make shift with it on being a little rectified.

Had not this misfortune occurred and my follower remained with me, I really believe I should at least have doubled what I did.

22nd.—After sleeping a few hours I was off again. It 'blew great guns,' and froze the oars as we rowed; had cruel hard labour to row to windward, as the ice prevented our towing the boat up along shore. Saw seven splendid hoopers!—gave up everything for them. Lay alongside for the tide to flow for hours. Not water enough at last! so Reade had to steal overboard and shove the punt with his chest while I crept 'abaft' to 'give her life forward.' The sun came out, and my cap was too white and glared, so, while lying as close as I could, I rubbed it with water and gunpowder, as I had seen the old captain of the hoopers look 'ticklish,' which I suspect was at my cap. For want of more tide, we could only get within about 130 yards of these swans; but, having shifted my common shot to some glorious pills for them, I tried my luck. First barrel missed fire by the lock cover catching the cock; but, as it blew a gale, the birds never heard this, so I cocked again, and held up the cover with the little finger, while I pushed off the trigger with my thumb, and instantaneously banged in the detonating barrel as these huge monsters began to flap and sprawl, and gave them such a broadside as they little expected. As 2 of them were far detached I had only 5 to shoot at, and I had the satisfaction to bring home in triumph 3 of these wild swans, and kill a 4th, not got, that I saw tower and fall, where I should soon have been as dead as he was had I been rash enough to follow him off in such a sea as that on which he dropped. I never made so splendid a shot in my life, and Reade's agility in 'shipping sail' and 'cutting off' one of my birds that was only winged from going seawards, was one of the most finished manœuvres I ever saw. We just got up in time to blow out his brains with the cripple stopper before he reached some breakers that would have swallowed us. We had a miserable time in getting these swans, but were amply repaid for our wetting and labour.

Our next game was a flock of mixed birds. We dropped to leeward and loaded, and bore down on them as quick as

we could to save the tide, to a part where there happened to be water enough. Terribly plagued with our huge shipmates on board, and my follower, as usual, skulking behind, and thinking more of his dinner than the sport, instead of being up and ready to relieve us of this encumbrance. These last birds were scattered, and I had to fire across their line; but I got 5 ducks and mallards, 5 wigeon, 3 curlews, and 1 brent goose at the shot.

N.B. While in full chase under sail to force the punt over the flooded mud the gale carried away her mast, and we had both to get overboard and strain ourselves like slaves by working inch by inch for about 300 yards to shore her into a creek, or we should have had to leave her on the mud and hail our other boat to retreat in. During our dilemma the dirty pirates to leeward carried off I know not how many of my other dead birds, that had floated to the lee shore while we were chasing the cripples to prevent their going to sea; and our follower, who had orders to be near us, did not reach his post in time. The ruffians here have literally lived well on my lost birds, insomuch that, before the frost set in, I could command any loafer for a shilling, and now I can get no one to go with me unless dearly paid, as they can do so much better by stealing my dead birds, and selling them to the neighbours round at a trifle below the market price. They all carry an old musket if they can, and just pop off a half charge (perhaps with only powder) to justify the possession of your bird by swearing that they fairly shot it. This roguery I have watched no small number of times by the help of my spy-glass, which, of course, I always take afloat to save useless rowing after fowl.

23rd.—It blew such a tremendous gale of wind that it was by sheer slavery a man could row on end, and the shore was still so frozen that we could not approach it to tow the punt to windward. Reade, however, by working like a horse, got us up to near Pennington, from whence we dropped down

on the fowl, and they were literally so cold as to be flying up and pitching again every moment, which, by their thus seeing into the punt, spoiled all chances for a heavy shot. But I got in all 28 wigeon, 1 duck, and 1 curlew in the only 2 shots I fired. The first shot I stopped 42 (I always stand up and count what lies on the water the moment I have fired), and the second, a very long one, 17. So tremendous was the weather and sea that I was obliged for safety's sake to allow about 20 dead birds to be carried to sea before my face, and all within 70 yards of the boat.

24th.—A very hard frost, but the wind more moderate. The birds were frozen out of harbour, and not even in at night. I went outside for the day, but found them wild and much scattered, as the moderate weather had drawn forth the gentlemen gunners, who generally perform the part of excellent 'gallibaggers,' a term used by the clods for anything to frighten away birds. All, therefore, I could do to-day was to bring home 18 wigeon, 2 brent geese, 2 curlews. My best shot was 14 wigeon bagged. Thus ended the best week's wild-fowl shooting I had ever enjoyed, or ever heard of.

It is worthy of being summed up together, being as follows :

Monday.—22 wigeon	22
Tuesday.—24 wigeon, 1 curre, 1 pintail . . .	26
Wednesday (night included).—101 wigeon, 4 ducks, 6 plover, 1 coot	112
Thursday.—5 wigeon, 1 curre, 5 ducks, 1 goose, 3 hoopers, 3 curlews	18
Friday.—28 wigeon, 1 duck, 1 curlew . . .	30
Saturday.—18 wigeon, 2 geese, 2 curlews, 1 plover	23
Making in all : 198 wigeon, 2 curres, 10 ducks, 1 pintail, 3 geese, 3 hoopers, 6 curlews, 7 plover, 1 coot ; which is, 217 wild fowl and 14 waders.	
Grand total,	231 head.

26th.—A sudden change of weather had taken place in the night, and by daylight this morning we had a decided thaw, with warm wind and rain. Was routed out of bed and

all the house thrown in confusion by an alarm about 3 wild swans having dropped off in view of our windows. I shuffled on my clothes, bolted my breakfast, and did all else as quickly as possible; and, after some little manœuvring, I got at the swans, and made the most superlatively double shot that mortal man could wish for. The old cock sat up in majestic state on the mud, where, by going up a creek, I could just get the gun to bear on him. The other two birds were in a hollow, where the shot would hardly have touched them. I fired the first barrel at the old captain, and killed him as dead as a stone; and instantly knocked down one of the others quite dead, as he flew up, with the second barrel. The first bird was 115 yards, the second 120; I paced the distance on the mud. Thus I had the glory to sack 2 more wild swans, and killed 6 (including the one I lost the other day) out of the 7 that had appeared at Keyhaven.

Afterwards, like a resurrection, 7 more swans appeared, and I had done their business within a few yards' punting, when a diabolical wretch spit off a popgun at some tomtit or lark on the shore, and drove them all to sea. Towards the afternoon I had all but got the seventh swan of my old company; he rose, out of shot, but crossed the punt, and both barrels missed fire. The detonator had got damp from the rough sea, and the flint lock had caught in the gun cover. I then went after smaller fowl; but the whole country was so full of poppers ashore and afloat that I had better been in bed. I got but one shot, with which I bagged 7 wigeon.

27th.—11 geese, 13 wigeon, and 3 scaup ducks. First shot 9 geese, second shot 2 geese and 13 wigeon, third shot was at 4 scaup ducks, all of which I stopped.

The birds happened to be in harbour, and I had this day two following boats, so I never lost but one bird that I know of; a very pretty little day, and excellent shooting.

28th.—Tide for night shooting at last, for which we have to thank the very wind that drives the birds away—south-

west. Out from two till six in the morning; got a shot, and bagged 13 wigeon, all dead, and lost several of our cripples, owing to our follower rowing off after some sea weeds which he took for dead birds, and the wigeon he ought to have had escaping in the meantime. In bed from seven till nine, out again from half-past nine till eight in the evening. Country ruined by floating poppers; so we gave up and pottered about the harbour. Saw 2 scoter ducks, birds I never met with before, except stuffed in museums; blew off a cartridge and floored them both; and had a chase of more than an hour before we could get near enough to finish, with a detonating musket, one of them which was winged, though I had three boats with me. I then shot and killed 3 scaup ducks out of 4, then got another little shot at 3 more scaup ducks and a golden-eye. Floored them all; lost 1 scaup duck, that beat us by diving, and bagged 2 scaup ducks and 1 golden-eye duck. Blew the gun off at a few curlews coming home, and killed 1 curlew at 200 yards. Nothing of a bag, but exquisite shooting, capital fun, with the chases these diving ducks led us, and a very pleasant day's diversion.

N.B.—I was all but killing the last remaining swan of my original company; but a raw amateur spoiled my shot when I was within one minute of getting into him, up an excellent creek, which I had reached unobserved by the bird, and up which I was working with the almost certainty of getting close on board him.

29th.—Up at three and out till half-past eight. A fog came on, and then, of course, shooting afloat was annihilated, as birds will at such a time never let you come near them. A cold rime fell that was more disagreeable than anything I ever felt before; and this is the first time I ever felt really chilled in gunning. On getting home I made a good breakfast, put my feet in hot water, and turned into a warm bed, by which I was quite comfortable in a few hours, instead, perhaps, of taking a serious cold. All people should do this.

Out at two in the afternoon, and it came on most tremendous rain from the south-east all the evening. I had just time to pop at 3 wigeon, and I killed them all dead, and make a long shot at 1 brent goose, which I knocked out of the company, with small shot, at about 150 yards. There were plenty of birds, but my man having neglected to bring my south-wester defiance jacket, and I, thinking with Falstaff that

The better part of valour is discretion,

turned tail, and came home for the evening about five o'clock wet through.

30th. No tide and a very slack time to-day, so I went into Lymington to get the hammer of my flint lock hardened, as I had lost several shots through the steel missing fire. On my return home, Reade, who had been out all the morning, congratulated me on escaping a blank day, which he had had, owing to innumerable shooters driving the birds out to sea. I went afloat in the evening and got 3 brent geese, besides shooting 2 more that fell on tide, and which our fellows never got for want of proper exertion; and this shot, a preposterously long one, was the only chance I got. There being no water, I sent Reade mud launching at dusk, and he came in at half-past nine with 26 wigeon, killed at one shot.

31st. Reade came in this morning, after being out again since midnight, with 25 more wigeon, making in all, killed by his mud launching in my little punt the 'Mudlark,' 51 wigeon in a night; and, by finding 6 of his cripples this morning, he made the first great shot up to 32 wigeon at one shot, launching, which is the greatest work he ever did or had ever heard of. A north-easter, but very little frost. This just favoured the operation of mud crawling.

February 2nd. Reade stuck to the mud every night, and got in all 40 more wigeon.

3rd.—Reade came in with 13 more wigeon, after his usual

night's crawl, there being no water for me or anyone to go afloat.[1]

To-day I went out at eleven round the 'outside,' and at four brought in 12 brent geese, which under all circumstances I thought capital sport.

Some water to-night. Went afloat about nine. Nasty white frost and fog—birds all scattered and ticklish. Could get none together. At about eleven found a few birds before gun. Floored the whole trip without ever seeing them.

Reade and I just made up to-day a score of wigeon and a dozen of geese. Too thick for Reade on the mud at ebb tide, so no launching to-night.

4th.—Prepared to go off outside the beach, but wind and rain came on, and prevented us. So had but two chances the whole day; the first a most beautiful one at geese, which was spoiled when we had all but done their business by some miserable preventive men spitting off a popgun at a cripple.

5th.—Wet weather, but a strong northerly wind. Got 6 brent geese; 2 with the first barrel, and 4 with the second. Fired another shot, but too far off. Birds cruelly disturbed by boats out of number.

6th.—11 brent geese; 8 with the first barrel, and 3 with the second. The only chance I got the whole day, and, I believe, the only birds that were killed by anyone, though all the gunners were working round me in every direction.

7th.—Reade had been out all night, and never got a bird, owing to the thick, hazy weather, and I was out all to-day, and never got a shot. Towards evening the wind became more northerly, but no water for me to-night, till near twelve, which would encroach on the Sunday. So Reade was mud crawling till just before twelve, and got 4 wigeon.

9th.—A mild pleasant day, birds outside, between the

[1] N.B.—Reade, by crawling on the mud while there was no water for a floating punt, brought in 104 wigeon in four nights; and his best shot, a most miraculous one for 12 oz., was 37 wigeon, picked up at one discharge of his gun.

beach and the Needles; tried them, but there was too much 'lop.' Worked the rest of the day inside, at straggling 'trips,' and brought home 8 brent geese and 4 wigeon.

Reade got but 2 wigeon all night, launching, and it came on too thick before the water served for me. This is the sixth time I have had the kitchen fire kept in till morning, and been baulked by hazy weather from getting out.

10*th*.—Out the whole day, and got but 2 dun divers (out of 3 that I shot at, and stopped them all) and 1 brent goose.

11*th*. Reade had been out the whole night, and could do nothing, owing to the thick hazy weather.

Nothing inside all day; tried the outside, off Milford, having towed above a mile from Hurst Castle; but the sea was so rough that the birds and punt were jumping about, and nothing could be got together worth firing at, and we were too happy to retreat from this unpleasant berth, and determined not to venture again unless the sea should be like a mirror.

12*th*.—A nasty rotten day, with small rain, and a fog as thick as possible; the vilest of vile weather for night, and but little better for day shooting. Neither Reade nor I could attempt anything, but we rowed down to Hurst and back, just at the close of the evening, and blew off the gun at the dunlins (for a pudding); we picked up only 28, but had the company been clear of a ridge of mud that took the shot, I am confident we should have got 100 at least, as I had taken the precaution to whip in a dose of small shot for these little gentlemen.

13*th*.—Dead tides, thick nights and no chance for gunners morning, noon, or night. Out all day, and never fired a shot. I got two golden-eyes.[1]

[1] N.B.—The golden-eye is here provincially called 'gingler' or 'ginging-curre,' from the noise of its wings. Bewick speaks of the 'morillon;' and Leadbeater, our great London ornithologist, laughs at him, and says that what he calls the morillon is only the golden-eye, which never is in high feather till at a certain age, and even then not till the spring of the year. So one or the other must be wrong.

14*th.*—Reade had been out all night, crawling on the mud, and I the whole day, and never saw the chance to get a fowl.

16*th.*—Reade, who had been crawling on the mud ever since the clock was past Sunday, got a little shot about five this morning, after lying on the mud in a heavy rain for two hours, in hopes of being able to see his birds, which he kept lying in shot of; but hearing a rival scavenger on the move at the same game, he let fly by guess and brought in 6 wigeon. I went out from eight till ten, in hopes of water, but there was no tide to speak of. I got a scaup duck, at which I made a brilliant flying shot with the musket, and this is the only living fowl we saw all the time we were afloat. Mild wet weather, and birds beginning to leave the country very fast. Prepared to go out at half-past eight in the evening, when it was time for high water; and after beginning to undress for bed, at a quarter past nine, I looked out, and saw the tide had made three-quarters of an hour after its time, so I shuffled on my things again and got afloat. I brought in 5 wigeon out of a little scattered trip, which was all I had to shoot at.

17*th.*—Reade crawled all night and till seven in the morning, and brought in but 2 wigeon. A good tide to-day, but a dead calm, and as warm as in May. I went out from nine till two, and brought in 6 brent geese. I used as a last resource the 'L.G.' boluses in Eley's cartridge, and I am confident the first 3 birds were killed at near a quarter of a mile. I blew off at about 2,000, and took about ten yards' elevation. It was complete artillery business.

A good night tide at last; out from nine till half-past twelve. Brought in 15 wigeon; birds scattered like fieldfares, so that I got but few at a time. A change of weather, a white hoar, and then an easterly gale, all within a few hours to-night.

18*th.*—Reade out after my cripples before daylight, but the shore lubbers (who keep dogs on purpose, and partly live by other folk's birds) had been before him. A tremendous gale

from the eastward all day, and a sky as thick as mustard. We were up about half-past seven, and with difficulty worked about four miles to windward, to drop down on the geese; but the hazy weather, as it always does, made the birds extremely wild, and we were all but coming home without a shot. At last, however, I fired across a trip flying, and I knocked down 3 at an incredible distance with the left-hand barrel and Eley's cartridge.

Turned into bed all hands at five, hoping for a spree from nine till two, as there is now good water, but it blew great guns, and after being up from eight till eleven we were forced to return to our berths. The gale moderated, and the wind got south, about four in the morning.

19th.—Reade, after a long crawl, came in with 5 wigeon. I was out from nine till two in the afternoon, but got only 1 brent goose, as the birds had been so tormented by other people that no boat could get within 500 yards of them. Turned into bed from six till nine, then out till past two in the morning; never heard a bird till one, when at the very critical moment for a shot, there came on suddenly a most abominable fog, the vilest of all the vile weathers to ruin a shot, and particularly at night. I popped, a long way off, at a few stragglers and got 3 wigeon. I then heard more, and lay in wait for them till two, when the water went off, not choosing to injure the harbour by advancing any more on birds while a fog was on. No man who values his own sport ever should, when the season is so far gone.

20th.—Extraordinary weather; a thick fog with a sun and a strong breeze of wind. The fog was our only enemy. The geese were heard off 'Stivers.' We tried them, though with despair, after losing three-quarters of the tide through waiting for the fog to clear; and luckily for the geese to-day, the fog suddenly blew off, as unluckily for the wigeon last night it suddenly came on. We consequently got a very long shot instead of no shot at all, and brought in 4 brent geese after a

most glorious and hard cripple chase. I never saw such fine fat birds in my life as those we had the luck to get. So difficult is it now to get at a goose, that people will not believe you have killed one till you produce him. Turned into bed all hands at six this evening, in order to get a snooze to windward, in case the night should clear up at high water. Up at a quarter before ten, and out till four in the morning. Fine at first, but wind and rain at last. Wigeon nearly all gone; got but one poor little shot at about 7 stragglers (all that we found), and brought in but 3 wigeon, with which I was well content, as I wanted just that number to make up the last basket for H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

21*st*.—A gale of wind from the southward all day with a tremendous high tide. Plenty of geese off, but the wind blew the punt about so that we could do nothing, and drove them all to leeward. This will be a lesson to me for the future never to meddle with geese in very rough times till just at the ground ebb, when they are feeding and quietly settled for a good target.

23*rd*.—A strong wind from the eastward; out from twelve till five; got a long shot, flying, with one barrel, and bagged 4 brent geese after the other gunners had been driving the flock all the morning without being able to get a shot. This shows the superiority of my punt &c.

24*th*.—Got my fifth brent goose that I had shot yesterday, and afterwards was off the whole day, and never saw one single bird in harbour, or even all the way to three miles above Lymington, though we had a strong easterly wind. This I impute to the mischief done by two notorious monsters, from Itchen Ferry, who infest the coast, and fire ball at everything they see, and rarely ever kill a bird. They have punts like washing tubs, heavy guns like blunderbusses, and are all boots and breeches, and look like banditti. They act as scarecrows or 'gallibaggers' by lying on the mud at low water, and driving about under sail at high water; and

would have long ago been starved but for fishing in summer, and getting other people's cripples in the winter.

25th. Having packed up my 'alls' to leave Keyhaven for the season, I went off in the rain from three till seven this evening, in order to give the birds (if any) a farewell salute. I discharged one round and got 1 brent goose, and with the other 1 curlew; at such immense distances that I will now give the other gunners leave to get a shot if they can, for I have well scared the last remnant of the feathered tribes here.

I began with the curlews and finished with the curlews this prosperous season.

26th.—Left Keyhaven.

Most brilliant and glorious season; proof how my plans repay me.

Greatest shots.

1st: 16 geese.

2nd: 30 wigeon with one barrel.

3rd: 53 wigeon, 2 mallards, and the coot, with the two barrels fired together.

4th: 4 hoopers out of 5 with the two barrels.

5th: A double shot at 2 hoopers, and killed both dead; the one with the flint barrel, sitting, and the other with the detonator, flying (the first at 115, the second at 120 yards).

Best sport: 101 wigeon, 4 ducks, 4 mallards, 6 plover and 1 coot, in eighteen hours.

Wild fowl &c. killed up to February 25 (inclusive), 1829:

Swans	5
Barnacle	1
Brent geese	96
Ducks and mallards	17
Pintail	1
Wigeon	433
Teal	4
Curres	15
Scoters	2
Dun divers	2
Plover	10
Curlews	14
Coot	1
Olive	1
Total (574 wild fowl and 28 waders)	602

All killed just in eight weeks to a day. Add game killed at Longparish before Christmas (388 of which were partridges, and 56 of which were snipes), 463 head; and grand total makes 1,065 head.

28*th.*—Longparish. Busy all day putting my traps away for the season; but hearing that a few snipes here had tempted divers vagrants to salute the premises with popping, I went off a little before three in the afternoon, and by a six o'clock dinner contrived to pretty well clear the country. I found altogether 11 snipes, and I did for 9 of them, the other 2 got up too far; but as 2 of my birds fell in a withy bed and were lost, I have only to score 3 snipes and 4 jack snipes, added to 3 moorhens and 1 other, which increases my grand total to 1,076 head.

March 2nd.—A very severe black frost, and a strong north-easter the whole day; and I had to weather it outside the coach to London, where I arrived this evening at half-past six, and, thank God, found all well. I never was colder in my life; and, on seeing such glorious gunning weather, I sorely regretted being fried out of Keyhaven by the warm summer-like weather which we had had latterly at that place.

18*th.*—Longparish. Walked out with my gun (for the few hours I could leave my workmen) and got 4 snipes and 2 jack snipes; all I saw, and the only six shots I fired.

19*th.*—Incessant jobbing every day at my new invention for the invisible approach to land birds, till the 24th. In one interval of leisure I took the first chance of the season for fly fishing, and killed 20 brace of trout in about two hours, or rather less, and, notwithstanding an easterly wind and occasional sun, the fish rose beautifully, and many of them proved in excellent season, though some mornings the water was hard frozen.

25*th.*—Tried my invention, to see which the emperor

Buckle, grand 'admiral' of the 'gunners,' had come over from Southampton; and it answered most exquisitely.

26th.—Having succeeded most beautifully in everything, and left the workmen to 'finish off,' I this day returned to London.

April 21st.—After having been more or less unwell ever since I came to town, and several days confined to my bed and the sofa, I this day completed several repairs and improvements to the locks and breechings of my large gun, and got all safe away from the hornet's nest which Joe Manton's manufactory was in while he was in gaol, and this billet beset by 'Philistines.' His men worked under and for me, and had to keep an incessant eye lest anything should happen on the premises. No other workmen in London could have done such a job well to my fancy.

28th.—Longparish. I caught 24 brace of trout in a few hours, though the cold weather still continued.

June 8th.—London. The best Philharmonic ever known, and a duet between Sontag and Malibran considered the best piece of singing ever heard in this country.

July 7th. Longparish. Took two hours' fishing this evening, and killed 25 large trout.

9th.—Made a droll trial of a new-stocked duck gun, which was well done by my carpenter Keil. I knocked down, in seven shots, 6 bats and 1 moth. A duck at dusk flight may therefore know what to expect.

10th. Fished and killed 20 very large trout indeed, and I then left off, not wanting any more fish to-day.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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